

FALLN IS THY THRONE

Sung by Mrs. Moran, at the

Oratorios

AIR, MARTINI, ARRANGED BY

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LARGHETTO.

Falln is thy throne, oh Is-ra-el! Si-lence is o'er thy
plains; Thy dwell-ings all lie de-so-late, Thy



dwel lings all lie des o late, Thy chil dren weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee On E lim's barren shore *p* On

E lim's bar ren shore *p* That fire from Heav'n which led thee, That

fire from Heav'n which led thee, Now lights thy path no more *Cres.* Now

p *Cres.* *Lent.* *p*
 lights thy path no more Now lights thy path no more.

2
 Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem;
 Once, she was all thy own;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,
 Her powr thy glory's throne.
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long lov'd olive tree;
 And Salem's shrines where lighted
 For other Gods than thee!

3
 Then sunk the star of Solyma;
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath, that in the wilderness,
 The wild winds whirl away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reign'd as God!

4
 "Go" said the Lord—ye Conquerors!
 "Steep in her blood your swords,
 "And raise to the earth her battlements,
 "For they are not the Lords!
 "Till Zions mournful daughter,
 "O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 "And Hinnons' vale of Slaughter
 "Shall hide but half her dead!"