

PSALM 137

Strasbourg, 1539 / Geneva, 1551



1. A-long the streams of Bab-y-lon in sad-ness
 we sat and wept, re-mem-bering Zi-on's glad-ness,
 and on the wil-lows there we hung our lyre,
 for there our cap-tors did our songs re-quire;
 while we la-ment-ed, joy and mirth they want-ed.
 "Sing for us one of Zi-on's songs," they taunt-ed.

2. How shall we sing the LORD's songs in our anguish while in a foreign land we mourn and languish? Jerusalem, for love of you I cry; my right hand wither if I you deny. My mouth be dumb if ever I forget you, if not above my highest joy I set you!
3. Remember, LORD, how Edom showed no pity that day when Babylon razed Zion's city, how Esau's sons rejoiced and said to them, "Tear down, tear down all of Jerusalem. Destroy and raze it down to its foundations!" O God, do not forget their provocations.

4. O *Babylon, destroyer, God shall smite you!*
How *happy* he, *appointed to requite you*
with all the evil you to us have done!
May *all mankind your lonely ruins* shun.
How *happy* he who *shall, devoid of pity,*
dash on the rocks the children of your city!