

When we, our weary limbs to rest

Psalm the 137th. New Ver.

When we, our weary limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes' stream, We
Our harps, that when with joy we sung Were wont their tune - ful parts to bear, With
How shall we tune our voice to sing Or touch our harps with skil - ful hands? Shall
O Sa - lem, our once hap - py seat, When I of thee for - get - ful prove, Let

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wept, with dole - ful thoughts op - press'd, And Si - on was our mourn - ful theme.
si - lent strings ne - glec - ted hung On wil - low trees that wi - ther'd there.
hymns of joy to God our King Be sung by slaves in fo - reign lands?
then my trem - bling hand for - get The speak - ing strings with art to move!

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If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song!

Notes:

Only the first verse of the text is given in the source: an editorial selection of subsequent verses have here been added. The alto and tenor parts are printed in the alto and tenor clefs respectively in the source.