

By Babel's Streams We Sat and Wept

PSALM 137

1. By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, for mem - ory
2. There our rude cap - tors, flushed with pride, a song re -
3. Not songs but sighs to us be - long when Zi - on's
4. O Zi - on fair, God's ho - ly hill, where - in our

still to Zi - on clung; the winds a - lone our
-quired to mock our wrongs; our spoil - ers called for
walls in ru - in lie; how shall we sing Je -
God de - lights to dwell, let my right hand for -

harp - strings swept, that on the droop - ing wil - lows hung.
mirth and cried, "Come, sing us one of Zi - on's songs."
- ho - vah's song while in an a - lien land we die?
- get its skill if I for - get to love you well.

5. If I do not remember you,
then let my tongue from singing cease,
if any joy within my view
be dear as Zion's joy and peace.

6. Remember, Lord, the dreadful day
of Zion's cruel overthrow;
how happy he who shall repay
the bitter hatred of her foe.

Words: *Psalter Hymnal*, 1976

Music: William B. Bradbury, 1853

OLIVE'S BROW

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