

Like to the sun.—Tempt me no further then,  
But open to thy king our firm resolve.

HERALD.

Thou wilt not hear the king's condition then?

MATHATHIAS.

Hence, vile seducer, say no more to me:  
Too long I listen to thy tempter's voice.

JUDAS MACHABEUS.

O father, save thy children from the wrath  
Of our just God, that He strike not in His fury.  
Lift up thy arm to avenge. Each messenger  
Tells how the men of Juda turn away.  
An Israelite even now defiles our eyes.  
How valiantly, at first, he scorned the gold  
Of king Antiochus, and all fair words;  
And boldly chid the heathen for his folly  
In bidding men to worship wood and stone!  
But against threats and torture found less strong,  
He offers incense to the heathen gods.  
O now within our walls the smoke mounts up  
To stranger gods. Save us then from the curse,  
Lest quickly it consume us from the land.

MATHATHIAS.

Be Thine, O God, my strength—I fly to avenge!