1   By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered Zion.

2   As for our lyres, we hung them up on the willows that grow in that land.

3   For there our captors asked for a song, our tormentors called for mirth:

   ‘Sing us one of the songs of Zion.’

4   How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?

5   If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its skill.

6   Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I do not remember you, if I set not Jerusalem above my highest joy.

7   Remember, O Lord, against the people of Edom the day of Jerusalem, how they said, ‘Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.’

8   O daughter of Babylon, doomed to destruction, happy the one who repays you for all you have done to us;
Who takes your little ones,
and dashes them against the rock.