

By the Rivers of Babylon (Psalm 137)

Refrain:

By the rivers of Babylon there we sat and we wept.
There we hung up our harps, remembering home.
It was there that they asked us, our captors, for songs, for joy.
Oh, how could we sing of the Lord on alien soil?

1. If I forget you, Jerusalem,
let my right hand wither,
my tongue cleave to my mouth,
if I prize not Jerusalem above all my joys. *Refrain*