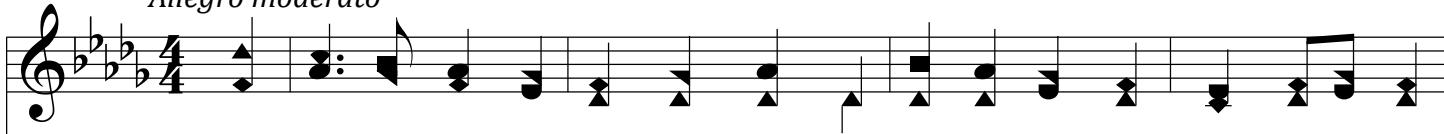


We Sat And Wept By Babel's Stream

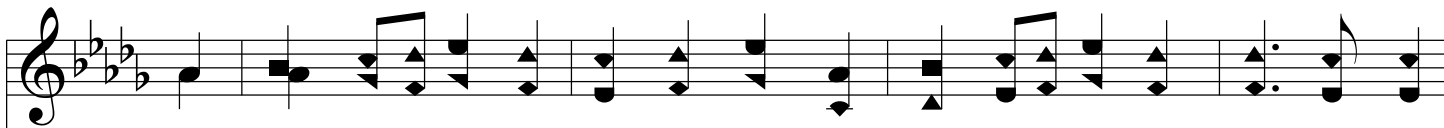
D \flat /D \flat - DO *Allegro moderato*



1. We sat and wept by Ba - bel's stream, For Zi - on was our mourn - ful theme;
2. How shall I chant to stran - ger's ear A song the Lord was pleased to hear?



And there, on man - y a wil - low bough, We hung our harps, all si - lent now.
If I for - get thee, Zi - on hill, May my right hand for - get its skill;



They came, whose cap - tive yoke we bear, They came, and saw us weep - ing there;
When from my heart Thy mem - 'ries wane, My tongue let sud - den pal - sy chain;



A mirth - ful song they bade us raise: "Come, sing us one of Zi - on's lays."
When thou, Je - ru - sa - lem, shalt be Than dear - est joys less dear to me.

