1. Beside the flood of Babylon We sate us down in sor - row.
When as we thought on thee, Sy - on, We wept by night and mor - row.

2. The Lord's own song, it cannot be That Jacob's sons and daugh - ters
Make musick in a strange coun - trye By sad Eupha - rates wa - ters: O Sa - lem, if my mind be set On pon the wil - low trees we hung:

Our psal - te - ries and harps un - strung U - mirth, let this right hand for - get Her cunning ev - er af -

ty, (That led us cap - tive) oft would call ter: My tongue un - to her pa - late cleave,

Up - on us for a madri - gal, A song of Sa - lon ci - ty.
If once for thee I cease to grieve, Or tears give place to laugh - ter.