

# By Babel's riverside

- Psalm 137 -

Men's choir

Melody: E.J. Hopkins  
Arrangement: D. van Luttkhuizen

1. By Ba - bel's - ri - ver - side we sat in  
2. For they who led us there a cap - tive thing  
3. O how shall we thus sing at their com - muni - ty  
4. Yea, let my tongue, I pray, all si - lent - be,

*c.f.*

Re - mem - bering Zi - on's pris - on for - mer years,  
Re - quired that we pre - pare in them a song;  
Songs of the Lord, our King, in this strange land?  
If I do not al - ways re - mem - ber thee;

While on the weep - ing wil - lows there were hung  
Yea, that our cap - tors asked for mirth and praise,  
O that I could see'er for - get thy woe,  
If I for - fer not thee, though in thy grief,

The - harps our grief had si - lenced and un - strung.  
Re - quired a song of Zi - on's hap - py days.  
Let my right hand its skill no lon - ger know.  
A - bove all o - ther joys my ve - ry chief.

*c.f.*