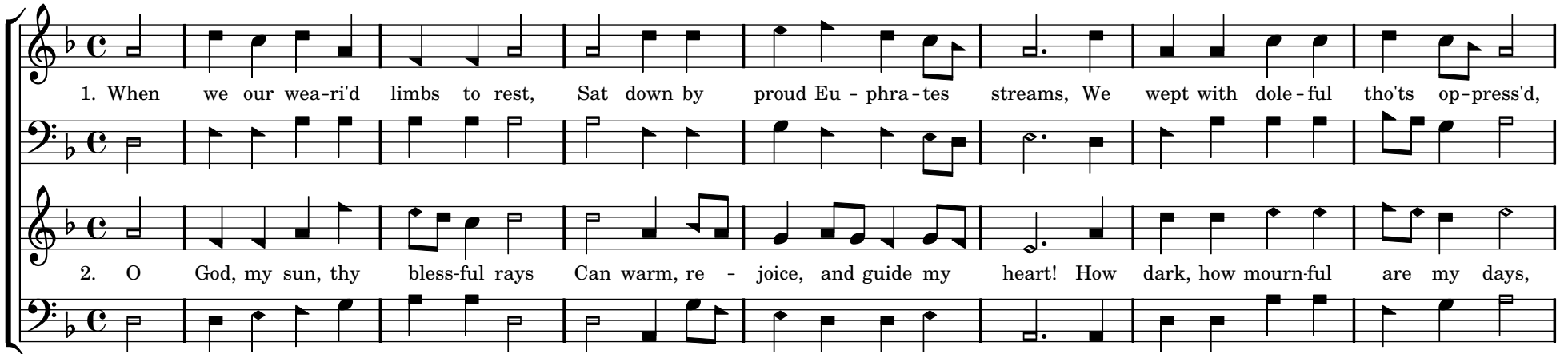
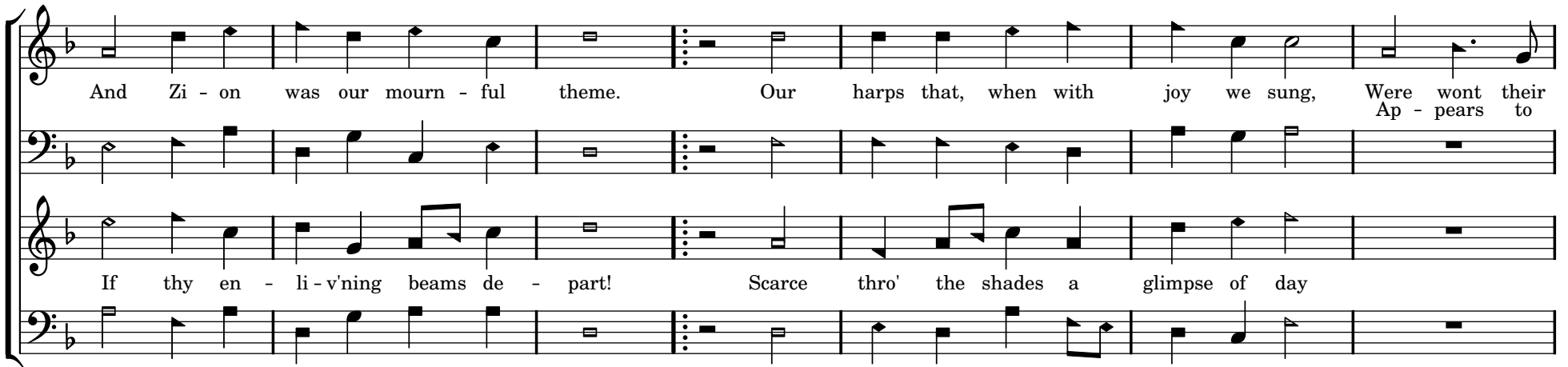


PORTLAND. L.M.

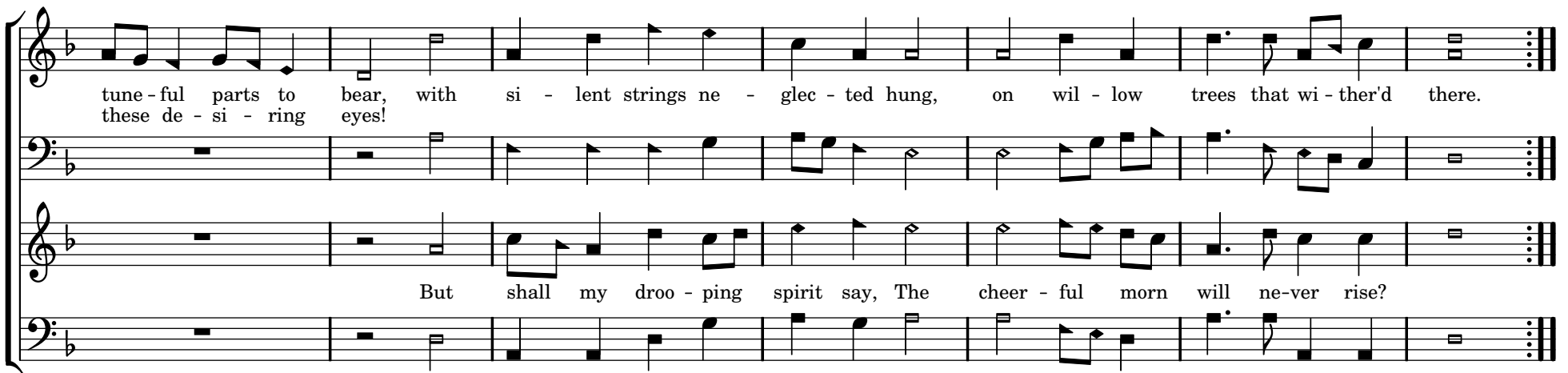
D Minor. Nahum Tate & Brady, 1696 (v1); Isaac Watts (v2).



1. When we our wea-ri'd limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes streams, We wept with dole - ful tho'ts op - press'd,



2. O God, my sun, thy bless - ful rays Can warm, re - joice, and guide my heart! How dark, how mourn - ful are my days,
And Zi - on was our mourn - ful theme. Our harps that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their Ap - pears to
If thy en - li - v'ning beams de - part! Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day



tune - ful parts to bear, with si - lent strings ne - glec - ted hung, on wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there.
these de - si - ring eyes!

But shall my droo - ping spirit say, The cheer - ful morn will ne - ver rise?