

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 - gainst the stone! Al - le - lu - ia.

a) Al - le - lu - ia.