

No. 49.

DEEPER, AND DEEPER STILL.

*Largo. Recit. JEPHTHA.*

TENOR VOICE.

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child, Pierceth a father's bleeding heart,

*Largo.*

ACCOMP.

M. 72.

and checks The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue. Oh! let me whisper it to the ra - ging

winds, Or howling deserts; for the ears of men It is too shocking. Yet have I not

vow'd? And can I think the great Je-ho-vah sleeps, Like Chemosh, and such fabled de - i - ties?

Ah! no: heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote them down. It must be so. 'Tis

this that racks my brain, And pours in - to my breast a thousand

*mf* *Concitato.*

pangs, That lash me in-to madness. Hor-rid thought! Hor-rid

*f* *p* *Largo.*

*Largo. 72 = ♩*

thought! My on-ly daughter! So dear a child,

*p*

Doom'd by a fa-ther! Yes: the vow is past. And Gi - le - ad hath triumph'd o'er his

*f* *y*

foes. Therefore, to-morrow's dawn— to-morrow's dawn— I can no more!

*p* *pp*