Oh, ’Twas a Joyful Sound to Hear
From Psalm 122:1–5

1. Oh, ’twas a joyful sound to hear
   Our tribes devoutly say,

2. At Salem’s courts we must appear,
   With our assembled pow’rs,

3. ’Tis thither by divine command,
   The tribes of God repair,

4. Tribunals stand erect there,
   Where equity takes place;

Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festival day.
In strong and beautiful order ranged,
Like her united towers.
Before His ark to celebrate His name with praise and pray’r.
There stand the courts and palaces Of royal David’s race.

Oh, ’Twas a Joyful Sound to Hear
Cont’d, Psalm 122:6–9

5. Oh, pray we then for Salem’s peace,
   For they shall prosperous be,

6. May peace within thy sacred walls A constant guest be found;
   For my dear brethren’s sake, and friends

7. May peace in Salem’s tow’rs A constant guest appear.
   No less than brethren dear,

8. But most of all I’ll seek thy good, And ever wish thee well,
   Thee.

(Holy city of our God) Who bear true love to thee.
With plenty and prosperity Thy palaces be crowned.
I’ll pray—May peace in Salem’s tow’rs A constant guest appear.
For Zion and the temple’s sake, Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Music: Henry Purcell, 1685; arr. The American Vocalist, 1849
Text: Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, 1735
COLCHESTER (Purcell) 8.6.8.6.