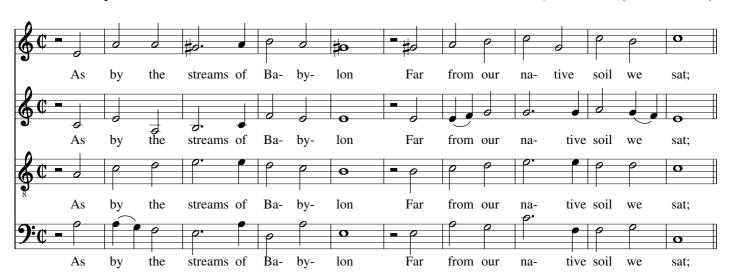
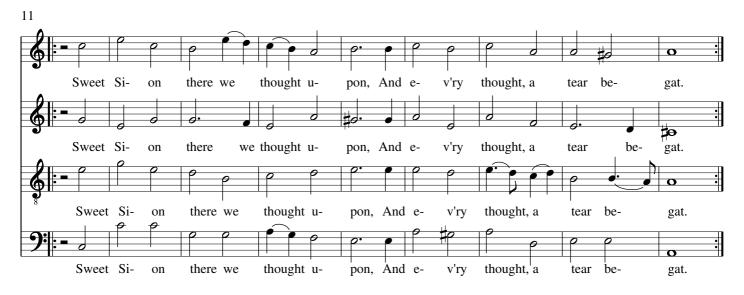
Bflat Instr.

Psalm 137 (Babylon)

Thomas Campion

James Evison, NW Kent (fl.1750-1769)





Aloft the trees that spring up there, Our silent harps we pensive hung; Said they that captiv'd us let's hear Some song which you in Sion sung.

(2)

(4)
Is then the song of our God fit
To be profan'd in foreign land?

O Salem, thee when I forget, Forget his skill may my right hand. (3)

How shall we tune our voice to sing
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

(5)

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,
If mindless I of thee be found:
Or if, when all my joys be sung,
Jerusalem be not the ground.