

Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves

Cantabile sotto voce



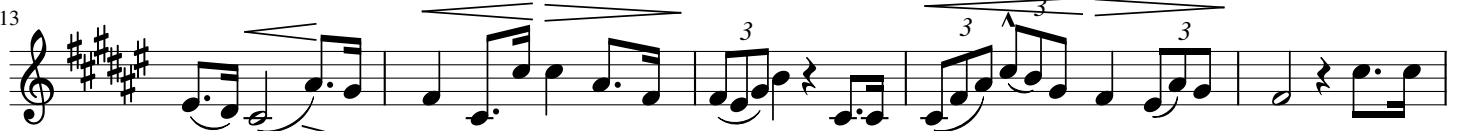
Let our thoughts fly on swift golden arrows, on those soft velvet hills make their



dwell-ing. Ev-'ry breath, ev-'ry fra-grance is tell-ing of our long-ing for the land of our



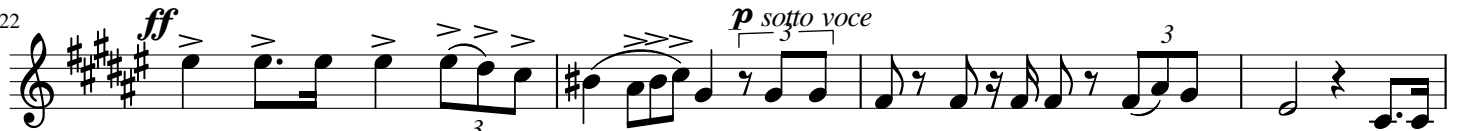
birth. By the lake in a carpet of flow-ers, where the wa-ters of Jor-dan rush through the



nar-rows, in the shade of Je-ru-sa-lem's tow-ers I re-mem-ber my dear na-tive earth. Now our



harp's golden strings are not play-ing and our mu-sic is si-lent and mu-ted. But our



songs should pro-claim the up-roo-ted, must for-e-ver re-mem-ber their home. But in



Zi-on the wild dogs are bay-ing in a howl of de-spair for our na-tion. Lord, give



ear to our loud la-men-ta-tion, let thy peo-ple not suf-fer a-lone, let thy peo-ple not



suf-fer a-lone let thy peo-ple not suf-fer a-lone. Do not leave us a-lone.