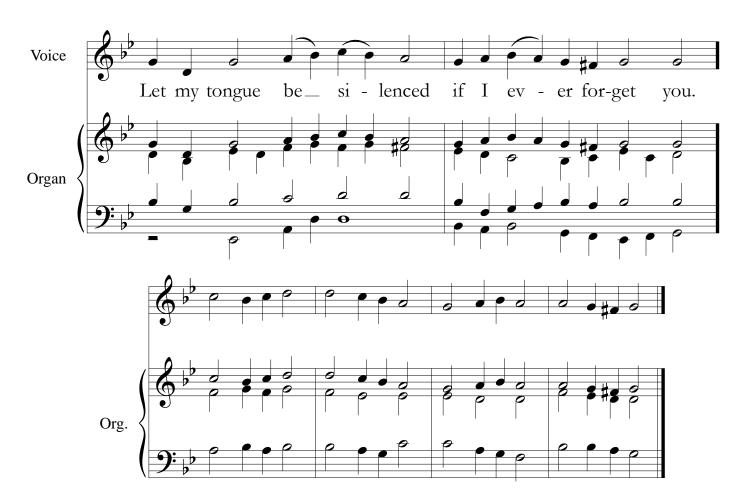
Ps. 137:1-2,3,4-5,6



- By the rivers of Ba-by-lon there we sat and wept,+ remembering <u>Si</u>-on;
 On the poplars that <u>grew</u> there we hung up our harps.
- 2. For it was there that they asked us, our cap-tors, for songs, our oppressors, for joy."Sing to us," they said,"One of Si-on's songs."
- 3. O how could we sing the song of the Lord on for-eign soil?If I forget you, Je-ru-sa-lem, let my right hand wither!
- 4. O let my tongue cleave *to* **my** palate if I remem-*ber you* not, if I prize not Je**-ru-sa**-lem as the first *of my* joys!