

THE BOOK OF LAMENTATIONS

Chapter 1

Whereby has the city abounding with people sat alone? It has become like a widow, abundant among the nations. A woman of authority among the jurisdictions has become a tribute.

She weeps - I emphasize "weeps" - in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. There isn't for her one comforting out of all of those loving her. All her neighbors have done perfidy against her. They were enemies to her.

Judah was exiled from humiliation and from abundant servitude. She has sat among the nations. She hasn't found a place of rest. All those pursuing her have reached her between the distresses.

The ways of Zion are mournful from none entering a meeting place. All her gates are being desolate. Her priests are being made to sigh, her virgins being made to grieve, and she has been bitter to herself.

Her adversaries have become for a head. Her enemies have been secure, because Yahweh has caused her to grieve over an abundance of rebellions. Her toddlers have gone captive before an adversary.

All her splendor has exited from the daughter of Zion. Her authorities have become like deer. They haven't found pasture, and they have gone with no vitality before the one pursuing.

Jerusalem has remembered days of her humiliation and rambling: all her objects of desire which were from days of antiquity in the falling of her people into the hand of an adversary, and there was no one helping for her. Adversaries saw her; they laughed over restings.

Jerusalem has sinned - I emphasize "sinned." Over thus she has become for a thing of impurity. All those ascribing weight to her make light of her, because they saw her nakedness. Also she was made to sigh, and she turned backward.

Her defilement is inside the bottom selvages of her clothes. She didn't remember her after-days, and extraordinary things have gone down. There is no one comforting for her. See, Yahweh, my humiliation, because the enemy was caused to be great.

An adversary has spread out his hand over all her objects of desire, because she has seen nations enter her sanctuary, of which You commanded that they shouldn't enter into the assembly to You.

All her people are being made to sigh from seeking bread. They gave objects of their desire for food, for to cause the soul to return. See, Yahweh, and look, because I have been debased.

It is nothing to you, all those passing by a way. Look and see if there is pain like my pain that has been practiced toward me, with which Yahweh has caused me to grieve in a day of a blazing of His anger.

From the heights He sent fire into my bones, and He had dominion over it. He spread a net for my feet. He caused me to turn backward. He gave me to be desolate, incapacitated all the days.

A yoke of my rebellions was fastened by His hand. They intensely intertwine themselves. They have gone up upon my neck. He has caused my vitality to stumble. The Lord has given me into hands; I am not able to rise.

The Lord has thoroughly disregarded all my puissant ones in my midst. He has called an appointed time over me to break my choice young men. As in a wine trough, the Lord has trodden on the virgin daughter of Judah.

Over these my eye is weeping. My eye is going down in water, because a comforter causing my soul to return was distant from me. My sons were being desolated, because enemy was mighty.

Zion thoroughly spreads out with her hands. There is no comforter for her. Yahweh has commanded Jacob's adversaries around him. Jerusalem has become for an impurity between them.

Righteous is He - Yahweh - because I defied His mouth. Listen, please, all people, and see my choice young men went into captivity.

I called to my lovers. They defrauded me. My priests and my elders in the city expired, because they sought food for themselves that they might cause their souls to return.

See, Yahweh, because it has distressed me. My viscera is fermented. My heart is turned within me, because I was defiant - I emphasize "defiant"! From outside a sword has thoroughly bereaved; in the house it is as death.

They heard that I was made to sigh. There is no comforter for me. All of My enemies have heard of my evil. They were happy that You did this. You have caused the day You called for to enter. And the will be like me.

All their evil will enter before You. And practice toward them just as You have practiced toward me over all my rebellions, because abundant are my sighings, and my heart is incapacitated.

Chapter 2

Whereby does the Lord cause the daughter of Zion to be beclouded with nimbus clouds in His anger? He has cast the adornment of Israel from the heavens to earth, and didn't remember His footstool in a day of His anger.

The Lord swallowed up. He didn't show mercy to all the pasture-habitations of Jacob. In His wrath He has slated for destruction all the fortifications of the daughter of Judah. He has caused it to touch to the land. He has profaned the kingdom and its authorities.

He chopped off all the horn of Israel in the fuming of His anger. He has caused His right hand to return backward from the face of enemies, and He burned in Jacob like a fire of flame; it has consumed all around.

He strong His bow like an enemy, stationing His right hand like an adversary, and He killed all object of the eye's desire in the tent of the daughter of Zion. He poured out His fury like a fire.

The Lord was like an enemy. He swallowed up Israel. He swallowed up all her citadels. He has corrupted His fortifications and has caused sorrowing and sorrow to abound in the daughter of Judah.

He has done violence to His pavillion as to a garden. He has corrupted His meeting places. Yahwe has utterly forgotten appointed times and Sabbaths in Zion, and in rage of His anger He has repudiated king and priests.

The Lord has abandoned His altar. He discarded His sanctuary. He has caused the bulwarks of her citadels to be shut into the hand of an enemy. The gave a noise in the house of Yahweh as a day of an appointed time.

Yahweh has accounted to cause the bulwarks of the daughter of Zion to corrupt. He stretched out a measuring line. He hasn't caused His hand to return from swallowing up, and He has caused an outer entrenchment wall and bulwark to mourn; together they have languished.

Her gates have sunk in the earth. He destroyed and broke her crossbars. Her kings and authorities are among the nations. There is no doctrine. Also, her prophets haven't found a revelation from Yahweh.

They sit toward the earth. The elders of the daughter of Zion are silent. They caused dust to go up on their heads. They have girded on sackcloth. The virgins of Jerusalem cause their heads to go down to the earth.

My eyes are finished with tears. My viscera is fermented. My liver is poured out toward the earth over a breaking of the daughter of my people in the enfeebling of toddlers and sucklings in streets of a town.

To their mothers they say, "Where are grain and wine?" in their always being enfeebled like the pierced dead in streets of a city, in their intensely pouring out of their souls toward the bosom of their mothers.

What will I cause to testify for you? What will I liken to you, daughter of Jerusalem? What will I compare to you, so that I will comfort you, virgin daughter of Zion? Because great like the sea is your breaking. Who will heal you?

Your prophets have viewed for you insubstantiality and that which is unsavory, and didn't thoroughly reveal concerning your perversity, to cause you captivity to return, and they viewed for you burdens of insubstantiality and thrustings out.

All passing by a way have slapped palms over you. They have whittled and caused their head to wander over the daughter of Jerusalem: "Is this the city of which they say, 'Perfect of beauty, happiness to all the land'?"

All your enemies opened their mouth over you. They have whistled and gnashed tooth. They said, "We have swallowed up! Assuredly, this is the day for which we were intensely in expectation. We have found! We have seen!"

Yahweh has done that which He devised. He brought to completion His saying which He commanded from days of antiquity. He has torn down, and hasn't shown mercy. And an enemy has intensely rejoiced over you. He caused a horn of your adversaries to be raised High.

Their heart cried to the Lord. Bulwark of the daughter of Zion, cause tears to go down like the brook day and night. You must not give relief to yourself. You must not silence a daughter of our eye.

Arise. Cheer in the night. At the head of the watches pour out your heart like waters in front of the face of the Lord. Lift up your palms to Him over the soul of your toddlers being feeble in famine at the head of every outside spot.

See, Yahweh, and look! To whom have You practiced so, if women eat their fruit, toddlers of dandling, if priest and prophet are being killed in a sanctuary?

Young and old have lain on the earth outside. My virgins and choice young men have fallen by the sword. You have killed in a day of Your anger. You have slaughtered. You haven't shown mercy.

You call as a day of an appointed time my sojourner's cautions from all around, and there wasn't an escapee or survivor in the day of the anger of Yahweh. Whom I have handled and abounded my enemy has utterly finished.

Chapter 3

I, the mighty man, have seen humiliation by the rod of His wrath.

He has driven even me, and caused me to walk in darkness and not light.

Assuredly, He returns against me. He turns His hand all the day.

He has thoroughly worn out my flesh and my skin. He has utterly broken bones.

He has built upon me and caused poison and weariness to encircle me.

He has caused me to dwell in dark places like the dead of everlasting.

He has fenced me in, and I won't exit. He has caused my copper to be heavy.

Also when I cry out and plead, He stops up my prayer.

He has fenced my ways with extracted stones He has thoroughly perverted my pathways.

He was to me a bear waiting in ambush, a lion in places of concealment.

He has thoroughly turned my ways aside and thoroughly shredded me. He set me desolate.

He strung His bow and has positioned me as a target for an arrow.

He caused the sons of His arrow case to enter into my kidneys.

I have been a laughing to all my people, their stringed instruments all the day.

He has caused me to be sated in bitterness, caused me to be saturated with wormwood.

And He caused my teeth to crack with gravel. He has caused me to be pilingly bent down in ashes.

And my soul is abandoned from well-being. I have disremembered good.

And I said, "My perpetuity and hope have been destroyed by Yahweh."

Remember my humiliation and my rambling, wormwood, and poison.

My soul remembers - I emphasize, "remembers" - and is prostrated over me.

This I cause to return to my heart. Over thus I will wait:

Because of the lovingkindnesses of Yahweh we aren't brought to an end, because His cherishings aren't finished,

New for the morning, abundant Your faithfulness!

My soul has said, "My share is Yahweh." Over thus I will wait for Him.

Yahweh is good to the one expecting in Him, to a soul seeking Him out.

Waiting silently for the saving of Yahweh is good.

It is good for a mighty man that he should lift up a yoke in his youth:

He sits alone and is still because he has carried it upon him.

He gives his mouth into the dust. Maybe there is an expectation.

He gives his jaw to the one striking him. He is sated with reproach.

Because the Lord won't abandon for everlasting.

Because if He has caused grief, then He will cherish according to His abundant lovingkindness.

Because He hasn't humiliated and grieved sons of man from His heart,

To smash under His feet all prisoners of the land,

To stretch out the judgment of a mighty man before the face of the Most High.

The Lord hasn't seen to make a person crooked in his striving.

Who is this who has spoken and it was, when the Lord didn't command it?

Doesn't the evil and the good exit from the mouth of the Most High?

What? Will a living person complain, a mighty man over his sin?

Let us search our ways, and examine ourselves, and return unto Yahweh.

We will lift our hearts to palms to God in the heavens.

We have rebelled and defied You. You haven't forgiven.

You have protectively covered in anger, and pursued us. You have killed; You haven't shown mercy.

You have protectively covered with a cloud for Yourself, from prayer to pass through.

You are setting us as sweeping and a rejection in the midst of the peoples.

All our enemies have opened their mouths over us.

Startling and a shaft have been ours,, the crashing and the breaking.

Channels of water are going down my eye over a breaking of a daughter of my people.

My eye has been made to run and isn't silenced from there being no remissions, until Yahweh will observe and may see from the heavens.

My eye has practiced for my soul from all daughters of my city.
My enemies have hunted me - I emphasize "hunted" - like a fowl, for nothing.
They have ravaged my life in the pit, and hurled a stone at me.
Waters inundated, over my head. I said, "I have been axed!"
I called Your name, Yahweh, from a lower pit.
My voice You have listened to.
Don't veil your ear to my relief, to my pleading.
You have drawn near in a day that I called for You. You said, "You must not fear."
You have striven, Lord, strivings of my soul; You have redeemed my life.
You have seen, Yahweh, my crookedness. Judge my judgment.
You have seen all their vengeance, all their conceptions toward me.
You have listened to their reproach, Yahweh, all their conceptions upon me,
lips of my uprisers and their contemplation upon me all the day.
Look at their sitting and their rising. I am their music.
You will cause a dealing to return to them, Yahweh, according to the work of their hands.
You will give to them shielding of heart, our imprecation toward them.
Pursue in anger and extirpate them from under the heavens, Yahweh!

Chapter 4

Whereby is gold obfuscated, is the good fine gold altered? Stones of the holy place are
ever poured out at the head of all outside places,
Precious sons of Zion being counterbalanced against solid gold. Whereby have they
been accounted to carafes of earthenware, an occupation of hands of a potter?
Even dinosaurs draw out the breast; they have nursed their young. The daughter of my
people is cruel like ostriches in the wilderness.

Tongue of a suckling has clung to his palate in thirst; toddlers have requested bread.
There is none being spread out for them.

Those eating delicacies were made desolate in outside places. Those being cared for
upon scarlet have fully embraced places of garbage.

And the perversity of the daughter of my people was greater than the sin of Sodom,
being overthrown as in a moment, and hands didn't inflict against her.

Her sanctified ones were purer than snow; they were more dazzling than milk. They
were redder of the one than rubies, their definition sapphire.

Their form has been darker than blackness; they weren't recognized in the outside places. Their skin has adhered to their bones; it has become dry wood.

Ones pierced dead of a sword have been better than ones pierced dead of famine, who flow, being thrust through from a yielding of my field.

Cherishing women's hands have cooked their children; they were for their food in a wreaking of the daughter of my people.

Yahweh has utterly finished His fury. He has poured out His blazing anger, and ignited a fire in Zion, and it has consumed its foundations.

Kings of the earth and all dwellers of the world didn't believe that an adversary and enemy would enter into the gates of Jerusalem.

From sins of her prophets, perversities of her priests pouring out blood of righteous ones in her midst,

they wandered blind in outside places, and were contaminated in blood, so none were able to touch at their clothing.

"Turn aside! Defiled!" they called to them. "Turn aside, turn aside. You mustn't touch." Indeed they absconded, also wandered. They said, "They won't cause to add among the nations, to sojourn."

The face of Yahweh has thoroughly divided them. He won't cause to add to look on them. They didn't lift the faces of priests; elders the didn't show benevolence.

Our eyes are yet finished toward our help of futility in our intense watching for a nation that doesn't save.

They hunted our paces from walking in our streets. Our ending has drawn near. Our days have been fulfilled, because our ending has entered.

Those pursuing us were swifter than eagles of the heavens. On the mountains they inflamed against us. In the wilderness they waited in ambush for us.

The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of Yahweh, was captured in their decomposition pits, of whom we said, "In his shade we will live among the nations."

Be happy and rejoice, daughter of Edom, dwelling in the land of Us. Also upon you a cup will pass. You will be drunk and bare yourself!

Your perversity has been brought to an end, daughter of Zion. He won't cause to add to cause you to be exiled. He has overseen your perversity, daughter of Edom; He has thoroughly uncovered over your sins.

Chapter 5

Remember, Yahweh, what has become ours. Look, and see our reproach.
Our inheritance has been turned to strangers, our houses to unfamiliar.
We have become fatherless. There is not a father, our mothers like widows.
We have drunk our water for silver; our wood enters by a price.
Over our necks we have been pursued. We have been weary; he wasn't caused to rest
toward us.

We have given a hand to Egypt, Assyria to be sated with bread.
Our fathers have sinned. They are not. We have borne their perversities.
Servants have ruled against us. There is no one tearing away from their hand.
By our souls we bring in our bread from the face of the sword in the wilderness.
Our skin has been heated like a fire-kettle from the face of scorching of famine.
Women in Zion they humiliated, virgins in the cities of Judah.
By their hands authorities were hanged; faces of elders were not ascribed splendor.
Choice young men lifted a grinding device, and young men stumbled in the wood.
Elders have ceased from the gater, and choice young men from their music.
The happiness of our heart has ceased; our dancing has turned to mourning.
A crown has fallen from our head. Woe, if you please, is ours, because we have sinned.
Over this our heart was incapacitated; over these our eyes were dark.
Over the mountain of Zion being desolated, foxes have kept walking on it.
You, Yahweh, will sit to everlasting, Your throne to generation and generation.
Why do You forget us to perpetuity, forsake us for a length of days?
Cause us to return, Yahweh, and we will return to You; renew our days as antiquity.
Unless You have rejected us -us. You have been irate upon us until intensity.