

As by the streams of Babylon

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

As by the streams of Ba-by-lon, Far from our na-tive
A-loft the trees that spring up there, Our si-lent harps we
Is then the song of our God fit To be pro-fan'd in
Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue If mind-less I of
Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's race Cried in Je-ru-sa-
Curs'd Ba-el's seed for Sa-lem's sake Just ru-in yet for

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soil we sat, Sweet Si-on, thee we thought up-on, And ev-ry
pen-sive hung; Said they that cap-tiv'd us, "Let's hear Some song which
for-ign land? O Sa-lem, thee when I for-get, For-get his
Thee be found: Or if when all my joys are sung, Je-ru-sa-
lem's sad day, "Hurl down her walls, her tow'rs de-face," And stone by
thee re-mains: Blest shall they be thy babes that take, And 'gainst the

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thought a tear be-gat.
you in Si-on sung."
skill may my right hand!
lem be not the ground.
stone all le-vel lay.
stones dash out their brains.