

380 Remembrance of Church Privileges

PSALM 137 108

BENEDICTION

Edward J. Hopkins

1 By Ba - bel's riv - er - side we sat in tears, Re - mem - ber - ing

Zi - on's pride in for - mer years, While on the weep - ing

wil - lows there were hung The harps our grief had si - lenced and un - strung.

[Selected Stanzas]

- 2 For they who led us there a captive throng
Required that we prepare for them a song;
Yea, there our captors asked for mirth and praise,
Required a song of Zion's happy days.
- 3 O how shall we thus sing at their command
Songs of the Lord, our King, in this strange land?
O Zion, if I e'er forget thy woe,
Let my right hand its skill no longer know.
- 4 Yea, let my tongue, I pray, all silent be,
If I do not always remember thee;
If I prefer not thee, though in thy grief,
Above all other joys my very chief.