

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.

6

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

11

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,

16

and A-do-ni-jah sunk be-neath the wound; forc'd by his Crimes, I

19

spoke a bro-ther's doom, and may his vi-ces per-ish in his Tomb.

Larghetto.

Violini unisoni. *Con Rip.* 3

Senza Rip.

Solomon.

Senza Rip. *Con Rip.*

7 3 3 3 3 tr.

14 3 3

When the

senza Rip.

19

sun o'er yon-der Hills Pow'rs in tydes the gol - den Day; or, when quiv'- ring o'er the rills, in the