

As pensive by the streams we sat

Psalm 137 vv.1-9

Translated and paraphrased by Phocion Henley

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

Andante [♩=92]

Soprano [Air]
 As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,

Alto 1
 As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba - bel's plain,

Alto 2
 As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba bel's plain,

Tenor
 As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba bel's plain,

Bass
 As pen - sive by the streams we sat Which wa - ter Ba bel's plain,

Keyboard

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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 opprest,
 We mourned our country's wrongs;
 Our foes required a cheerful strain,
 "Sing one of Sions songs."</p> <p>4. How shall the sprightly harp resound,
 To great Jehovah's praise?
 How shall we sing to ears profane,
 Dear Sion'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 utt'rance 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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The original is scored for two tenor voices; Alto 2 here is the original Tenor 1.

As pensive by the streams we sat

7

S
Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.

A 1
Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.

A 2
Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.

T
Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.

B
Thy fate O Si - on filled our eyes With tears, our hearts with pain.

Kbd.