

21 Lament over Fallen Jerusalem

How deserted lies the city,
once so full of people!
How like a widow is she,
who once was great among the
nations!

She who was queen among the
provinces
has now become a slave.

Bitterly she weeps at night,
tears are upon her cheeks.

Among all her lovers
there is none to comfort her.
All her friends have betrayed her;
they have become her enemies.

So I say, "My splendor is gone
and all that I had hoped from the
Lord."

I remember my affliction and my
wandering,
the bitterness and the gall.

I well remember them,
and my soul is downcast within me.

Yet this I call to mind
and therefore I have hope:
Because of the Lord's great love we are
not consumed,
for his compassions never fail.

They are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness.

I say to myself, "The Lord is my portion;
therefore I will wait for him."

The Lord is good to those whose hope
is in him,

to the one who seeks him;
it is good to wait quietly
for the salvation of the Lord.

Lamentations 1:1-2; 3:18-26