

*Naomi.*

Alas ! my soul is fill'd with sorrow,  
Alas ! to part is bitter pain ;  
Yet comfort from this promise borrow,  
In Heaven we shall meet again !  
Farewell !

Ah, no !

Farewell !

Ah, no !

Ye may no more beside me stay !  
O we will cleave to one another !  
Alas !

It may not be—away !

SOLO.—*Ruth.*

Entreat me not, to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God : where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

CHORUS.

Speak ! art thou that Naomi, daughter,  
Who left us when famine was here ?  
When streams were despoil'd of their water,  
And Earth was all barren and sere !  
Yea ! thou art the one who departed  
With husband and sons in the past ;  
Say, why art thou sorrowful-hearted  
Now home thou art welcom'd at last ?

RECITATIVE.—*Naomi.*

Call me not Naomi,  
For grief and woe are mine :  
The Lord hath dealt full bitterly,  
It was His will divine !  
I went out full from Bethlehem,  
All empty come I now,  
Yet to the High God's just decree  
My head I humbly bow.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, for we will cheer thee !  
Weep no more, but dry thine eyes !  
To our hearts we will endear thee !  
From thy sorrow, daughter, rise !  
Weep no more, the Lord will aid thee ;  
He ne'er faileth in distress ;  
Bygone woes have only made thee  
Fitter for new happiness !  
Weep no more !  
O weep no more !

PART II.

JOY.

*In the harvest-field, at the abode of Naomi, and at the Gate of Bethlehem.*

CHORUS OF REAPERS.

See ! the golden rays of morning  
Now the meadows are adorning ;  
Earth is from all gloomy shadows,  
Born of sombre Night, releas'd !  
O'er the crest of distant mountain,  
O'er the brook and bubbling fountain,  
Glean anew the waking sunbeams ;  
Day appears within the East !

While the pearly dewdrops glisten  
To the cornfields let us hasten,  
There with songs of praise to lighten  
Hours that are ordain'd for toil ;

Blithely we will do our reaping,  
Still within our men'ry keeping  
Thoughts of Him who, in His mercy  
Giveth us the fruitful soil !

See ! the morn, with pointed finger,  
Biddeth us no longer linger,  
Warneth 'tis the time for labor  
Golden stems of corn among.  
To the fields then let us hasten  
While the pearly dewdrops glisten,  
There the hours of toil to lighten  
With thanksgiving and with song !

CHORAL RECITATIVE.

Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, whose name was Boaz.

AIR.—*Ruth.*

Let me lie unto the field  
Where the reapers reap the corn ;  
Scatter'd ears the ground will yield,  
Fallen since the dewy morn.  
Kindly hearts I there may find—  
Hearts that will not this deny,  
While the golden sheaves they bind  
To the sickles' melody.

'Mid the drooping sheaves to glean  
Let me now, I pray thee, go ;  
Where the reaper's scythe hath been  
Ears of golden corn lie low.  
Homeward then, with yellow spoil,  
I shall haste at close of day,  
Having gather'd from the soil  
Wealth that others cast away.

RECITATIVE.—*Naomi.*

Go, my daughter, and may thy gleanings prosper ;  
May plenty cross thy footsteps, and thy heart,  
When thou returnest home, be fill'd with joy  
That dieth not to-day, but liveth on  
Till thou from earthly scenes art call'd away !

AIR.—*Boaz.*

Go not from hence, my daughter,  
But glean between the sheaves ;  
The field is mine, and all is thine  
That ev'ry reaper leaves.  
Abide here by my maidens,  
And join their mid-day rest ;  
No tongue shall say thy gleanings nay,  
Or aught thy search molest.

Go not from hence, my daughter,  
But to my cornfields keep,  
And follow close beside of those  
Whose task it is to reap.  
Thou shalt not be upbraided,  
No voice thy hands shall stay ;  
The field is mine, and all is thine  
That thou canst glean to-day !

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Ruth.*

Why have I found grace in thine eyes, O my lord ?  
O my lord ?  
Why shouldst thou take knowledge of me, seeing I  
am a stranger ?

Past all knowledge  
Is the kindness  
Thou dost show, my lord, to me ;  
I am lowly,  
And thy favor  
All unmerited must be !  
There are many  
More deserving,