

The Lamentations of Jeremiah

¹ How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, How is she become tributary! ² She weepeth bitterly in the night; tears are upon her cheeks; Among all her lovers she hath no comforter; All her friends have dealt treacherously with her; they have become her enemies. ³ Judah goeth into exile, because of affliction and because of great servitude; She dwelleth among the nations, she findeth no rest; All her pursuers overtake her in the straits. ⁴ The ways to Zion mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts; All her gates are desolate, her priests sigh, Her virgins wail, and she is in bitterness. ⁵ Her adversaries have become the head; her enemies prosper; For Jehovah hath afflicted her for the multitude of her transgressions; Her children are gone into captivity before the enemy. ⁶ From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed; Her princes are become like harts, that find no pasture; Without strength, they flee before the pursuer. ⁷ Jerusalem remembereth, in the days of her affliction and of her oppression, All her pleasant things, which she had in the days of old, When her people fell into the hand of the enemy, and

she had no helper; Her adversaries saw her, and mocked at her destruction. ⁸ Jerusalem hath grievously sinned; therefore is she become vile; All that honored her despise her, because they have seen her shame; She sigheth, and turneth backward. ⁹ Her filthiness is upon her skirts; She thought not of her end, therefore is she brought down wonderfully; she hath no comforter. “Behold, O Jehovah, my affliction, for the enemy doth triumph!” ¹⁰ The adversary spreadeth his hands over all her pleasant things; Yea, she seeth the nations enter into her sanctuary, Concerning whom thou didst command that they should not enter into her congregation. ¹¹ All her people sigh; they seek bread; They give their precious things for bread to sustain life. “Behold, O Jehovah, and consider, how I am become vile!” ¹² “Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow, which is brought upon me, With which Jehovah hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger! ¹³ “From on high hath he sent fire into my bones, and it prevailed against them: He hath spread a net for my feet; he hath turned me back; He hath made me desolate, faint all the day long. ¹⁴ “The yoke of my transgressions is fastened in his hand; they are twisted together; They are laid upon my neck; he hath made my strength to fall; The Lord hath delivered me into their hands, against whom I cannot stand. ¹⁵ “The Lord hath trodden under foot all my mighty men in the midst of me; He hath called an assembly against

me to crush my young men; The Lord hath trodden down the virgin, the daughter of Judah, as in a wine-vat. ¹⁶ “For these things do I weep; mine eye runneth down with water; For far from me are they that should comfort me, that should restore my strength; My children have perished, because the enemy prevailed.” ¹⁷ Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her; Jehovah hath given command against Jacob, that his adversaries should be round about him; Jerusalem is become an abhorrence among them. ¹⁸ “Righteous is Jehovah, for I have disobeyed his commandment; Hear, I pray you, all ye nations, and behold my sorrow! My virgins and my young men are gone into captivity. ¹⁹ “I called upon my lovers, but they have proved false to me; My priests and my elders have expired in the city, While they sought for food to sustain their lives. ²⁰ “Behold, O Jehovah, how I am distressed! my bowels boil, My heart turneth itself within me; for I have grievously rebelled. Abroad the sword bereaveth; at home, Death. ²¹ “They hear how I sigh, yet none comforteth me; mine enemies have heard of my calamity; they rejoice that thou hast done it. O bring the day which thou hast appointed, that they shall be like me! ²² “Let all their wickedness come before thee, deal thou with them as thou hast dealt with me for all my transgressions! For my sighs are many, and my heart is faint.”

2

¹ How hath the Lord in his anger covered with

a cloud the daughter of Zion! He hath cast down from heaven to earth the glory of Israel, And hath not remembered his footstool in the day of his anger. ² Lord hath swallowed up without pity all the habitations of Jacob; He hath thrown down in his wrath the strongholds of the daughter of Judah; He hath brought down to the ground, he hath profaned the kingdom and its princes. ³ He hath cut off, in his fierce anger, every horn of Israel; He hath drawn back his right hand from the face of the enemy, And hath burned against Jacob like a flaming fire, which devoureth round about. ⁴ He bent his bow like an enemy; He stood with his right hand as an adversary, and slew all that was pleasant to the eye; Upon the tent of the daughter of Zion he poured out his fury like fire. ⁵ The Lord is become as an enemy; he hath swallowed up Israel; He hath swallowed up all his palaces; he hath destroyed his strongholds; And hath multiplied in the daughter of Judah mourning and lamentation. ⁶ He hath violently torn away his hedge, like the hedge of a garden; he hath destroyed his place of congregation; Jehovah hath caused the solemn feast and the sabbath to be forgotten in Zion; He hath despised, in his fierce anger, the king and the priest. ⁷ The Lord hath cast off his altar; he hath abhorred his holy place; He hath given up into the hands of the enemy the walls of Zion's palaces; They have lifted up the voice in the house of Jehovah, as in the day of a solemn feast. ⁸ Jehovah hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of

Zion; He hath stretched out the line, he hath not withdrawn his hand from destroying; He hath made the rampart and the wall to lament; They languish together. ⁹ Her gates are sunk into the earth; he hath destroyed and broken her bars; Her king and her princes are among the nations; The law is no more; Her prophets also find no vision from Jehovah. ¹⁰ The elders of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground in silence; They have cast 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 boil; My liver is poured out upon the ground on account of the destruction of the daughter of my people; For the children and sucklings faint in the streets of the city. ¹² They say to their mothers, "Where is corn and wine?" While they faint, as one wounded, in the streets of the city; While their life is poured out into their mother's bosom. ¹³ How shall I address thee? what shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? With what shall I compare thee, so as to comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Zion? Surely thy breach is wide, like the sea; who can heal thee? ¹⁴ Thy prophets declare to thee that which is vain and false; They lay not open to thee thine iniquity, to bring back thy captivity; They pronounce to thee prophecies of falsehood and seduction. ¹⁵ All that that pass by clap their hands at thee; They hiss, and shake their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem. "Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty, The joy of the whole

earth?" ¹⁶ All thine enemies open their mouths against thee; They hiss and gnash the teeth; They say: "We have swallowed her up; Yea, this is the day that we looked for; we have found, we have seen it." ¹⁷ Jehovah hath accomplished that which he had devised; He hath fulfilled his word, which he had commanded in the days of old; He hath thrown down and hath not pitied; He hath caused thine enemy to rejoice over thee; he hath exalted the horn of thine adversaries. ¹⁸ Their heart crieth out to the Lord. O wall of the daughter of Zion, let thy tears run down like a river day and night! Give thyself no rest! let not the apple of thine eye cease! ¹⁹ Arise, cry aloud in the night at the beginning of the watches! Pour out thy heart like water before the face of Jehovah! Lift up thy hands to him for the life of thy young children, That faint for hunger at the head of all the streets! ²⁰ "Behold, O Jehovah, and consider! With whom hast thou dealt thus? Shall women eat the fruit of the womb, children borne in the arms? Shall the priest and the prophet be slain in the holy place of the Lord? ²¹ "The boy and the old man 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 thine anger; Thou hast killed, and hast shown no mercy. ²² "Thou hast called, as on a festal day, my terrors around me; There was not one, in the day of Jehovah's anger, that escaped or was left; Those whom I have borne in my arms and brought up hath my enemy consumed."

3

¹ I am the man that hath seen affliction under the rod of His wrath; ² He hath led me and brought me into darkness, and not into light; ³ Yea, against me doth he again and again turn his hand all the day long. ⁴ My flesh and my skin hath he made old; he hath broken my bones. ⁵ He hath builded against me, and encompassed me with bitterness and woe. ⁶ He hath set me in dark places, as those that have long been dead. ⁷ He hath hedged me about, so that I cannot get out; he hath made my chain heavy; ⁸ Yea, when I cry and call aloud, he shutteth out my prayer. ⁹ He blocketh up my way with hewn stone; he maketh my paths crooked. ¹⁰ A bear lying in wait hath he been to me, a lion in lurking-places. ¹¹ He hath turned aside my ways, and torn me in pieces; he hath made me desolate. ¹² He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow. ¹³ He hath caused the sons of his quiver to pierce my reins. ¹⁴ I have been a laughing-stock to all my people, their song all the day. ¹⁵ He hath filled me with bitterness; he hath made me drunk with wormwood. ¹⁶ He hath also broken my teeth with gravel-stones; He hath covered me with ashes. ¹⁷ Yea, thou hast removed my soul far from peace; I have forgotten prosperity. ¹⁸ And I say, "My confidence and my hope in Jehovah are gone!" ¹⁹ Remember my affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall! ²⁰ Yea, thou wilt remember them, for my soul sinketh within me! ²¹ This I recall to my mind; therefore have I hope; ²² It is of the mercy

of Jehovah that we are not consumed; yea, his compassion faileth not; ²³ It is new every morning; great is thy faithfulness. ²⁴ Jehovah is my portion, saith my soul, therefore do I hope in him. ²⁵ Jehovah is good to them that trust in him, to the soul that seeketh him. ²⁶ It is good that a man hope, and quietly wait for salvation from Jehovah. ²⁷ It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth; ²⁸ That he sit alone and keep silence, since He layeth it upon him; ²⁹ That he put his mouth in the dust, [[saying to himself,]] “Perhaps there may be hope!” ³⁰ That he offer his cheek to the smiter; that he be filled with reproach. ³¹ For the Lord will not cast off forever; ³² For though he cause grief, yet doth he have compassion according to his great mercy; ³³ For he doth not willingly afflict and grieve the children of men. ³⁴ Doth one trample under foot all the prisoners of the earth, ³⁵ Doth he bend the right of a man before the face of the Most High, ³⁶ Doth he subvert a man in his cause, and shall not the Lord behold it? ³⁷ Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass, when the Lord hath not commanded? ³⁸ Cometh not evil, as well as good, from the mouth of the Most High? ³⁹ Wherefore then murmureth the living man? Let him murmur at his own sin! ⁴⁰ Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to Jehovah! ⁴¹ Let us lift up our hearts with our hands to God in the heavens! ⁴² We have transgressed; we have rebelled; thou hast not forgiven! ⁴³ Thou hast hidden thyself in anger, and hast pursued us; thou hast slain and

hast not spared; ⁴⁴ Thou hast hidden thyself in a cloud, that our prayer may not pass through; ⁴⁵ Thou hast made us the offscouring and refuse in the midst of the nations. ⁴⁶ All our enemies have opened their mouths against us; ⁴⁷ Terror and the pit have come upon us, desolation and destruction; ⁴⁸ Mine eye runneth down with streams of water for the destruction of the daughter of my people. ⁴⁹ Mine eye trickleth down and ceaseth not, without any intermission, ⁵⁰ Until Jehovah look down and behold from heaven. ⁵¹ Mine eye is painful to me on account of all the daughters of my city. ⁵² They that are my enemies without cause hunt me down like a bird; ⁵³ They take away my life in the dungeon; they cast a stone upon me; ⁵⁴ Waters flow over my head; I say, "I am undone!" ⁵⁵ I call upon thy name, O Jehovah, from the deep dungeon; ⁵⁶ Hear thou my voice! hide not thine ear from my cry for relief! ⁵⁷ Be near to me, when I call upon thee! Say, "Fear not!" ⁵⁸ Thou maintainest my cause, O Lord; thou redeemest my life! ⁵⁹ Thou, O Jehovah, seest the wrong done to me; Maintain thou my cause! ⁶⁰ Thou seest all their vengeance, all their devices against me. ⁶¹ Thou hearest their reproach, O Jehovah, all their devices against me, ⁶² The words of my adversaries, and their machinations against me all the day long! ⁶³ Behold their sitting down and their rising up! I am their song. ⁶⁴ Render to them a recompense, O Jehovah, according to the work of their hands! ⁶⁵ Give them blindness of mind! thy curse be upon them! ⁶⁶ Pursue them

in thine anger, and destroy them from under Jehovah's heaven!

4

¹ How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! The hallowed stones are cast forth at the head of every street. ² The noble sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, How are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter! ³ The very jackals reach forth the breast; they suckle their young; But the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches of the desert. ⁴ The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; Young children ask for bread, and no man breaketh it for them. ⁵ Those that fed on dainties are desolate in the streets; Those that have been brought up in scarlet embrace the dunghill. ⁶ The punishment of the daughter of my people is greater than the punishment of Sodom, Which was overthrown in a moment, though no hands came against her. ⁷ Her princes were purer than snow, whiter than milk; More ruddy than coral was their body; Their visage was of sapphire. ⁸ Now darker than a coal is their countenance; they are not known in the streets. Their skin cleaveth to their bones; it is become dry, like wood. ⁹ More fortunate are the slain by the sword than the slain by famine; For these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field. ¹⁰ The hands of tender-hearted women cooked their own children; They were their food, in the destruction of the daughter of

my people. ¹¹ Jehovah hath spent upon them his fury; he hath poured out his fierce anger; He hath kindled a fire in Zion, which hath devoured its foundations. ¹² The kings of the earth believed not, nor all the inhabitants of the world, That the adversary would enter, and the enemy, within the gates of Jerusalem. ¹³ It was on account of the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, Who shed in the midst of her the blood of the righteous. ¹⁴ They stumbled like blind men through the streets, polluted with blood, So that men could not touch their garments. ¹⁵ "Depart! unclean!" men cried to them. "Depart, depart, touch not!" As they fled, they stumbled; men said among the nations, "They shall dwell there no more." ¹⁶ The anger of Jehovah hath scattered them; he will no more care for them; They paid no regard to the priests, they had no compassion for the elders. ¹⁷ Still did our eyes fail, looking for help in vain; On our watch-tower did we watch for a nation that could not save us. ¹⁸ They laid snares for our steps, so that we could not go in our streets; Our end is near; our days are accomplished, yea, our end is come! ¹⁹ Swifter were our pursuers than the eagles of heaven; They chased us upon the mountains; they laid wait for us in the wilderness. ²⁰ The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of Jehovah, was taken in their pits, Under whose shadow we said that we should live among the nations. ²¹ Rejoice and be glad, O daughter of Edom, that dwellest in the land of Uz! Yet to thee also shall the cup come! thou shalt be drunken, and shalt expose

thy nakedness. ²² Thy punishment is at an end, O daughter of Zion! no more will he carry thee into captivity; But thine iniquity will he punish, O daughter of Edom! he will uncover thy sins.

5

¹ Remember, O Jehovah, what is come upon us! Look down and behold our reproach! ² Our inheritance is fallen to strangers, Our houses to aliens. ³ We are orphans; we are without a father; Our mothers are as widows. ⁴ Our water we drink for money; Our wood is sold to us. ⁵ With the yoke upon our necks, we are driven; We are wearied, and have no rest. ⁶ We have given the hand to the Egyptians, And to the Assyrians, to be satisfied with bread. ⁷ Our fathers sinned; they are no more, And we bear their iniquities. ⁸ Servants rule over us; There is none that delivereth out of their hand. ⁹ With the peril of our lives we get our bread, Because of the sword of the wilderness. ¹⁰ Our skin is parched like an oven Because of the burnings of hunger. ¹¹ Matrons in Zion have they ravished, And maidens in the cities of Judah. ¹² Princes were hanged up by their hand; The faces of the elders were not honored. ¹³ Young men carried millstones, And boys fell under burdens of wood. ¹⁴ The elders sit no more at the gate; The young men have ceased from their music. ¹⁵ The joy of our heart is at an end; Our dancing is turned into mourning. ¹⁶ The crown is fallen from our head; Woe unto us, that we have sinned! ¹⁷ For this is our heart faint, For these things our eyes are dim;

¹⁸ On account of mount Zion, which is desolate; Foxes roam over it. ¹⁹ But thou, O Jehovah, sittest as king forever; Thy throne endureth from generation to generation. ²⁰ Wherefore dost thou wholly forget us, And abandon us, for so long a time? ²¹ Turn us again to thee, O Jehovah, that we may be restored! Renew our days as of old! ²² For shouldst thou utterly reject us? Shouldst thou be so exceedingly wroth against us?

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