

No. 2.

RECIT.—IT MUST BE SO.

Largo e staccato. ZEBUL.

VOIC. It must be so; Or these vile Ammonites

ACCOMP. *Largo e staccato.* *f*

(Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years,) Will crush the race of Is - ra - el, Since heav'n vouchsafes not,

with im-mediate choice, To point us out a leader, as be-fore, Ourselves must choose: And who so fit a

man As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephtha? True, we have slighted, scorn'd,

expell'd him hence, As of a stranger born. But well I know him: his gen'rous soul disdains a mean re-



- venge, When his dis - tress - ful coun - try calls his aid. And, per - haps, heav'n may
fa - your our re - quest, If with re - pent - ant hearts we sue for mer - cy.

No. 3. AIR.—“POUR FORTH NO MORE UNHEEDED PRAY'RS.”



Voice.
VOICE.
f *Voice.* *p*
f
Pour forth no more un-