

No. 41. RECIT.—WHY IS MY BROTHER THUS AFFLICTED?

RECIT. ZEBUL.

VOICE. Why is my brother thus af - flict-ed? say, Why didst thou spurn thy daughter's gra - tu -

RECIT.

ACCOMP. *p*

8ves.

JEPHTHA.

- lations, And fling her from thee with unkind disdain? O Zebul, Hamor, and my dearest wife, be -

- hold a wretched man; Thrown from the summit of presumptuous joy, Down to the low - est

depth of mi - se - ry. Know, then, I vow'd the first I saw should fall A vic - tim

to the living God. My daughter, a-las! it was my daughter! and she dies.