

# 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

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