Lamentation Over Boston
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Transcribed from The Singing Master's Assistant

William Billings

By the Rivers of Wat-er-town we sat down and wept, we wept, we wept,

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By the Rivers of Wat-er-town we sat down and wept, we wept, we wept,

By the Rivers of Wat-er-town we sat down and wept, we wept, we wept,

we wept, when we re-mem-bered thee, O Bos-tom, when we re-mem-bered thee, O

we wept, when we re-mem-bered thee, O Bos-tom, when we re-mem-bered thee, O

we wept, when we re-mem-bered thee, O Bos-tom, when we re-mem-bered thee, O

we wept, when we re-mem-bered thee, O Bos-tom, when we re-mem-bered thee, O

we wept, when we re-mem-bered thee, O Bos-tom, when we re-mem-bered thee, O

Bos-tom. Lord God of Heav-en pre-servve them, de-fend them, de-liv-er and re-

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Bos-tom. Lord God of Heav-en pre-servve them, de-fend them, de-liv-er and re-

Bos-tom. Lord God of Heav-en pre-servve them, de-fend them, de-liv-er and re-

store them un - to us, pre - serve them, de - fend them, de - liv - er and re - store them un - to us a - gain.
store them un - to us, pre - serve them, de - fend them, de - liv - er and re - store them un - to us a - gain.
store them un - to us, pre - serve them, de - fend them, de - liv - er and re - store them un - to us a - gain.
store them un - to us, pre - serve them, de - fend them, de - liv - er and re - store them un - to us a - gain.

For they, that held them in Bond-age re - quir’d of them to take up Arms a - gainst their Breth - ren.

For bid it Lord God, for - bid. For bid it Lord God, for - bid those who have suck-ed Bos
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Toni-an Breasts should thirst for American Blood. A voice was heard in Ruxbur-y which

echo’d through the Con-ti-nent, weeping, weeping, weeping for Bos-ton be-

ing, weeping for Bos-ton, weeping for Bos-ton, weeping, weeping for

cause of their Danger weeping, weeping for Bos-ton, weeping, weeping for
If I forget thee if I forget thee yea if I do not remember thee.

Then let my numbers cease to flow, Then be my Muse unkind. Then let my Tongue forget to move

And ever be con fin'd. Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder.

And ever be con fin'd. Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder.

And ever be con fin'd. Let horrid Jargon split the Air and rive my nerves asunder.
Let hateful discord greet my ear as terrible as Thunder,
Let harmony be banish'd hence and Consonance depart;
Let dissonance erect her throne and reign within my Heart.

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