

Babel

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Tr. 5 10

1. Sitting by the streams that glide Down by Babel's to - wering wall, With our tears we filled the tide, While our mindful thoughts recall Thee, O
2. Our ne - glec - ted harps unstrung, Not ac - quain - ted with the hand Of the skill - ful tu - ner, hung On the willow trees that stand Plan - ted

T. 8

3. Yet the spiteful foe commands Songs of mirth, and bids us lay To dumb harps our captive hands, And to scoff our sorrows, say, Sing us
4. But, say we, our ho - ly strain Is too pure for hea - then land, _ Nor may we God's hymns profane, Or move either voice or hand To de -

B.

Tr. 15 1. 2.

Zion, and thy fall. _ While our mindful thoughts recall Thee, O Zi - on, and thy fall. While our fall.
in the neigh - bor land. _ On the willow trees that stand Plan - ted in the neigh - bor land. On the land.

T. 8

some sweet Hebrew lay. _ And to scoff our sorrows, say, Sing us some sweet He - brew lay. And to lay.
- light a sav - age band. _ Or move ei - ther voice or hand To de - light a sa - vage band. Or move band.

B.