By The Rivers Of Babylon

By the rivers of Babylon
Where he sat down
And there he wept when he remembered Zion.

Oh from wicked, carry us away from captivity
Required from us a song
How can we singing out for song in a strange land.

So let the words of our mouth
And the meditations of our hearts
Be acceptable in thy sight
O-verride

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Where he sat down
And there he wept when he remembered Zion.

Oh from wicked, carry us away from captivity
Required from us a song
How can we singing out for song in a strange land.
How can we singing out for song in a strange land.