

By The Waters of Babylon - Tone 8

By the wa - ters of Bab - y - lon, we sat down and

wept, when we re - mem - bered

Zi - - on. Al - - le - lu - ia.

On the wil - lows there we hung up our

harps, we hung up our harps. Al - le - lu - ia.

For there our cap - tors re - quired of us

songs, and our tor - men - tors,

mirth, say - ing, "Sing us one of the

songs of Zi - on!" Al - le - lu - ia.

How shall we sing the Lord's song
 in a foreign land? Al - le - lu - ia.

If I for - get you, O Je - ru - sa - lem,
 let my right hand, let my

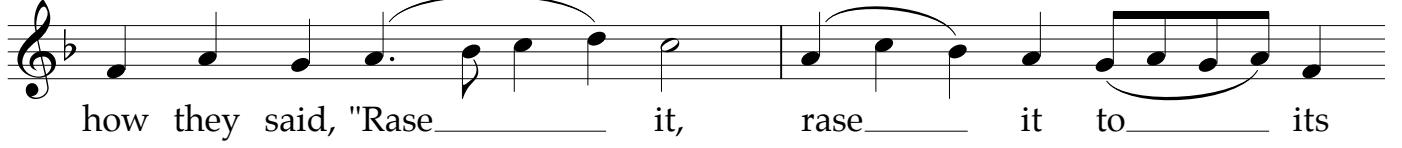
right hand with - er! Al - le - lu - ia.

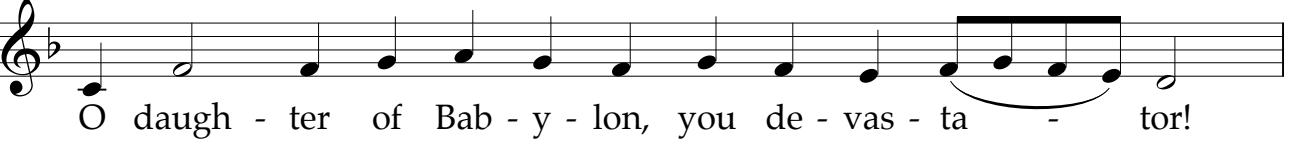
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
 if I do not re - mem - ber you,

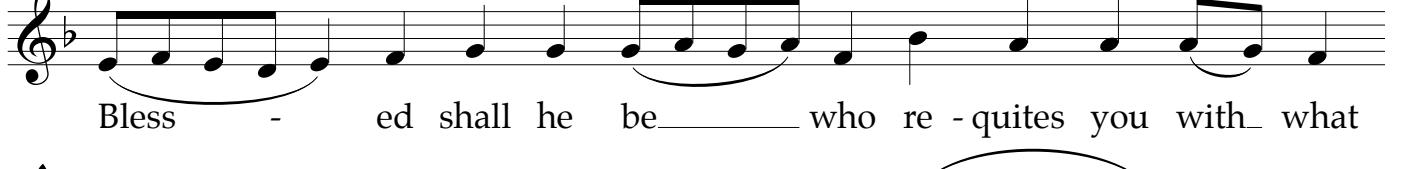
if I do not set Je - ru - sa - lem
 a - bove my high - est joy, a - bove my

high - est joy! Al - le - lu - ia.

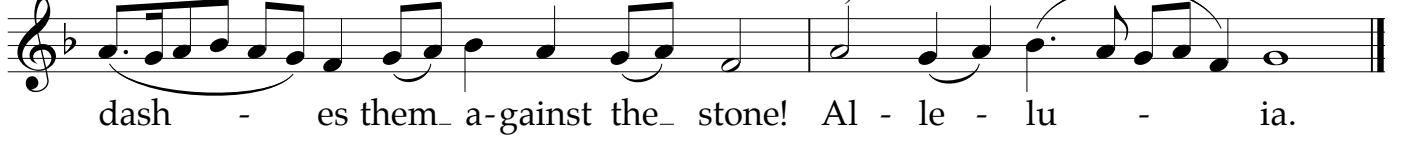

 Re - mem - ber, O Lord, a - gainst the E' - dom - ites
 the day of Je - ru - sa - lem,


 how they said, "Rase it, rase it to its
 foun - da - tions!" Al - le - lu - ia.


 O daugh - ter of Bab - y - lon, you de - vas - ta - tor!


 Bless - ed shall he be who re - quites you with what
 you have done to us! Al - le - lu - ia.


 Bless - ed shall he be who takes your lit - tle ones and


 dash - es them a-against the stone! Al - le - lu - ia.
 a) 
 Al - le - lu - ia.