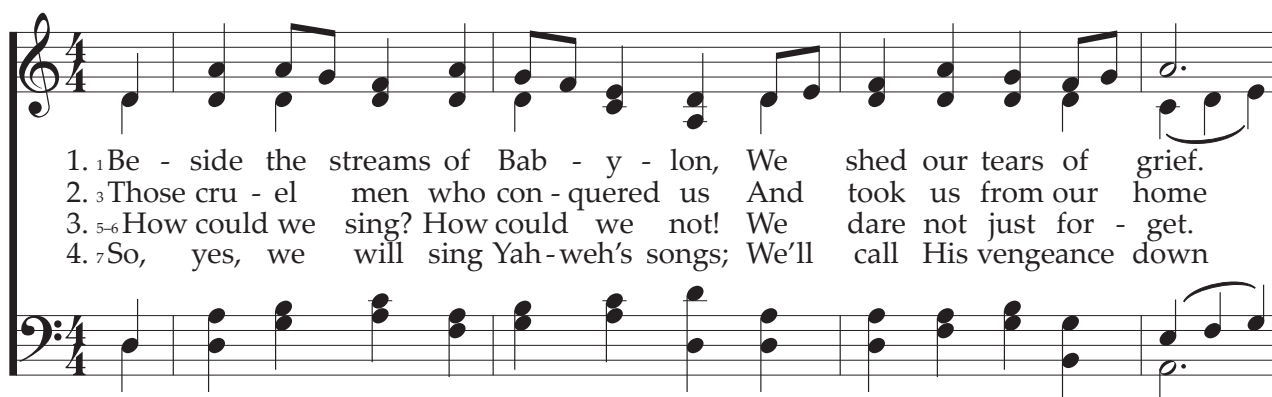
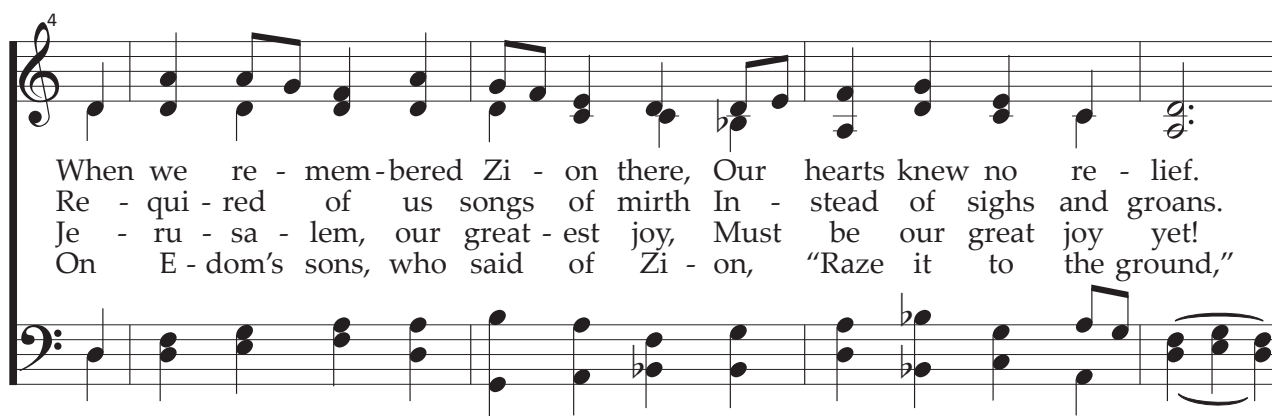


Beside the Streams of Babylon

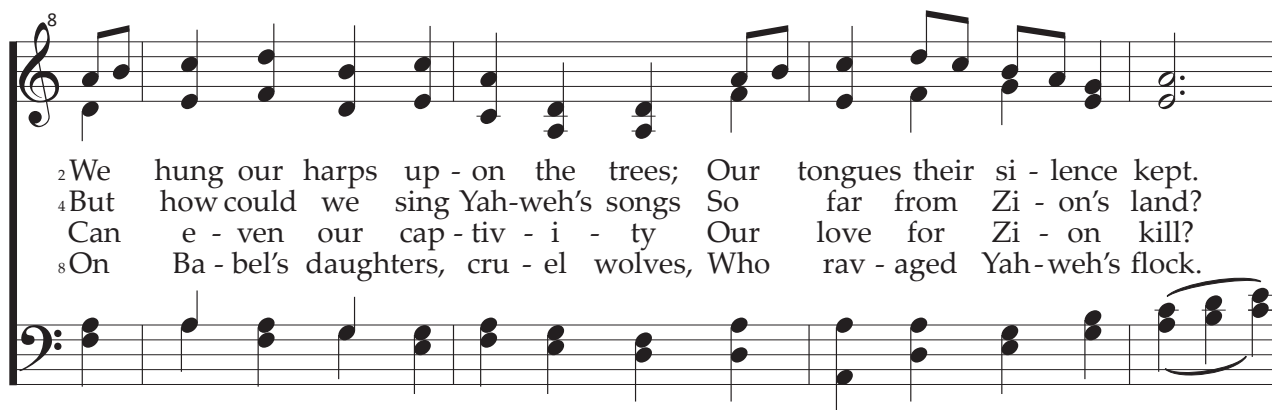
From Psalm 137



1. Be - side the streams of Bab - y - lon, We shed our tears of grief.
 2. Those cru - el men who con - quered us And took us from our home
 3. How could we sing? How could we not! We dare not just for - get.
 4. So, yes, we will sing Yah-weh's songs; We'll call His vengeance down



When we re - mem - bered Zi - on there, Our hearts knew no re - lief.
 Re - qui - red of us songs of mirth In - stead of sighs and groans.
 Je - ru - sa - lem, our great - est joy, Must be our great joy yet!
 On E - dom's sons, who said of Zi - on, "Raze it to the ground,"



2 We hung our harps up - on the trees; Our tongues their si - lence kept.
 4 But how could we sing Yah-weh's songs So far from Zi - on's land?
 Can e - ven our cap - tiv - i - ty Our love for Zi - on kill?
 8 On Ba - bel's daughters, cru - el wolves, Who rav - aged Yah-weh's flock.



We mourned for lost Je - ru - sa - lem And with the wil - lows wept.
 How could we cheer - ful - ly o - bey Our cap - tors' cruel com - mand?
 If I do not ex - ult in her, May my hands lose their skill.
 9 Let him re - joice who dash - es you A - gainst the might - y rock!