

Response

By the tur-bid wa - ters of Ba-by-lon we sat
down and wept and wept
when we re - mem - bered Zi - on.

- 1 As for our harp strings, we hung them out
on the willows that grow in that land.
For those who had taken us captive asked for a song:
'Sing us one of those songs of Zion'.
But how shall we sing the Lord's song in an alien land?
- 2 If I forget you, O Jerusalem,
let my right hand forget all its skill.
If I prize not Jerusalem higher than all my joys,
let me never again sing your praises.
- 3 Call to your mind, Lord, your enemies,
those who 'Down with God's people' had railed.
O Babylon, doomed to destruction,
happy the one who repays you for all you've done.
In vain will you shield your children from the Lord's revenge.