

When as we sate in Babylon

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 137*

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590 - 1633)

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or Playnsong
BASSVS

When as we sat in Ba - by - lon, The Ri - vers round a - bout:
When as we sat in Ba - by - lon, the Ri - vers round a - bout:
When as we sat in Ba - by - lon, the Ri - vers round a - bout:
When as we sat in Ba - by - lon, the Ri - vers round a - bout:

3
S. and in re - mem - brance of Si - on, the tears for grief burst out.
A. and in re - mem - brance of Si - on, the tears for grief burst out.
T. and in re - mem - brance of Si - on, the tears for grief burst out.
B. and in re - mem - brance of Si - on, the tears for grief burst out.

5
S. We hang'd our Harps and In - stru - ments the Wil - low trees up - on:
A. We hang'd our Harps and In - stru - ments the Wil - low trees up - on:
T. We hang'd our Harps and In - stru - ments the Wil - low trees up - on:
B. We hang'd our Harps and In - stru - ments the Wil - low trees up - on:

7
S. For in that place men for their use had plan - ted ma - ny one.
A. For in that place men for their use had plan - ted ma - ny one.
T. For in that place men for their use had plan - ted ma - ny one.
B. For in that place men for their use had plan - ted ma - ny one.

3. Then they to whom we pris'ners were said to us tauntingly:

Now let us heave your Hebrew songs, and pleasant melody.

4. Alas! said we, who can once frame, his sorrowful heart to sing:
The praises of our living God, thus under a strange King?

5. But yet if I Jerusalem, out of my heart let slide:

Then let my fingers quite forget, the warbling Harp to guide.

6. And let my tongue within my mouth, be tied for ever fast:
If that I joy before I see, thy full deliv'rance passed.

7. Therefore O Lord remember now, the cursed noise and cry:

That Edom's sons against us made, when they razed our city.

8. Remember, Lord, their cruel words, when as with one accord:
They cried on, sack and raze their walls in despite of the Lord.

9. Even so shalt thou O Babylon, at length to dust be brought:

And happy shall that man be called, that our revenge hath wrought.

101. Yea blessed shall that man be called, that takes thy children young:
To dash their bones against hard stones, which lie the streets among.

Critical notes:

Bassus bar 1/note 10 is \circ in the original;

Medius bar 2/note 7: editorial # added;

text somewhat modernised.