





# Portland

Transcribed from *The United States Sacred Harmony*, 1799.

Tr.  5  
1. When we, our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra-tes stream, We wept with dole-ful  
2. How shall we tune our voice to sing Or touch our harps with skill-ful hands? Shall hymns of joy to

C. 

T.  8  
1. When we, our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra-tes stream, We wept with dole-ful  
2. How shall we tune our voice to sing Or touch our harps with skill-ful hands? Shall hymns of joy to


B. 


Tr.  10 15  
thoughts op - pressed, And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme. Our harps that when with joy we sung Were wont their  
God our King Be sung by slaves in fo - reign lands? If I to men-tion thee for-bear, E - ter - nal


C. 

T.  8  
thoughts op - pressed, And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme. Our harps that when with joy we sung  
God our King Be sung by slaves in fo - reign lands? If I to men-tion thee for-bear,

B. 

Tr.  20 1. 2.  
tune - ful parts to bear, With si - lent strings ne - glect - ted hung On wil - low trees that wi - thered there. Our  
si - lence seize my tongue; Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, Till thy de - li - verance is my song! If

C. 

T.  8  
With si - lent strings ne - glect - ted hung On wil - low trees that wi - thered there. Our  
Or if I sing one cheer-ful air, Till thy de - li - verance is my song! If

B. 