

As by the streames of Babilon

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile we
 As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile wee—
 As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile we
 As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile we
 sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.
 sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.
 sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.
 sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.

2. Aloft the trees that spring up there
 Our silent Harps wee pensive hung:
 Said they that captiv'd us, Let's heare
 Some song which you in Sion sung.

3. Is then the song of our God sit
 To be prophan'd in forraine land?
 O Salem thee when I forget
 Forget his skill may my right hand!

4. Fast to the rooffe cleave may my tongue
 If mindlesse I of thee be found:
 Or if when all my ioyes are sung
 Ierusalem be not in the ground.

5. Remember Lord how Edoms race
 Cryed in Ierusalems sad day,
 Hurle downe her wals, her towres deface,
 And stone and by stone all levell lay.

6. Curst Babels seede for Salems sake
 Iust ruine yet for thee remains:
 Blest shall they be thy babes that take,
 And 'gainst the stones dash out their braines.