

# As by the streams of Babylon

Thomas Campion

As by the streams of Ba-by-  
 A-loft the trees that spring up  
 Is then the song of our God  
 Fast to the roof cleave may my  
 Re-mem-ber, Lord, how E-dom's  
 Curs'd Ba-el's seed for Sa-lem's

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lon, Far from our na-tive soil we sat,  
 there, Our si-lent harps we pen-sive hung;  
 fit To be pro-fan'd in for-eign land?  
 tongue If mind-less I of Thee be found:  
 race Cried in Je-ru-sa-lem's sad day,  
 sake Just ru-in yet for thee re-mains:

Sweet Si-on, thee we thought up-  
 Said they that cap-tiv'd us, "Let's  
 O Sa-lem, thee when I for-  
 Or if when all my joys are  
 "Hurl down her walls, her tow'rs de-  
 Blest shall they be thy babes that

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on, And ev'-ry thought a tear be-gat.  
 hear Some song which you in Si-on sung."  
 get, For-get his skill may my right hand!  
 sung, Je-ru-sa-lem be not the ground.  
 face," And stone by stone all le-vel lay.  
 take, And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains.