Babylon Streams L.M.
Treble

Thomas Campian

1 When we, our wearied limbs to rest, sat down by proud Euphrates’ stream,
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
3 Mean while our foes, who all conspired to triumph in our slavish wrongs,
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skilful hands?
5 O Salem, our once happy seat! when I of thee forgetful prove,
6 If I to mention thee for bear, eternal silence seize my tongue;
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom’s race, in thy own city’s fatal day,
8 Proud Bel’s daughter, doomed to be of grief and woe the wretched prey;
9 Thrice blessed, who with just rage possessed, and deaf to all the parents’ moans,

We wept, with dullful thoughts oppressed, and Zion was our mournful theme.
With silent strings neglected hung on willow trees that withered there.
Music and mirth of us required; “Come, sing us one of Zion’s songs.”
Shall hymns of joy to God our King be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
Let then my trembling hand for get the speaking strings with art to move.
Or if I sing one cheerful air, till thy deliverance is my song.
cried out, “Her state- ly walls de face, and with the ground quite level lay.”
Blessed is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay’st on us repay.
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast, and dash their heads against the stones.
Babylon Streams L.M.
Alto

Thomas Campian

1 When we, our wear-ied limbs to rest, sat down by proud Eu-phra-tes' stream, We wept, with dole-ful thoughts op-pressed, and Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, were wont their tune-ful parts to bear, With si-ent strings ne-glect-ed hung on wil-low trees that with-ered there.

3 Mean-while our foes, who all con-spired to tri-umph in our slav-ish wrongs, Mu-sic and mirth of us re-quired; "Come, sing us one of Zi-on's songs."

4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skil-ful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God our King be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?

5 O Sa-lem, our once hap-py seat! when I of thee for-get-ful prove, Let then my trembl-ing hand for-get the speak-ing strings with art to move.

6 If I to men-tion thee for-bear, e-ter-nal si-lence seize my tongue; Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, till thy de-liv-rance is my song.

7 Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's race, in thy own ci-ty's fa-tal day, cried out, "Her state-ly walls de-face, and with the ground quite le-vel lay."

8 Proud Ba-bel's daugh-ter, doomed to be of grief and woe the wretch-ed prey; Blessed is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay' st on us re-pay.

9 Thrice blessed, who with just rage po-ssessed, and deaf to all the pa-rents' moans, Shall snatch thy in-fants from the breast, and dash their heads a-against the stones.
1 When we, our wearied limbs to rest, sat down by proud Eu- phra-tes’
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, were wont their tune-ful parts to
3 Mean-while our foes, who all con-spired to tri-umph in our slav-ish
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skil-ful
5 O Sa-lem, our once hap-py seat! when I of thee for-get-ful
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9 Thrice blessed, who with just rage po-sessed, and deaf to all the pa-rents’

stream, We wept, with dole-ful thoughts op-pressed, and Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.
bear, With si-lent strings ne-glect-ed hung on wil-low trees that with-ered there.
wrongs, Mu-sic and mirth of us re-quired; ”Come, sing us one of Zi-on’s songs.”
hands? Shall hymns of joy to God our King be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?
prove, Let then my trembl-ing hand for-get the speak-ing strings with art to move.
tongue; Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, till thy de-liv-ance is my song.
day, cried out, ”Her state-ly walls de-face, and with the ground quite le-vel lay.”
prey; Blessed is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay’st on us re-pay.
moans, Shall snatch thy in-fants from the breast, and dash their heads a-gainst the stones.
Babylon Streams L.M.
Bass
Thomas Campian

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