

1. When the sun o'er yonder hills

Recit. and Aria

G F Handel

Solomon. [Recit.]

Prais'd be the Lord, from him my wis-dom springs; I bow in rap-tur'd to the King of Kings.

He led me, ab-ject, to im-pe-rial state, when weak, and trem-bling for my fut-ure fate:

strength-en'd by Him, each foe with hor-ror fled, then im-pious Jo-ab at the alt-ar bled; the

Death he oft de-serv'd stern She-me-i found, and A-do-ni-jah sunk be-neath the wound:

forc'd by his Crimes, I spoke a bro-ther's doom, and may his vi-ces per-ish in his Tomb.