

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?

- 4 O Zion fair, God's holy hill,  
wherein our God delights to dwell,  
let my right hand forget her skill  
if I forget to love thee well.
- 5 If I do not remember thee,  
then let my tongue from utterance cease,  
if any earthly joy to me  
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.