

# As pensive by the streams we sat

Translated and paraphrased by Phocion Henley

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

## Psalm 137 verses 1-9

**Andante** [♩=92]

Soprano [Air]

1. As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,  
 2. **Our harps** *which once in hap - pier days,* Je - ho - vah's *prai - ses* sung,  
 3. Whilst thus with in - ward grief op - prest, We mourned our coun - try's wrongs;  
 4. **How shall** *the spright ly harp re - sound,* To *great Je - ho - vah's praise?*  
 5. If e'er of thee, O na - tive land, My heart un - mind - ful prove,

Alto

Tenor 1

1. As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,  
 2. **Our harps** *which once in hap - pier days,* Je - ho - vah's *prai - ses* sung,  
 3. Whilst thus with in - ward grief op - prest, We mourned our coun - try's wrongs;  
 4. **How shall** *the spright ly harp re - sound,* To *great Je - ho - vah's praise?*  
 5. If e'er of thee, O na - tive land, My heart un - mind - ful prove,

Tenor 2

Bass

1. As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,  
 2. **Our harps** *which once in hap - pier days,* Je - ho - vah's *prai - ses* sung,  
 3. Whilst thus with in - ward grief op - prest, We mourned our coun - try's wrongs;  
 4. **How shall** *the spright ly harp re - sound,* To *great Je - ho - vah's praise?*  
 5. If e'er of thee, O na - tive land, My heart un - mind - ful prove,

6. If in my mirth forgetting thee,  
 On other themes I dwell;  
 Fast in eternal silence bound,  
 My tongue may ut'trance fail.

8. Daughter of Babel, doomed to bleed  
 For thy imperious sway;  
 Blest shall be he whose righteous sword,  
 Shall all our wrongs repay.

7. Remember and require them Lord,  
 How Edom's hatred race;  
 With impious malice urged the foe,  
 To waste thy holy place.

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.

## As pensive by the streams we sat

7

S

Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes\_ With tears, our hearts\_ with pain.  
*No more were tuned\_ to notes\_ of joy, But on the wil - lows hung.*  
 Our foes re - quired\_ a cheer - ful strain, "Sing one of Si - on's songs."  
*How shall we sing\_ to ears\_ pro - fane, Dear Si - on's sac - red lays?*  
 Let my right hand\_ for - get her skill\_ The war - bling string\_ to move.

A 1

T 1

Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts\_ with pain.  
*No more were tuned\_ to notes\_ of joy, But on the wil - lows hung.*  
 Our foes re - quired\_ a cheer - ful strain, "Sing one of Si - on's songs."  
*How shall we sing\_ to ears\_ pro - fane, Dear Si - on's sac - red lays?*  
 Let my right hand\_ for - get her skill\_ The war - bling string\_ to move.

T 2

B

Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.  
*No more were tuned\_ to notes\_ of joy, But on the wil - lows hung.*  
 Our foes re - quired\_ a cheer - ful strain, "Sing one of Si - on's songs."  
*How shall we sing\_ to ears\_ pro - fane, Dear Si - on's sac - red lays?*  
 Let my right hand\_ for - get her skill\_ The war - bling string\_ to move.

6. If in my mirth forgetting thee,  
 On other themes I dwell;  
 Fast in eternal silence bound,  
 My tongue may ut'trance fail.

7. Remember and require them Lord,  
 How Edom's hatred race;  
 With impious malice urged the foe,  
 To waste thy holy place.

8. Daughter of Babel, doomed to bleed  
 For thy imperious sway;  
 Blest shall be he whose righteous sword,  
 Shall all our wrongs repay.

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.