



By the tur-bid wa - ters of Ba-by-lon we sat
 down and wept and wept
 when we re - mem - bered Zi - on.

As for our harp strings, we hung them out
 on the willows that grow in that land.
 For those who had taken us captive asked for a song:
 'Sing us one of those songs of Zion'.
 But how shall we sing the Lord's song in an alien land?

If I forget you, O Jerusalem,
 let my right hand forget all its skill.
 If I prize not Jerusalem higher than all my joys,
 let me never again sing your praises.

Call to your mind, Lord, your enemies,
 those who 'Down with God's people' had railed.
 O Babylon, doomed to destruction,
 happy the one who repays you for all you've done.
 In vain will you shield your children from the Lord's revenge.