137 By Babel's streams we sat and wept



- 4 O Zion fair, God's holy hill, wherein our God delights to dwell, let my right hand forget her skill if I forget to love thee well.
- 5 If I do not remember thee, then let my tongue from utterance cease, if any earthly joy to me be dear as Zion's joy and peace.
- 6 Remember, LORD, the dreadful day of Zion's cruel overthrow. How happy he who shall repay the bitter hatred of her foe.