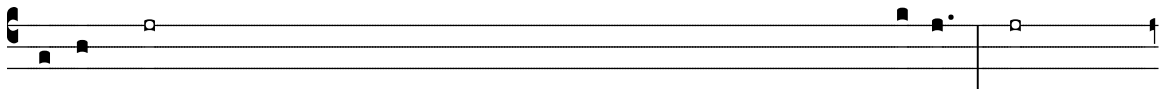
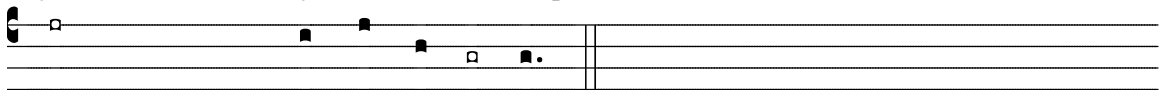


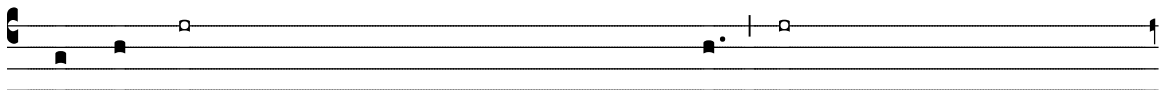
Let my tongue be silenced, if I ever forget you!



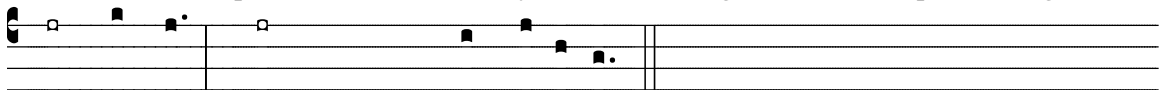
By the streams of Babylon we sat and wept when we remembered Zi-on. On the



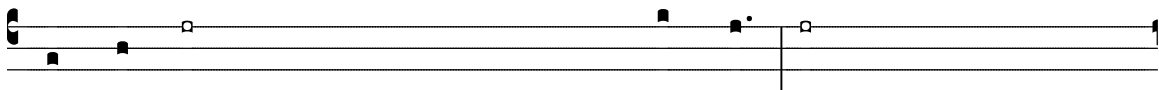
aspens of that land we hung up our harps.  $\text{R}^{\text{z}}$



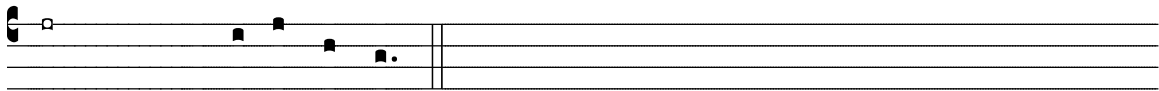
For there our captors asked of us the lyrics of our songs, and our despoilers urged us



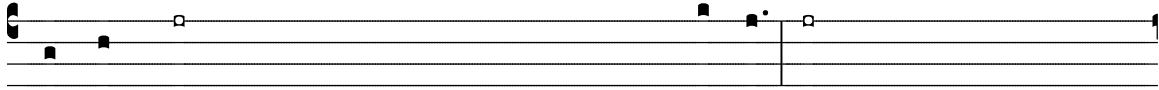
to be joy-ous. "Sing for us the songs of Zi-on!"  $\text{R}^{\text{z}}$



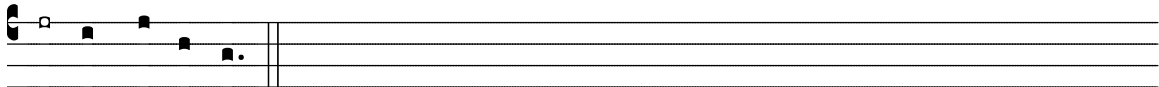
How could we sing a song of the LORD in a foreign land? If I forget you, Jerusalem, let



my right hand be forgotten!  $\text{R}^{\text{z}}$



May my tongue cleave to my palate if I remember you not, if I place not Jerusalem



a-head of my joy. *R*