

Recit. and Air; Oh! that I on wings could rise

from *Theodora*

G F Handel

[Recit.] *Theodora*

But why art thou dis - qui-et-ed, my soul? Hark! Heav'n in-vites thee in sweet rapt' rous strains To

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join the e-ver-sing-ing, e-ver-lov-ing Choir Of Saints and an-gels in the courts a-bove.

[Air.]

Andante

Violini unisoni

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Oh! that I on wings could