Lamentation over Boston

Treble

By the Rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept, we wept, we wept when we remember'd thee O Boston, when we remember'd thee, O Boston. Lord God of Heaven, preserve them defend them, deliver and restore them unto us, preserve them, defend them, deliver and restore them unto us again.

For they that held them in Bondage requir'd of them to take up Arms against their Brethren Forbid it, Lord God, forbid, Forbid it, Lord God, forbid that those who have suck'd Bostonian Breasts should thirst for American Blood. A voice was heard in Roxbury which echoed thro' the Continent, weeping, weeping, weeping, weeping for Boston
weeping for Boston because of their Danger. Is Boston my dear Town, is it my native Place? for since their Calamity I do earnestly remember it still! I do earnestly, I do earnestly remember it still. If I forget thee, if I forget thee, yea, if I do not remember thee, Then let my numbers cease to flow, Then be my Muse unkind, Then let my Tongue forget to move and ever be confin’d; Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder. Let hateful discord greet my ear as terrible as Thunder. Let harmony be banish’d hence and Consonance depart; Let dissonance erect her throne and reign within my Heart.
Lamentation over Boston
Alto
William Billings

By the Rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept, we wept,

when we remember'd thee, O Boston, As for our Friends, Lord God of Heaven, preserve them defend them, deliver and restore them unto us, preserve them, defend them, deliver and restore them unto us again.

For they that held them in Bondage requir'd of them to take up Arms against their Brethren Forbid it, Lord God, forbid, Forbid it, Lord God, forbid that those who have suck'd Bostonian Breasts should thirst for American Blood. A voice was heard in Roxbury which ecch'd thro' the Continent weeping, weep-
ing weep-ing for Bos-ton weep-ing for Bos-ton weep-ing for Bos-ton be-
cause of their Dan-ger. Is Bos-ton my dear Town, is it my na-
tive Place? for

since their Ca-
lam-i-ty I do ear-
nest-ly re-
mem-ber it still! I do

ear-
nest-ly re-
mem-ber it still. If I for-
get thee, if I for-
get thee,

yea, if I do not re-
mem-ber thee, Then let my num-
bers cease to flow, Then

be my Muse un-
kind, Then let my Tongue for-
get to move and

ev-er be con-
fin’d; Let hor-
rid Jar-gon split the Air and rive my nerves a-
sun-der. Let hate-
ful dis-
cord greet my ear as ter-
ri-
ble as

Thun-
der. Let har-
mo-
ny be ban-
ish’d hence and Con-
so-
ance de-
part; Let dis-
so-
ance e-
rect her throne and reign with-
in my Heart.
Lamentation over Boston

Tenor

By the Rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept, we wept, we wept when we remember'd thee O Boston,

when we remember'd thee, O Boston Lord God of Heav'n, preserve them defend them, deliver and restore them unto us, preserve them, defend them, deliver and restore them unto us again. For they that held them in Bondage requir'd of them to take up Arms against their Brethren Forbid it, Lord God, forbid, Forbid it, Lord God, forbid that those who have suck'd Bostonian Breasts should thirst for American Blood.

A voice was heard in Roxbury which echo'd thro' the Continent weeping, weeping, weeping for Boston because of their Danger,
weeping for Boston because of their Danger. Is Boston my dear Town, is it my native Place? for since their Calamity I do earnestly remember it still! I do earnestly, I do earnestly remember it still. If I forget thee, if I forget thee, yea, if I do not remember thee, Then let my numbers cease to flow, Then be my Muse unkind, Then let my Tongue forget to move and ever be confin’d; Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder. Let hateful discord greet my ear as terrible as Thunder. Let harmony be banish’d hence and Consonance depart; Let dissonance erect her throne and reign within my Heart.
Lamentation over Boston
Bass

By the Rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept, we wept, we wept wept when we re-member'd thee O Boston, when we re-mem-ber'd thee, O Boston As for our Friends, Lord God of Heav-en, pre-
serve them de-fend them, de-
li-ver and re-
store them un-
to us, pre serve them, de-
defend them, de-
li-ver and re-
store them un-
to us a-
gain. For they that held them in Bond-age re-
quir'd of them to take up Arms a-
gainst their Breth-
ren For-bid it, Lord God, for-
bid, For-bid it, Lord God, for-
bid that those who have suck-ed Bos-
ton-
i-an Breasts should thirst for A-
mer-i-can Blood. A voice was heard in Rox-
bur-y which ec-
cho'd thro' the Con-
ti-nent weep-
ing, weep-
ing, Weep-ing for Bos-
ton be-
cause of their Dan-
ger, weep-
ing
weeping for Boston, weeping for Boston because of their Danger. Is

Boston my dear Town, is it my native Place? for since their Calamity I do

earnestly remember it still! I do earnestly remember it still.

If I forget thee, if I forget thee, yea, if I do not remember thee, Then let my numbers cease to flow, Then be my Muse unkind, Then

let my Tongue forget to move and ever be confined; Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder. Let hateful discord greet my ear as

terrible as Thunder. Let harmony be banish’d hence and Consonance depart; Let dissonance erect her throne and reign within my Heart.