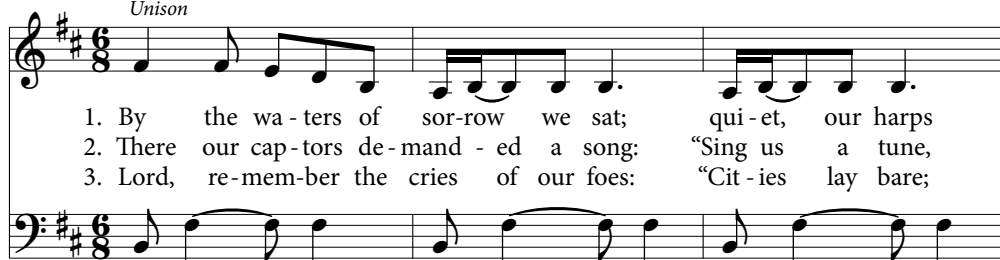


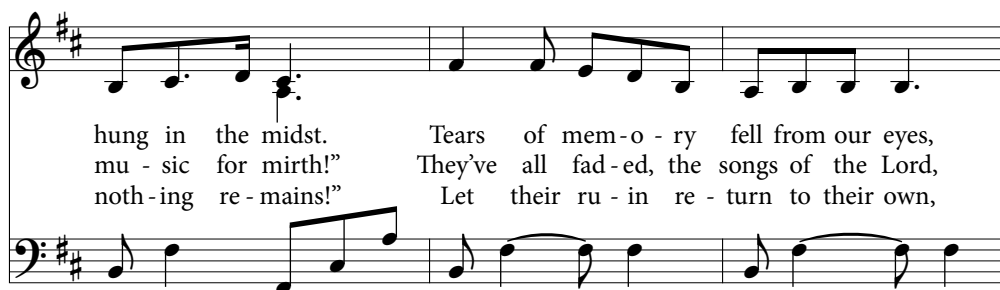
By the Waters of Sorrow

PSALM 137

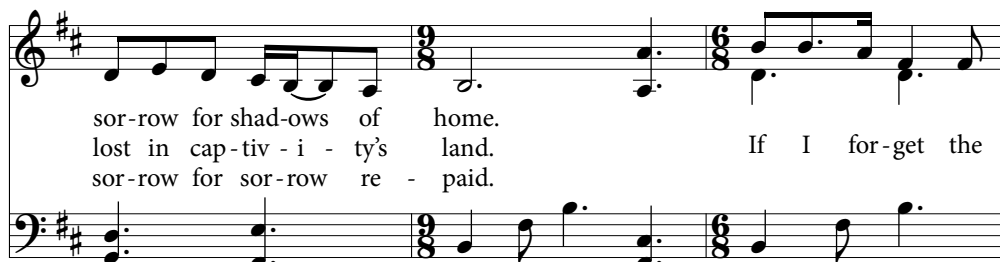
Unison



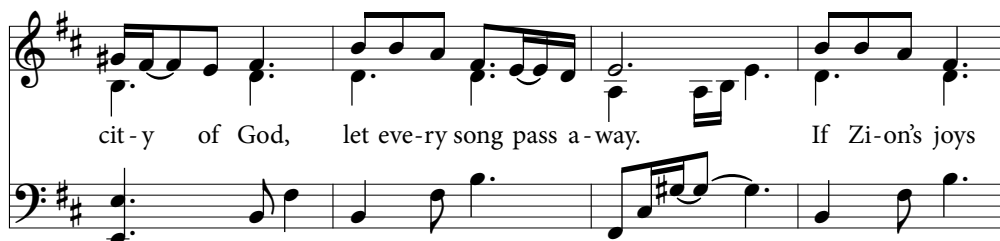
1. By the wa - ters of sor-row we sat; qui-et, our harps
2. There our cap-tors de-mand - ed a song: "Sing us a tune,
3. Lord, re-mem-ber the cries of our foes: "Cit-ies lay bare;



hung in the midst. Tears of mem-o - ry fell from our eyes,
mu - sic for mirth!" They've all fad-ed, the songs of the Lord,
noth-ing re-mains!" Let their ru - in re - turn to their own,



sor-row for shad-ows of home.
lost in cap-tiv-i - ty's land. If I for-get the
sor-row for sor-row re - paid.



cit-y of God, let eve-ry song pass a-way. If Zi-on's joys



fade from my eyes, no more the mel-o - dy play.