

¹By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.²We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.³For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.⁴How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land?⁵If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. ⁶If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.⁷Remember, O LORD, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.⁸O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.⁹Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.