

PSALM

# 137 By Babel's streams we sat and wept

Capo 1: G C G D G Em D G

1 By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, for mem - ory still to  
 2 There our rude cap - tors, flushed with pride, a song re - quired to  
 3 Not songs but sighs to us be - long when Zi - on's walls in

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G D A A<sup>7</sup>

Zi - on clung. The winds a - lone our harp - strings  
 mock our wrongs; our spoil - ers called for mirth and  
 ru - in lie; how shall we sing Je - ho - vah's

D G C Dsus D<sup>7</sup> G

swept, that on the droop - ing wil - lows hung.  
 cried, "Come, sing us one of Zi - on's songs."  
 song while in an a - lien land we die?

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| <p>4 O Zion fair, God's holy hill,<br/>         wherein our God delights to dwell,<br/>         let my right hand forget her skill<br/>         if I forget to love thee well.</p> | <p>5 If I do not remember thee,<br/>         then let my tongue from utterance cease,<br/>         if any earthly joy to me<br/>         be dear as Zion's joy and peace.</p> |
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- 6 Remember, LORD, the dreadful day  
 of Zion's cruel overthrow.  
 How happy he who shall repay  
 the bitter hatred of her foe.