

PSALM 137

By Babylon's clear streams, we all sat down and wept; thinking of sweet Zion, and the oath that our God kept.

- 2 We hung our harps upon the willows, never more to play; in the very midst of her, when captive in that day.
- 3 For there they took us far away, demanding that we sing; oppressors forcing joy on us, a Zion hymn to bring.
- 4 How can we stroll and sing a song, of the Lord we love; in a land of aliens, that we have no part of?
- 5 If I forget Jerusalem, mislay this sacred mount; may my right side lose all its strength, and flounder all about.
- 6 If I do not hold fast to thee, my tongue stick in my mouth; and not seek for Jerusalem, as greatest joy I've found.
- 7 O Lord remember Edom's sons, who said of her that day; "Strip it down unto its base, let nothing of it stay."
- 8 You daughters here in Babylon, who one day will be nought; happy those who pay you back, for all your evil thought.
- 9 Happy those who see your children, scatter like a stone; your babes without a place to dwell, who have no certain home.