

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.