

Psalm 137 (136): 2, 3, 4-5, 6

- On the poplars that grew there \* we hung up our harps.
- For it was there that they asked us, †
   our captors, for songs, \*
   our oppressors, for joy.
   "Sing to us," they said, \*
   "one of Sion's songs."
- 3. O how could we sing † the song of the LORD \* on foreign soil?
  If I forget you, Jerusalem, \* let my right hand wither!
- 4. O let my tongue † cleave to my palate \* if I remember you not, if I prize not Jerusalem \* as the first of my joys!

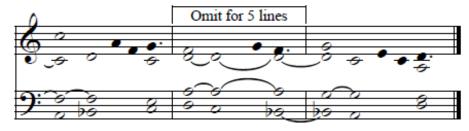
## MODE 1

## Lower Key



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