

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.