

# FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT

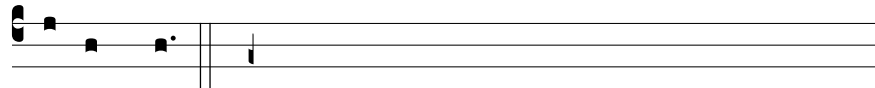
Ps. 137: 1-2, 3, 4-5, 6

YEAR B

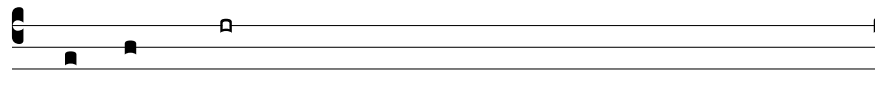
VIII

**L**

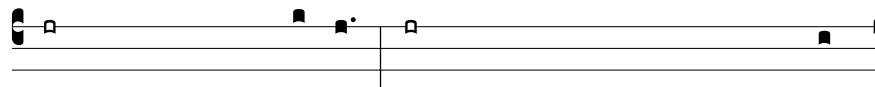
et my tongue be silenced, if I ever



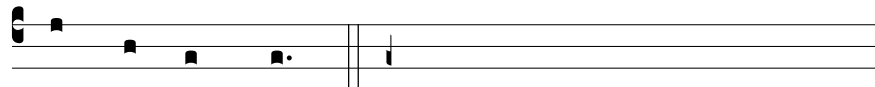
forget you!



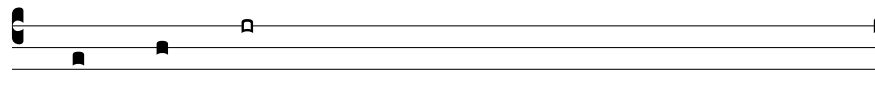
1. By the streams of Babylon we sat and wept when



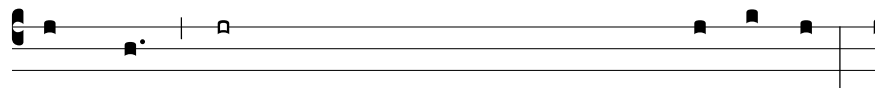
we remembered *Zi-on*. On the aspens of that land *we*



hung up our harps. *R.*



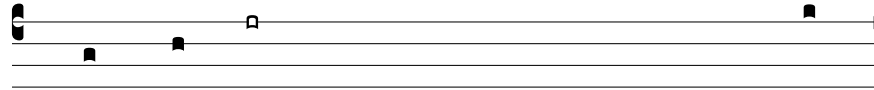
2. For there our captors asked of us the lyrics of



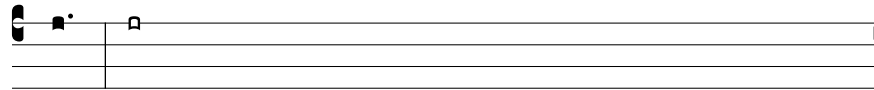
our *songs*, and our despoilers urged us to be *joy-ous*:



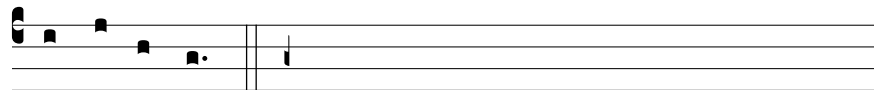
"Sing for us the *songs* of Zion!" *R.*



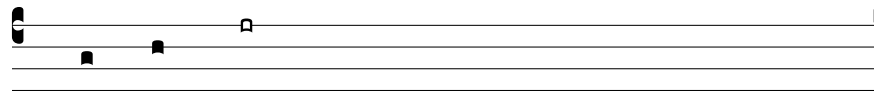
3. How could we sing a song of the LORD in a *fo-reign*



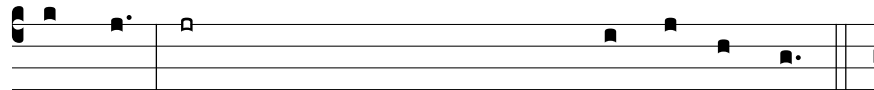
land? If I forget you, Jerusalem, may my right hand



*be* forgotten! Ṙ.



4. May my tongue cleave to my palate if I remember



*you* not, if I place not Jerusalem *a-head* of my joy. Ṙ.

Excerpt from *Parish Book of Psalms* by Arlene Oost-Zinner, ©2012.  
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