

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

Fine

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

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.