

Waverly Place Methodist Church
Tenth and Caruthers Avenues
Nashville, Tenn.

17

No. 1561. By Babylon's Wave.

CHAS. GOUNOD 12 cents

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OCTAVO ANTHEMS
for
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Strobel's Music Shop
29 ARCADE NASHVILLE

By Babylon's Wave.

Paraphrased by HENRY FARNIE.

Psalm cxxxvii.

CH. GOUNOD.

Andante. ♩ = 50.

pp *f* *pp*

pp dolce.

p. *p.* *p.* *p.*

tr. *p.* *cres.*

p *cres.* *dim.*

Adagio.

pp

Here by Ba-by-lon's wave, Though

pp

Here by Ba-by-lon's wave, Though

Adagio.

pp

heath-en hands have bound us, Though a-far from our land, The pains of death sur-round us;

heath-en hands have bound us, Though a-far from our land, The pains of death sur-round us;

cres. Si-on! thy mem-'ry still *pp* In our heart we are keep-ing, And still we turn to

cres. Si-on! thy mem-'ry still *pp* In our heart we are keep-ing, And still we turn to

p cres.

Adagio. *lunga.* *pp* thee, Our eyes all sad with weep - ing. Thro' our harps that we hung on the

Adagio. *lunga.* *p* thee, Our eyes all sad with weep - ing. Thro' our harps that we hung on the

trees Goes the low wind weari-ly moan-ing; Hum. Min-gles the sad note of the

trees Goes the low wind weari-ly moan-ing; Hum. Min-gles the sad note of the

ppp Harp.

Ped.

breeze With voice as sad of sigh and groan-ing. Hum.

breeze With voice as sad of sigh and groan-ing. Hum.

ppp Harp.

Moderato maestoso.

ff When mad with wine our foe re-joic-es, When un-to their al-tars they throng, Loud for

ff When mad with wine our foe re-joic-es, When un-to their al-tars they throng, Loud for

Moderato maestoso. ♩ = 80.

ff

mirth then they call, "A song! a song of Si-on sing, lift up your voices!"

mirth then they call, "A song! a song of Si-on sing, lift up your voices!"

Allegro moderato.

O Lord, tho' the victor com - mand Our cap-tiv-i-ty sad and low-ly, How shall we

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 126.

O Lord, tho' the vic-tor com -

raise thy song so ho - ly, That we sang in our fa-ther - land!

mand Our cap - tiv - i - ty sad and low - ly, How shall we
 Lord, tho' the vic - tor com - mand, How shall we raise thy song so

ff
 O Lord, tho' the vic - tor com -
 raise thy song so ho - ly, That we sang in our fa - ther - land! O
 ho - ly, Shall we raise thy song so ho - ly, Far from fa - ther - land! No,

mand Our cap - tiv - i - ty sad and low - ly, How shall we
 Lord, tho' the vic - tor com - mand, How shall we raise thy song so
 no! Tho' the vic - tor com - mand,

raise thy song so ho - ly, How shall we raise thy song so
 ho - ly, Shall we raise thy song so ho - ly, so ho - - ly
 How shall we raise, how shall we raise thy song so

Je - ru - sa -
 ho - ly, Far from fa - ther, our fa - ther - land! *ff*
 Far from our fa - ther, our fa - ther - land! Je - ru - sa -
 ho - ly, Far from fa - ther, our fa - ther - land! Je - ru - sa - lem, *ff*

lem, if we for - get thee, Let our hands re - mem - ber not their
 lem, if we for - get thee, Let our hands re - mem - ber not their
 Je - ru - sa - lem, if we for - get thee, *p*
pp

cres.
power, And our tongues be si-lent from that hour. Je-ru-sa-

cres.
power, And our tongues be si-lent from that hour. Je-ru-sa-

cres.
cres.

ff rit. rit. molto. Adagio.
lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Let our tongues be si-lent from that

ff rit. rit. molto. ff
lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Let our tongues be si-lent from that

ff rit. rit. molto. Adagio.

ff rit. rit. molto. pp

dim.
hour, Je-ru-sa-lem, if we for-get thee!

dim.
hour, Je-ru-sa-lem, if we for-get thee!

pp
pp

Moderato maestoso assat.

Woe un-to thee! Ba-by-lon, mighty ci-ty, For the day of thy fall is night!

Woe un-to thee! Ba-by-lon, mighty ci-ty, For the day of thy fall is night!

Moderato maestoso assat. ♩ = 72.

For thee no hope, for thee no pi-ty, Tho'loud thy wail ris-eth on high!

For thee no hope, for thee no pi-ty, Tho'loud thy wail ris-eth on high!

Then shalt thou des-o-late, for-sak-en, Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones. In that

Then shalt thou des-o-late, for-sak-en, Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones. In that

day: In that day shall thy babes be tak-en, tak-en and dashed, Tak-en and dashed,

day, In that day shall thy babes be tak-en, tak-en and dashed, Tak-en and dashed,

tak-en and dashed A - gainst the stones! Then un - to thee,

tak-en and dashed A - gainst the stones! Then un - to thee,

O Ba-by-lon the mighty, Be woe, be woe, be woe.

O Ba-by-lon the mighty, Be woe, be woe, be woe.

rit. *Adagio.*