

Lemuel Hopkins

PSALM CXXXVII PARAPHRASED *

Along the banks where Babel's current flows
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed, and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim,
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen climes and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame—
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

Yet, shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

* By Dr. Lemuel Hopkins for Joel Barlow in 1785—usually accredited to Barlow.—EDITOR.

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