

London Gallery Quire 323 [E minor version]

Translated and paraphrased by Phocion Henley

As pensive by the streams we sat
Psalm 137

"Hymn 4", by Phocion Henley (1728-64)
Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Andante [$\text{♩}=100$]

Soprano
Alto
Tenor 1
Tenor 2
Bass

7

S
A
T 1
T 2
B

As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,
Thy fate, O Si - on, filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.

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| <p>2. Our harps which once in happier days,
Jehovah's praises sung,
No more were tuned to notes of joy,
But on the willows hung.</p> <p>3. Whilst thus with inward grief oppressed,
We mourned our country's wrongs;
Our foes required a cheerful strain,
"Sing one of Zion's songs."</p> <p>4. How shall the sprightly harp resound,
To great Jehovah's praise?
How shall we sing to ears profane,
Dear Zion's sacred lays?</p> <p>5. If e'er of thee, O native land,
My heart unmindful prove,
Let my right hand forget her skill
The warbling string to move.</p> | <p>6. If in my mirth forgetting thee,
On other themes I dwell;
Fast in eternal silence bound,
My tongue may utterance fail.</p> <p>7. Remember and require them Lord,
How Edom's hatred race;
With impious malice urged the foe,
To waste thy holy place.</p> <p>8. Daughter of Babel, doomed to bleed
For thy imperious sway;
Blest shall be he whose righteous sword
Shall all our wrongs repay.</p> <p>9. Blest who on thy devoted head,
Shall heaven's just vengeance pour;
And deaf to all they children's cries,
Pollute thy streets with gore.</p> |
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