Psalm 137
"When as we sat in Babylon"

Text by William Whittingham
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. When as we sat in Babylon, the rivers round about,
2. Then they to whom we pris’ners were, said to us tauntingly:
3. But yet if I Jerusalem out of mine heart let slide,

And in remembrance of Zion the tears for grief burst out:
Now let us hear your Hebrew song, and pleasingly:
Then let my fingers quite forget the warbling harp to guide.

we hanged our harps and instruments, the willow trees upon:
A alas said we, who can once frame, his sorrowful heart, to sing
And let my tongue within my mouth, be tied for ever fast:

For in that place men for their use had planted many one,
The praises of our loving God, thus under a strange King?
If that I joy, before I see thy full deliverance past.

Original tenor begins on C.
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