

Psalm 137

¹⁻² We are Jews, and we are captives in Babylon. We sat down by the river and hung our harps on some willow trees, and then we cried when we remembered our blessed city, Jerusalem. ³ While we were sitting there, some of our captors came by taunting us and demanding that we sing one of the joyful songs of Jerusalem. ⁴ Ah, but how can we sing about the goodness of the LORD when He allows us to be ridiculed as prisoners in a foreign land? ⁵⁻⁶ Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, if I do not remember your greatness or if I don't consider you more precious than the thing I enjoy the most, then let my hand forget how to play the harp and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth so that I cannot sing.

⁷ LORD, remember the damage Edom did to Jerusalem and what they did to us. They said, "Lay it bare, lay it bare. Knock it down to its very foundation!" ⁸ O Babylon, you powerful brute that destroyed Jerusalem, blessed will be the one who devastates you in the same way you destroyed Jerusalem. ⁹ The one who captures your city and dashes your little ones' heads against a wall will be honored by all of the Jews. We will be absolutely thrilled when you get what you deserve.