Along the Streams of Babylon, in Sadness
Psalm 137

1. Along the streams of Babylon, in sadness
2. How shall we sing the Lord’s song in our anguish
3. Remember, Lord, how Edom showed no pity
4. O Babylon, destroyer, God shall smite you!

We sat and wept, remembering Zion’s gladness,
When in a foreign land we mourn and languish?
That day when Babylon razed Zion’s city,
How happy he, appointed to requite you!

And on the willows there we hung our lyre,
Jerusalem, for love of you I cry;
How Esau’s sons rejoiced and said to them,
With all the evil you to us have done!

For there our captors did our songs require,
My right hand wither if I you deny;
“Tear down, tear down all of Jerusalem,
May all mankind your lonely ruins shun.

W. van der Kamp, 1972
While we lamented, joy and mirth they wanted.
My mouth be dumb if ever I forget you,
Destroy and raze it down to its foundations!
How happy he who shall, devoid of pity,

“Sing for us one of Zion’s songs!” they taunted.
If not above my highest joy I set you!
O God, do not get their provocations.
Dash on the rock the children of your city!