

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

XIII

1 **As by the streames of *Babilon*,**
Farre from our native soyle we sat,
Sweet *Sion* thee we thought vpon,
And eu'ry thought a teare begat.

2 Aloft the trees that spring vp there
Our silent Harps wee pensieue hung :
Said they that captiu'd vs, Let's heare
Some song which you in *Sinn* sung.

3 Is then the song of our God fit
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 cleaue may my tongue
If mindelesse I of thee be found :
Or if when all my ioyes are sung
Ierusalem be not the ground.

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

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