

Reflection on Psalm 137

Exiles,
 strangers in a hostile land.
Home seems so very far away from this place,
both in distance and in
 character.

How can we sing of
our beautiful homeland
 here,
 in this unfriendly place,
 surrounded by mockers?

But deep within us
 a longing burns,
and with it,
 an undying joy
at what will be...

and what is, even now.
For God is our joy,
 our heaven,
 our home.
Our longing is for
 Him.
Our hearts yearn for
 Him.

And He is with us,
 always here,
 always now.
He is our living promise of what
soon will be
 fully and
 forever!

How can we help but sing
 even here?

Hymn: [Psalm 137](#)