### Psalms

## Chapter 137

A Psalm of David [handed down to us] through JeremiAh.   
  
  
  
  
1At Babylon’s rivers we sat,  
 And we wept, as we thought of [Mount] Zion.  
 2And there in [Babylon’s] midst,  
 We hung our instruments on willows.  
  
3For there, our captors had asked us  
 To sing the words of our psalms…  
 Yes, those who took us away, dared to say:  
  
 ‘From the odes of Zion, please sing us a song.’  
  
4But, how can we sing the songs of the Lord,  
 There in an alien land?  
  
5O [City of] JeruSalem,  
  
Should I ever forget you,  
 May I also forget my right hand.  
 6May my tongue stick to the [roof of my mouth]  
 If I ever fail to remember  
 And prefer the joys of JeruSalem,  
 Which I had known long ago.  
  
7Remember the sons of Edom, O Lord,  
 In JeruSalem’s day…  
 Those who said:  
  
 ‘Make it empty…  
 Cut it down to its very foundations!’  
  
8O miserable daughters of Babylon;  
 Blest are those who’ll repay you  
 With the same sort of payment that you sent to us…  
 9Yes, blest is the one who’ll grab hold of you  
 And dash your infants on rocks!