

Bflat  
Instr.

# Psalm 137 (Babylon)

Thomas Campion

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

As by the streams of Ba-by-lon Far from our na-tive soil we sat;  
As by the streams of Ba-by-lon Far from our na-tive soil we sat;  
As by the streams of Ba-by-lon Far from our na-tive soil we sat;  
As by the streams of Ba-by-lon Far from our na-tive soil we sat;

11

Sweet Si-on there we thought u-pon, And e-v'ry thought, a tear be-gat.  
Sweet Si-on there we thought u-pon, And e-v'ry thought, a tear be-gat.  
Sweet Si-on there we thought u-pon, And e-v'ry thought, a tear be-gat.  
Sweet Si-on there we thought u-pon, And e-v'ry thought, a tear be-gat.

(2)

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.

(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?

(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.

(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.