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¹ How doeth the city remain solitary that was full of people? she is as a widow: she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, is made tributary.

² She weepeth continually in the night, and her tears run down by her cheeks: among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt unfaithfully with her, and are her enemies.

³ Judah is carried away captive because of affliction, and because of great servitude: she dwelleth among the heathen, and findeth no rest: all her persecutors took her in the straits.

⁴ The ways of Zion lament, because no man cometh to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate: her Priests sigh: her virgins are discomfited, and she is in heaviness.

⁵ Her adversaries are the chief, and her enemies prosper: for the Lord hath afflicted her, for the multitude of her transgressions, and her children are gone into captivity before the enemy.

⁶ And from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like harts that find no pasture, and they are gone without strength before the pursuer.

⁷ Jerusalem remembered the days of her affliction, and of her rebellion, and all her pleasant things, that she had in times past, when her people fell into the hand of the enemy, and none did help her: the adversary saw her, and did mock at her Sabbaths.

⁸ Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, therefore she is in derision: all that honored her, despise her, because they have seen her filthiness: yea, she sigheth and turneth backward.

⁹ Her filthiness is in her skirts: she remembered not her last end, therefore she came down wonderfully: she had no comforter: O Lord, behold mine affliction: for the enemy is proud.

¹⁰ The enemy hath stretched out his hand upon all her pleasant things: for she hath seen the heathen enter into her Sanctuary, whom thou didst command, that they should not enter into thy Church.

¹¹ All her people sigh and seek their bread: they have given their pleasant things for meat to refresh the soul: see, O Lord, and consider: for I am become vile.

¹² Have ye no regard, all ye that pass by this way? behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce wrath.

¹³ From above hath he sent fire into my bones, which prevail against them: he hath spread a net for my feet, and turned me back: he hath made me desolate, and daily in heaviness.

¹⁴ The yoke of my transgressions is bound upon his hand: they are wrapped, and come up upon my neck: he hath made my strength to fall: the Lord hath delivered me into their hands, neither am I able to rise up.

¹⁵ The Lord hath trodden under foot all my valiant men in the midst of me: he hath called an assembly against me to destroy my young men: the Lord hath trodden the winepress upon the virgin the daughter of Judah.

¹⁶ For these things I weep: mine eye, even mine eye casteth out water, because the comforter that should refresh my soul, is far from me: my children are desolate, because the enemy prevailed.

¹⁷ Zion stretcheth out her hands, and there is none to comfort her: the Lord hath appointed the enemies of Jacob round about him: Jerusalem is as a menstruous woman in the midst of them.

¹⁸ The Lord is righteous: for I have rebelled against his commandment: hear, I pray you, all people, and behold my sorrow: my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity.

¹⁹ I called for my lovers, but they deceived me: my Priests and mine Elders perished in the city while they sought their meat to refresh their souls.

²⁰ Behold, O Lord, how I am troubled: my bowels swell: mine heart is turned within me, for I am full of heaviness: the sword spoileth abroad, as death doeth at home.

²¹ They have heard that I mourn, but there is none to comfort me: all mine enemies have heard of my trouble, and are glad, that thou hast done it: thou wilt bring the day, that thou hast pronounced, and they shall be like unto me.

²² Let all their wickedness come before thee: do unto them, as thou hast done unto me, for all my transgressions: for my sighs are many, and mine heart is heavy.

¹ How hath the Lord darkened the daughter of Zion in his wrath! and hath cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his wrath!

² The Lord hath destroyed all the habitations of Jacob, and not spared: he hath thrown down in his wrath ye strongholds of the daughter of Judah: he hath cast them down to ye ground: he hath polluted the kingdom and the princes thereof.

³ He hath cut off in his fierce wrath all the horn of Israel: he hath drawn back his right hand from before the enemy, and there was kindled in Jacob like a flame of fire, which devoured round about.

⁴ He hath bent his bow like an enemy: his right hand was stretched up as an adversary, and slew all that was pleasant to the eye in the tabernacle of the daughter of Zion: he poured out his wrath like fire.

⁵ The Lord was as an enemy: he hath devoured Israel, and consumed all his palaces: he hath destroyed his strongholds, and hath increased in the daughter of Judah lamentation and mourning.

⁶ For he hath destroyed his Tabernacle, as a garden, he hath destroyed his Congregation: the Lord hath caused the feasts and Sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion, and hath despised in the indignation of his wrath the King and the Priest.

⁷ The Lord hath forsaken his altar: he hath abhorred his Sanctuary: he hath given into the hand of the enemy the walls of her palaces: they have made a noise in the House of the Lord, as in the day of solemnity.

⁸ The Lord hath determined to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion: he stretched out a line: he hath not withdrawn his hand from destroying: therefore he made the rampart and the wall to lament: they were destroyed together.

⁹ Her gates are sunk to the ground: he hath destroyed and broken her bars: her King and her princes are among the Gentiles: the Law is no more, neither can her Prophets receive any vision from the Lord.

¹⁰ The Elders of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground, and keep silence: they have cast up dust upon their heads: they have girded themselves with sackcloth: the virgins of Jerusalem hang down their heads to the ground.

¹¹ Mine eyes do fail with tears: my bowels swell: my liver is poured upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people, because the children and sucklings swoon in the streets of the city.

¹² They have said to their mothers, Where is bread and drink? when they swooned as the wounded in the streets of the city, and when they gave up the ghost in their mother's bosom.

¹³ What thing shall I take to witness for thee? what thing shall I compare to thee, O daughter Jerusalem? what shall I liken to thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter Zion? for thy breach is great like ye sea: who can heal thee?

¹⁴ Thy Prophets have looked out vain, and foolish things for thee, and they have not discovered thine iniquity, to turn away thy captivity, but have looked out for thee false prophecies, and causes of banishment.

¹⁵ All that pass by the way, clap their hands at thee: they hiss and wag their head upon the daughter Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call, The perfection of beauty, and the joy of the whole earth?

¹⁶ All thine enemies have opened their mouth against thee: they hiss and gnash the teeth, saying, Let us devour it: certainly this is the day that we looked for: we have found and seen it.

¹⁷ The Lord hath done that which he had purposed: he hath fulfilled his word that he had determined of old time: he hath thrown down, and not spared: he hath caused thine enemy to rejoice over thee, and set up the horn of thine adversaries.

¹⁸ Their heart cried unto the Lord, O wall of the daughter Zion, let tears run down like a river, day and night: take thee no rest, neither let the apple of thine eye cease.

¹⁹ Arise, cry in the night: in the beginning of the watches pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord: lift up thine hands toward him for the life of thy young children, that faint for hunger in the corners of all the streets.

²⁰ Behold, O Lord, and consider to whom thou hast done thus: shall the women eat their fruit, and children of a span long? shall the Priest and the Prophet be slain in the Sanctuary of the Lord?

²¹ The young and the old lie on the ground in the streets: my virgins and my young men are fallen by the sword: thou hast slain them in the day of thy wrath: thou hast killed and not spared.

²² Thou hast called as in a solemn day my terrors round about, so that in the day of the Lord's wrath none escaped nor remained: those that I have nourished and brought up, hath mine enemy consumed.

¹ I am the man, that hath seen affliction in the rod of his indignation.

² He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not to light.

³ Surely he is turned against me: he turneth his hand against me all the day.

⁴ My flesh and my skin hath he caused to wax old, and he hath broken my bones.

⁵ He hath built against me, and compassed me with gall, and labor.

⁶ He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead forever.

⁷ He hath hedged about me, that I cannot get out: he hath made my chains heavy.

⁸ Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer.

⁹ He hath stopped up my ways with hewn stone, and turned away my paths.

¹⁰ He was unto me as a bear lying in wait, and as a Lion in secret places.

¹¹ He hath stopped my ways, and pulled me in pieces: he hath made me desolate.

¹² He hath bent his bow and made me a mark for the arrow.

¹³ He caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my reins.

¹⁴ I was a derision to all my people, and their song all the day.

¹⁵ He hath filled me with bitterness, and made me drunken with wormwood.

¹⁶ He hath also broken my teeth with stones, and hath covered me with ashes.

¹⁷ Thus my soul was far off from peace: I forgot prosperity,

¹⁸ And I said, My strength and mine hope is perished from the Lord,

¹⁹ Remembering mine affliction, and my mourning, the wormwood and the gall.

²⁰ My soul hath them in remembrance, and is humbled in me.

²¹ I consider this in mine heart: therefore have I hope.

²² It is the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

²³ They are renewed every morning: great is thy faithfulness.

²⁴ The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: therefore will I hope in him.

²⁵ The Lord is good unto them, that trust in him, and to the soul that seeketh him.

²⁶ It is good both to trust, and to wait for the salvation of the Lord.

²⁷ It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

²⁸ He sitteth alone, and keepeth silence, because he hath born it upon him.

²⁹ He putteth his mouth in the dust, if there may be hope.

³⁰ He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him: he is filled full with reproaches.

³¹ For the Lord will not forsake forever.

³² But though he send affliction, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.

³³ For he doeth not punish willingly, nor afflict the children of men,

³⁴ In stamping under his feet all the prisoners of the earth,

³⁵ In overthrowing the right of a man before the face of the most high,

³⁶ In subverting a man in his cause: the Lord seeth it not.

³⁷ Who is he then that saith, and it cometh to pass, and the Lord commandeth it not?

³⁸ Out of the mouth of the most high proceedeth not evil and good?

³⁹ Wherefore then is the living man sorrowful? man suffereth for his sin.

⁴⁰ Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.

⁴¹ Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.

⁴² We have sinned, and have rebelled, therefore thou hast not spared.

⁴³ Thou hast covered us with wrath, and persecuted us: thou hast slain and not spared.

⁴⁴ Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through.

⁴⁵ Thou hast made us as the offscouring and refuse in the midst of the people.

⁴⁶ All our enemies have opened their mouth against us.

⁴⁷ Fear, and a snare is come upon us with desolation and destruction.

⁴⁸ Mine eye casteth out rivers of water, for the destruction of the daughter of my people.

⁴⁹ Mine eye droppeth without stay and ceaseth not,

⁵⁰ Till the Lord look down, and behold from heaven.

⁵¹ Mine eye breaketh mine heart because of all the daughters of my city.

⁵² Mine enemies chased me sore like a bird, without cause.

⁵³ They have shut up my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me.

⁵⁴ Waters flowed over mine head, then thought I, I am destroyed.

⁵⁵ I called upon thy Name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon.

⁵⁶ Thou hast heard my voice: stop not thine ear from my sigh and from my cry.

⁵⁷ Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidest, Fear not.

 $^{\rm 58}$ O Lord, thou hast maintained the cause of my soul, and hast redeemed my life.

⁵⁹ O Lord, thou hast seen my wrong, judge thou my cause.

⁶⁰ Thou hast seen all their vengeance, and all their devises against me.

⁶¹ Thou hast heard their reproach, O Lord, and all their imaginations against me:

⁶² The lips also of those that rose against me, and their whispering against me continually.

- ⁶³ Behold, their sitting down and their rising up, how I am their song.
- ⁶⁴ Give them a recompense, O Lord, according to the work of their hands.
- ⁶⁵ Give them sorrow of heart, even thy curse to them.
- ⁶⁶ Persecute with wrath and destroy them from under the heaven, O Lord.

¹ How is the gold become so dim? the most fine gold is changed, and the stones of the Sanctuary are scattered in the corner of every street.

² The noble men of Zion comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, even the work of the hands of the potter!

³ Even the dragons draw out the breasts, and give suck to their young, but the daughter of my people is become cruel like the ostriches in the wilderness.

⁴ The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst: the young children ask bread, but no man breaketh it unto them.

⁵ They that did feed delicately, perish in the streets: they that were brought up in scarlet, embrace the dung.

⁶ For the iniquity of the daughter of my people is become greater than the sin of Sodom, that was destroyed as in a moment, and none pitched camps against her.

⁷ Her Nazarites were purer than the snow, and whiter than ye milk: they were more ruddy in body, than the red precious stones; they were like polished sapphire.

⁸ Now their visage is blacker than a coal: they cannot know them in the streets: their skin cleaveth to their bones: it is withered like a stock.

⁹ They that be slain with the sword are better, than they that are killed with hunger: for they fade away as they were stricken through for the fruits of the field.

¹⁰ The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children, which were their meat in the destruction of the daughter of my people.

¹¹ The Lord hath accomplished his indignation: he hath poured out his fierce wrath, he hath kindled a fire in Zion, which hath devoured the foundations thereof.

¹² The Kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem:

¹³ For the sins of her Prophets, and the iniquities of her Priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her.

¹⁴ They have wandered as blind men in the streets, and they were polluted with blood, so that they would not touch their garments.

¹⁵ But they cried unto them, Depart, ye polluted, depart, depart, touch not: therefore they fled away, and wandered: they have said among the heathen, They shall no more dwell there.

¹⁶ The anger of the Lord hath scattered them, he will no more regard them: they reverenced not the face of the Priests, nor had compassion of the Elders.

¹⁷ While we waited for our vain help, our eyes failed: for in our waiting we looked for a nation that could not save us.

¹⁸ They hunt our steps that we cannot go in our streets: our end is near, our days are fulfilled, for our end is come.

¹⁹ Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heaven: they pursued us upon the mountains, and laid wait for us in the wilderness.

²⁰ The breath of our nostrils, the Anointed of the Lord was taken in their nets, of whom we said, Under his shadow we shall be preserved alive among the heathen.

²¹ Rejoice and be glad, O daughter Edom, that dwellest in the land of Uz, the cup also shall pass through unto thee: thou shalt be drunken and vomit.

²² Thy punishment is accomplished, O daughter Zion: he will no more carry thee away into captivity, but he will visit thine iniquity, O daughter Edom, he will discover thy sins.

¹ Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach.

² Our inheritance is turned to the strangers, our houses to the aliens.

³We are fatherless, even without father, and our mothers are as widows.

⁴ We have drunk our water for money, and our wood is sold unto us.

⁵ Our necks are under persecution: we are weary, and have no rest.

⁶ We have given our hands to the Egyptians, and to Asshur, to be satisfied with bread.

⁷ Our fathers have sinned, and are not, and we have born their iniquities.

⁸ Servants have ruled over us, none would deliver us out of their hands.

⁹We got our bread with the peril of our lives, because of the sword of the wilderness.

¹⁰ Our skin was black like as an oven because of the terrible famine.

¹¹ They defiled the women in Zion, and the maids in the cities of Judah.

¹² The princes are hanged up by their hand: the faces of the elders were not had in honor.

¹³ They took the young men to grind, and the children fell under the wood.

¹⁴ The Elders have ceased from the gate and the young men from their songs.

¹⁵ The joy of our heart is gone, our dance is turned into mourning.

¹⁶ The crown of our head is fallen: woe now unto us, that we have sinned.

¹⁷ Therefore our heart is heavy for these things, our eyes are dim,

¹⁸ Because of the mountain of Zion which is desolate: the foxes run upon it.

¹⁹ But thou, O Lord, remainest forever: thy throne is from generation to generation.

²⁰ Wherefore doest thou forget us forever, and forsake us so long time?

²¹ Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned: renew our days as of old.

²² But thou hast utterly rejected us: thou art exceedingly angry against us.