

# By the turbid waters of Babylon

Psalm 137

Words and music: David Lee

## RESPONSE

By the tur-bid wa - ters of Ba-by-lon we sat down and wept— and

wept— when we re - mem - bered Zi - on.

*Fine*

## VERSES 1, 3

1. As for our harp— strings, we hung them out— on the  
3. Call to your mind,— Lord, your e - ne - mies,— those who

wil - lows that grow— in that land. For those who had ta - ken us  
'Down with God's peo - ple' had railed. O Ba - by - lon, doomed— to des -

cap - tive asked for a song: — 'Sing us one of those songs — of Zi - on'. But  
 truc - tion, hap - py the one — who re - pays you for all — you've done. — In

*D.C. al Fine*

how shall we sing the Lord's song in an al - ien land?  
 vain will you shield your child - ren from the Lord's re - venge.

VERSE 2

2. If I for - get — you, O Je - ru - sa - lem, — let my right hand for - get — all its

skill. If I prize not Je - ru - sa - lem high - er than all my joys, —

*D.C. al Fine*

— let me ne - ver a - gain — sing your prai - ses.