

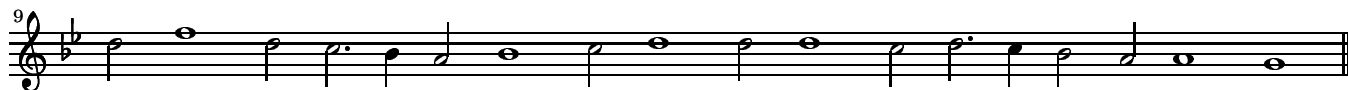
# Babylon Streams L.M.

Treble

*Thomas Campian*



1 When we, our wear-ied limbs to rest, sat down by proud Eu-phra-tes' stream,  
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, were wont their tune-ful parts to bear,  
3 Mean-while our foes, who all con-spired to tri-umph in our slav-ish wrongs,  
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skil-ful hands?  
5 O Sa-lem, our once hap-py seat! when I of thee for-get-ful prove,  
6 If I to men-tion thee for-bear, e-ter-nal si-lence seize my tongue;  
7 Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's race, in thy own ci-ty's fa-tal day,  
8 Proud Ba-bel's daugh-ter, doomed to be of grief and woe the wretch-ed prey;  
9 Thrice blessed, who with just rage po-ssessed, and deaf to all the pa-rents' moans,



We wept, with dole-ful thoughts op-pressed, and Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.  
With si-lent strings ne-glect-ed hung on wil-low trees that with-ered there.  
Mu-sic and mirth of us re-quired; "Come, sing us one of Zi-on's songs."  
Shall hymns of joy to God our King be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?  
Let then my trembl-ing hand for-get the speak-ing strings with art to move.  
Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, till thy de-liv'-rance is my song.  
cried out, "Her state-ly walls de-face, and with the ground quite le-vel lay."  
Blessed is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay'st on us re-pay.  
Shall snatch thy in-fants from the breast, and dash their heads a-gainst 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'  
 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  
 6 If I to men-tion thee for-bear, e-ter-nal si-lence seize my  
 7 Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's race, in thy own ci-ty's fa-tal  
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 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'-rance 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.

Tenor

*Thomas Campian*



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 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  
 6 If I to men-tion thee for-bear, e-ter-nal si-lence seize my  
 7 Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's race, in thy own ci-ty's fa-tal  
 8 Proud Ba-bel's daugh-ter, doomed to be of grief and woe the wretch-ed  
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 tongue; Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, till thy de-liv'-rance 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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 3 Mean-while our foes, who all con-spired to tri-umph in our slav-ish wrongs,  
 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harps with skil-ful hands?  
 5 O Sa-lem, our once hap-py seat! when I of thee for-get-ful prove,  
 6 If I to men-tion thee for-bear, e-ter-nal si-lence seize my tongue;  
 7 Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's race, in thy own ci-ty's fa-tal day,  
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 9 Thrice blessed, who with just rage po-ssessed, and deaf to all the pa-rents' moans,



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