

Memories of Zion

PSALM 137 L. M.

OLIVE'S BROW

William B. Bradbury

1 By Ba-bel's streams we sat and wept, For mem-ory still to Zi - on clung;

The winds a - lone our harp-strings swept, That on the drooping wil-lows hung.

- 2 There our rude captors, flushed with pride,
A song required to mock our wrongs;
Our spoilers called for mirth, and cried,
Come, sing us one of Zion's songs.
- 3 Not songs but sighs to us belong
When Zion's walls in ruin lie;
How shall we sing Jehovah's song
While in an alien land we die?
- 4 O Zion fair, God's holy hill,
Wherein our God delights to dwell,
Let my right hand forget her skill
If I forget to love thee well.
- 5 If I do not remember thee,
Then let my tongue from utterance cease,
If any earthly joy to me
Be dear as Zion's joy and peace.
- 6 Remember, Lord, the dreadful day
Of Zion's cruel overthrow;
How happy he who shall repay
The bitter hatred of her foe.