

A reading from the Book of Lamentations

My soul is deprived of peace,
I have forgotten what happiness is;

I tell myself my future is lost,
all that I hoped for from the Lord.

The thought of my homeless poverty
is wormwood and gall;

Remembering it over and over
leaves my soul downcast within me.

But I will call this to mind,
as my reason to have hope:

The favors of the Lord are not exhausted,
his mercies are not spent;

They are renewed each morning,
so great is his faithfulness.

My portion is the Lord, says my soul;
therefore will I hope in him.

Good is the Lord to one who waits for him,
to the soul that seeks him;

It is good to hope in silence
for the saving help of the Lord.

The word of the Lord.