

Psalm 137

(To the tune of Come Ye Sinners)

Verse 1

By the wat-ers / Of Ba-by-lon
There we sat down / And we wept
We re-mem-bered / Bless-ed Zi-on
There, on will-ows, hung our lyers

Verse 2

There our captors / Forced our singing
Our tor-men-tors / Cheer and mirth
Say-ing to us / Sing us your songs
Sing to us songs of Zi-on

Verse 3

How shall we sing / Your songs O Lord
In a for-eign / Land not ours
If I for-get / Jer-u-sa-lem
Let my right hand lose it's skill

Verse 4

May my tongue cleave / Dry to my mouth
If I don't re- / -mem-ber You
If I don't set / Jer-u-sa-lem
As my chief, my high-est joy

Verse 5

O Lord re-call / Those of E-dom
On the day the / Ci-ty fell
They cried to us / Lay it down bare
Bare down to the foun-da-tion

Verse 6

Now O daugh-ter / Of Ba-by-lon
You are doomed to / Be des-troyed
Blessed shall He be / Who re-pays you
With what you have done to us

Verse 7

Blest shall He be / Who takes your young
And shatt-ers them / On the rock
Now O daugh-ter / of Ba-by-lon
You are doomed to be des-troyed