

Psalm 137

1 By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
when we remembered Zion.

2 As for our lyres, we hung them up
on the willows that grow in that land.

3 For there our captors asked for a song,
our tormentors called for mirth:
'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'

4 How shall we sing the Lord's song
in a strange land?

5 If I forget you, O Jerusalem,
let my right hand forget its skill.

6 Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth
if I do not remember you,
if I set not Jerusalem above my highest joy.

7 Remember, O Lord, against the people of Edom
the day of Jerusalem,
how they said, 'Down with it,
down with it, even to the ground.'

8 O daughter of Babylon, doomed to destruction,
happy the one who repays you
for all you have done to us;

9 Who takes your little ones,
and dashes them against the rock.