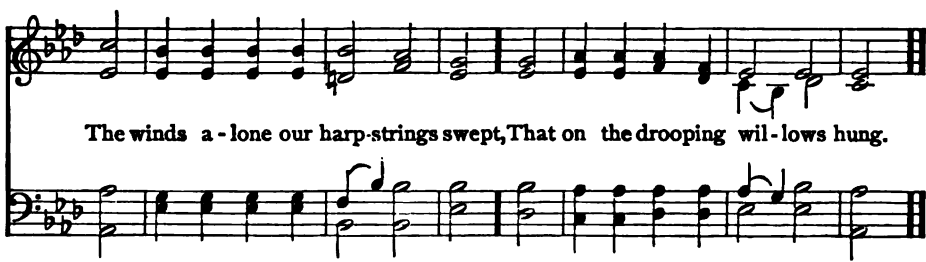
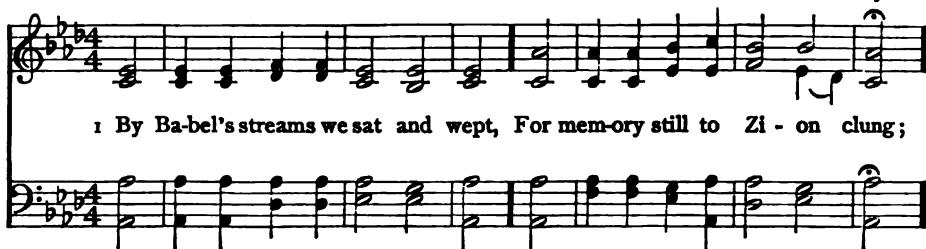


PSALM 137 L. M.

OLIVE'S BROW

William B. Bradbury



2 There our rude captors, flushed with pride,
 A song required to mock our wrongs;
 Our spoilers called for mirth, and cried,
 Come, sing us one of Zion's songs.

3 Not songs but sighs to us belong
 When Zion's walls in ruin lie;
 How shall we sing Jehovah's song
 While in an alien 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.