



Psalm 137

By the rivers of Babylon,
there we sat down,
yea, we wept,

when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon
the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us
away captive required

of us a song;

and they that wasted us
required of us mirth, saying,

Sing us one of the songs
of Zion. How shall we sing

the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,

let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof
of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem;
who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.

O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed;
happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.

Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth
thy little ones against the stones.