

Salmos Proclamai - 4º Domingo da Quaresma (ano B) - Salmo 137 (136)

Tom: F

Que se prenda a minha língua ao céu da boca
se de ti, Jerusa - lém, Jerusa - lém, eu me esquecer!

1. Junto aos rios da Babilônia nos sen - távamos chorando, com
sau - dades de Sião

Nos sal - gueiros por a - li, nos sal - gueiros por ali, pendu
- ramos nossas har - pas

2. Pois foi lá que os opressores nos pe - diram nossos
cânticos
nossos guardas exigiam alegria na tristeza

'Cantai hoje para nós, cantai hoje para nós algum canto de
Sião!'

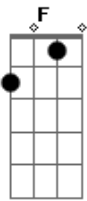
3. Como ha - vemos de cantar os can - tares do Senhor numa
terra es - trangeira?

Se de ti, Jerusa - lém, algum dia eu me esquecer, que resseque
a minha mão!

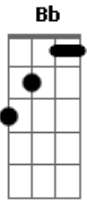
4. Que se cole a minha língua e se prenda ao céu da boca
se de ti não me lembrar!

Se não for Jerusalém, se não for Jerusalém minha grande alegri
- a!

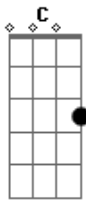
Acordes



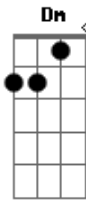
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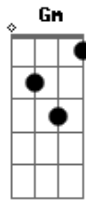
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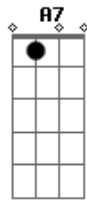
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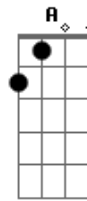
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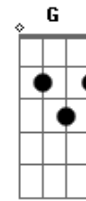
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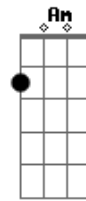
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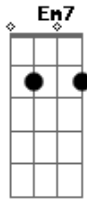
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