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

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

For there our captors asked for a song,
our tormentors called for mirth:
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

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

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

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.

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

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.

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