Why on the Bending Willows Hung

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Why on the bending willows

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
hung, Is- rael! still sleeps thy

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
tuneful string? Still mute re-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
mains thy sullen tongue, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
Zion's song de- nies to sing?

The other verses

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.