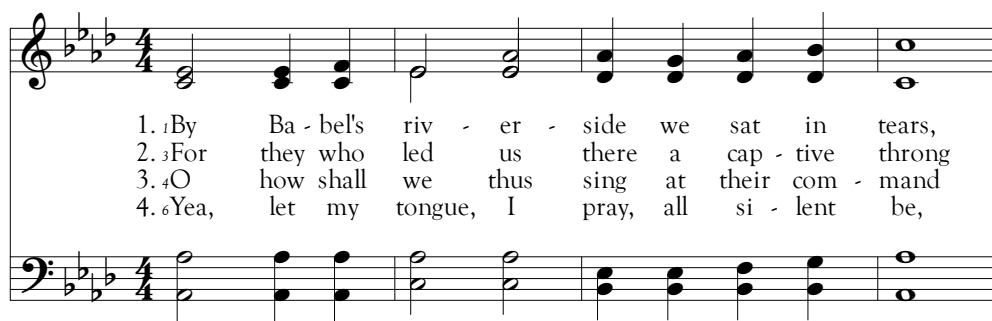


# 137B By Babel's Riverside We Sat In Tears

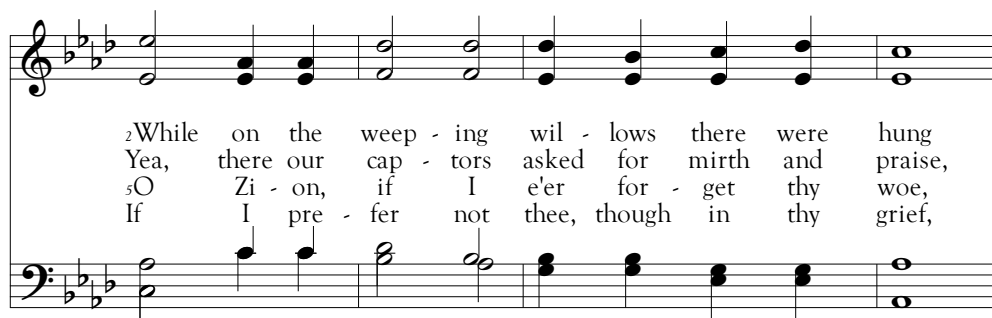
vs. 1-6



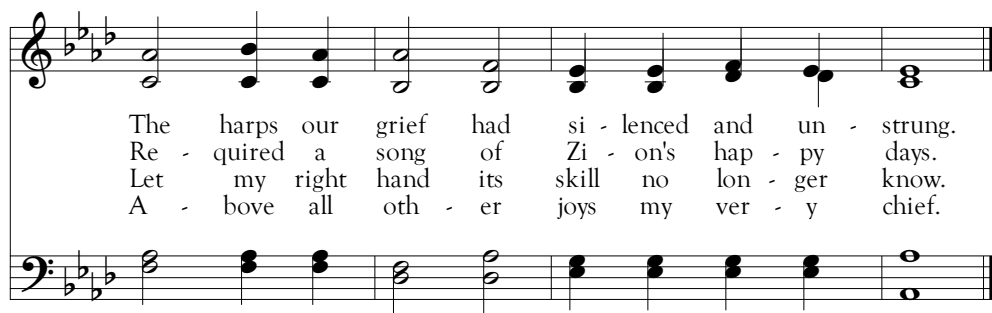
1. By Ba - bel's riv - er - side we sat in tears,  
 2. For they who led us there a cap - tive throng  
 3. O how shall we thus sing at their com - mand  
 4. Yea, let my tongue, I pray, all si - lent be,



Re - mem - b'ring Zi - on's pride in for - mer years,  
 Re - quired that we pre - pare for them a song;  
 Songs of the LORD, our King, in this strange land?  
 If I do not al - way re - mem - ber thee;



2 While on the weep - ing wil - lows there were hung  
 Yea, there our cap - tors asked for mirth and praise,  
 5 O Zi - on, if I e'er for - get thy woe,  
 If I pre - fer not thee, though in thy grief,



The harps our grief had si - lenced and un - strung.  
 Re - quired a song of Zi - on's hap - py days.  
 Let my right hand its skill no lon - ger know.  
 A - bove all oth - er joys my ver - y chief.