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;
9 Who takes your little ones, and dashes them against the rock. 

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