

Fourth Sunday of Lent Year B

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

D. Gambrell

Voice

Let my tongue be si - lenced if I ev - er for-get you.

Organ

Org.

1. By the rivers of *Ba-by-lon*
there we sat and wept, + remembering *Si-on*;
On the poplars that **grew** 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-egn* 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!