

Babel

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Tr.
1. Sit - ting by the streams that glide Down by Ba - bel's to - wering wall, With our
2. Our ne - glec - ted harps un - strung, Not ac - quain - ted with the hand Of the

T.
3. Yet our spite - ful foe com - mands Songs of mirth, and bids us lay To dumb
4. But, say we, our ho - ly strain Is too pure for hea - then land, Nor may

B.

Tr.
tears we filled the tide, While our mind - ful thoughts re - call Thee, O Zi - on, and thy
skill - ful tu - ner, hung On wil - low trees that that stand Plan - ted in the neigh - bor

T.
harps our cap - tive hands, And to scoff our sor - rows, say, Sing us some sweet He - brew
we God's hymns pro - fane, Or move ei - ther voice or, hand To de - light a sa - vage

B.

Tr.
fall. While our mind - ful thoughts re - call stand Thee, O Zi - on, and thy
land. On the wil - low trees that stand Plan - ted in the neigh - bor

T.
lay. And to scoff our sor - rows, say, Sing us some sweet He - brew
band. Or move ei - ther voice or, hand To de - light a sa - vage

B.

Tr.
1. fall. While our fall.
land. On the land.

T.
lay. And to lay.
band. Or move band.

B.