

JEPHTHAH.

9

CHORUS.

A sword, a sword, to smite our foes withal !

ELEAZAR.

A help shall come from desert lands to us.

CHORUS.

Toward what end ? For present help is much,
But uttermost destruction more, for we
Have no strong hope in any hand of man :
God is our refuge and our tower of strength.
In Him if any man abide ; but if
He put his faith in horsemen, or the sword,
The sword he trusted shall be for an end.

ELEAZAR.

But evils fall like rain upon the land.

CHORUS.

Let us not call the hail to give us peace.

ELEAZAR.

Nor on the sun, lest he too eat us up.

CHORUS.

The heart of a man as the sea
Beats hither and thither to find
Ease for the limbs long free,
Light for the stormy mind,