

# Babylon

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

E minor  
Jacob French, 1802

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. A - long — the banks where Ba-bel's cur-rent flows, Our cap - tive bands in deep de-spon-dence  
2. The tune - less harp that once with joy we strung, When praise em-ployed and mirth in-spired the

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. When Zi - on's fall in sad re-mem-brance rose, Her friends, her chil-dren,  
2. In mourn-ful si-lence on the wil-lows hung, And gro-wing grief pro-

strayed;  
lay,

When Zi - on's fall in sad re-mem-brance rose, Her  
In mourn-ful si-lence on the wil-lows hung, And

1. When Zi - on's fall in  
2. In mourn-ful si-lence

1. When Zi - on's fall in sad re-mem-brance  
2. In morn-ful si-lence on the wil-lows

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

min-gled with the dead.  
longed the te-dious day.

friends, her chil-dren, min-gled with the dead, Her friends, her chil-dren, min-gled with the dead.  
gro-wing grief pro-longed the te-dious day, And gro-wing grief pro-longed the te-dious day.

sad re-mem-brance rose,  
on the wil-lows hung,

rose,  
hung,

1. 2.

3. The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,  
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim :  
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,  
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4. But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,  
Shall Israel's sons a fong of Zion raise ?  
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,  
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise

5. If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,  
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:  
My hand shail perish, and my voice shall cease.

6. Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,  
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,  
His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
And raise her children to eternal day.