

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Babylon is Fallen (2)

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Hail the day so long expected,
Hail the year of full release.
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace.
Through our Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar,
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

....Baaaaaa...(drawn out...with the rest following a half beat later)

Babylon is fallen, fallen, fallen
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

All her merchants stand with wonder,
What is this that comes to pass:
Murm'ring like the distant thunder,
Crying, "Oh alas, alas."
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priest and people, rich and poor;
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,
Christ shall come a second time;
Ruling with a rod of iron
All who now as foes combine.
Babel's garments we've rejected,
And our fellowship is o'er,
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

From Sacred Harp

Tune: W. E. Chute, 1878

Meter: Particular Meter: 8,7,8,7,8,7

JO, BD

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