

**NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO
EDITION. JOB: AN ORATORIO
FOR TREBLE, TENOR, BARITONE
AND BASS SOLI, CHORUS, AND
ORCHESTRA**

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C. HUBERT H. PARRY

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C. H. H. PARRY.

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J O B

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J O B.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.

Narrator.

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. His substance was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East. And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day; and sent and called for their sisters to eat and drink with them.

And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said,

Job.

It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts.

Narrator.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

And the Lord said to Satan,

Chorus.

Whence comest thou?

Narrator.

Then Satan answered the Lord, and said,

Satan.

From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.

Narrator.

And the Lord said to Satan,

Chorus.

Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, and one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

Narrator.

Then Satan answered the Lord, and said,

Satan.

Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not Thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

But put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face.

Narrator.

And the Lord said to Satan,

Chorus.

Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

Narrator.

So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.

SCENE II.

Shepherd Boy.

The flocks of my master are blessed of God;
No harm ever comes to the tender lambs or ewes;

They wander in the mountains, where no man's foot has trod,

They feed in shady valleys, on herb all fresh with dews:

The wind bites not,
The sun smites not,
And little care
Is the shepherd's share
Wherever, night or day,
The gentle sheep may stray.

The folds of my master are full to overflow;
His oxen are as stars in number—countless,
lithe, and strong.

As far as eye can reach or a man by day might go

The herds are scattered far and wide, and no man does them wrong.

The wind bites not,
The sun smites not,
And little care
Is the shepherd's share
Wherever, night or day,
The gentle sheep may stray.
They need no guard,
God is their ward,
And ever is our master's help and stay.

Satan.

Come, O Sabean horde! Come, and destroy!
For God hath delivered the flocks and herds of
Job into your hands.

Chorus.

See! upon the distant plain, a white cloud of
dust:

The ravagers come!

See! where gleams the sun afar, the quick flash
of steel,

The terror of men!

Hear the dreadful thunder of their horses'
onward rush,

Shaking the earth!

Hear the shouts of spoilers and the clash of
arms

Echoing far!

They sweep the herds before them,
They destroy the fruits of the earth,
They slay the flying shepherds,
They fire the dwellings of men!

As locusts gathering,

As hailstones rattling,

As sea waves thundering,

They heed not human cries,

They slack not speed or hand;

Before them all the land is bright,

Behind them, black and bare.

The song of the shepherd has ceased in the land,
The lowing of kine and the bleating of sheep
Is stilled.

O'er all the plains is silence!

Narrator.

And there came a messenger to Job and
said:

Shepherd Boy.

The oxen were ploughing, and the asses
feeding beside them; and the Sabceans fell
upon them, and drove them away; and they
have slain thy servants with a sword, and I
only am escaped to tell thee!

Narrator.

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and fell
down upon the ground and said:

Job.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Narrator.

And with all this Job sinned not, nor charged
God foolishly.

Then Satan arose and cried:

Satan.

Arise, O wind of the sea!
From the womb of darkness
Where no man dwelleth;
From the ends of the earth
Which no man knoweth,
Hasten and come!

Arise, O wind of the desert!
From the heights of the mountains
Where snows dwell in silence!
From the depths of the valleys
Where light never enters;
From the spaces of Heaven,
From the caverns of Hell,
Hasten and come!

Arise, O Lord of the sky!
From the home of the thunder
Where fear is begotten!
From the birthplace of lightning
Whence leapeth destruction,
In the might of thy fury,
Spreading ruin and death,
Hasten and come!

Chorus.

See the clouds that sweep o'er the heavens;
the earth is hid as with a veil!
Hear the roaring wind from the deep; the
forest shaketh as a reed.

All the bright lights of heaven are made
dark; the sun is covered up with cloud.

The heavens all are clothed with a garment
of darkness; and the night and the day are as
one.

The glory of the forest is thrown down; the
earth shaketh at the fall thereof.

The boughs are broken by the rivers of the
sky, and the rocks are rent from the heights of
the hills.

The children lie slain in the house of feasting;
a whirlwind passed over it, and the place
thereof shall know it no more.

Lift up thy voice, O son of man, and cry.

The noise of the song ceaseth; the sound of
the harp is no more heard.

The walls are broken down; destroyed are
the pleasant houses. Where late was a garden
is barren rock; where late a fruitful orchard is
ruin and waste.

They that are left have clothed themselves
with trembling; and the mourner dwelleth
alone.

SCENE III.—THE LAMENTATIONS OF
JOB.

Narrator.

Now when Job's friends heard of all the evil that was come on him, they came every one from his own place to comfort and mourn with him.

And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voices, and wept; and none spake word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great.

Then Job opened his mouth and cursed his day, and Job spake, and said:

Job.

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.

Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day.

Why died I not from the womb? For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept.

Where the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary are at rest.

There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and the great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?

How should a man be just with God? If he will contend with Him, he cannot answer Him one in a thousand.

He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength: who hath hardened himself against Him, and prospered?

He removeth the mountains, and they know not; and overturneth them in His anger.

He shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble.

He commandeth the sun, and it riseth not; and sealeth up the stars.

He alone spreadeth the heavens, and treadeth the waves of the sea.

He doeth great things past finding out, and wonders without number.

Lo, He goeth by me, and I see Him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive Him not.

My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my

complaint upon myself; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.

I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore Thou contendest with me.

Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldst oppress; that Thou shouldst despise the work of Thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?

Thine hands have made me and fashioned me round about; yet dost Thou destroy me.

Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death, where light is as darkness.

Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up:

So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that I were as in the months past, as in the days when God preserved me;

When His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through the darkness.

When the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me.

I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and diadem.

Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel.

After my words they spake not again; and my speech dropped upon them.

I chose out their way, and sat chief, as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

But now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of my affliction have taken hold upon me.

My bones are pierced in me in the night season: and my sinews take no rest.

He hath cast me into the mire, I am become like dust and ashes.

I cry unto Thee, and Thou dost not hear me: I stand up, but Thou regardest me not.

Thou art become cruel unto me: and with Thy strong hand Thou opposeth Thyself against me.

For I know that Thou wilt bring me unto death, and to the house appointed for all living.