

# Laments

A new and old translation of *Eikhah*

This booklet uses two translations of Laments, the book of mourning poems read on *Tish'a B'Av*. Chapters 1, 2 and 5 were translated by Rabbi David Mevorach Seidenberg, with attention to the principles of the Buber-Rosenzweig Bible. This translation strives to be “concordant” by translating related Hebrew words with related English words, and by following the order and syntax of the Hebrew as much as possible. In some cases alternate translations are given, indicated by a slash. This translation also focuses on the more physical, earthy meaning of words, drawing the reader from modern thought patterns towards more ancient ways of seeing and feeling. Chapters 3 and 4 were translated by James Moffat over a half century ago, according to the principles of “idiomatic” translation. This translation strives to recast the Hebrew according to the word order, meaning, and sense of everyday English, even to the point of reordering the verses (see 49-51 of chapter 3). Moffat, more than most idiomatic translators, is able to evoke the emotional depth of the Hebrew.

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Translation revised from 2002, 2003 editions for the Aleph Kallah and the NHC Institute. Original translation © 1993, David Seidenberg. James Moffat's translation, from the Hodder and Stoughton edition (out of print), has been revised and updated in minor ways for this booklet. Based on layout for 2003 edition by Mark Frydenberg. This booklet contains the sacred name in Hebrew for God. Please do not destroy it or dispose of it improperly. ©July 2007, 2008, all applicable rights reserved.

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לְאָרְךָ יָמִים:  
כִּי הִשְׁיִבְנוּ יְהוָה | אֵלֶיךָ  
וְנִשְׁוֶבָה

for the span of time's days?

21 Turn us, YHVH, toward you,  
and we will turn.

חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם:  
כִּי בִי אִם-מָאֵס מְאֹסְתָנוּ  
קִצְפֶּתָ עָלֵינוּ עַד-מָאֹד

Renew our days, like long before.

22 For if loathing, you should loathe us,  
be enraged over us, so very much—!

הִשְׁיִבְנוּ יְהוָה | אֵלֶיךָ  
וְנִשְׁוֶבָה  
חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ  
כְּקֶדֶם:

Turn us, YHVH, toward you,  
and we will turn.

Make our days new again,  
like dawn / long ago.

Some notes on the theology of *Eikhah*:

The idea that tragedy and disaster are punishment for our sins is alien to most modern Jews. The author(s) of *Eikhah* believed that what happened to Zion was divine punishment. (This is one reason why it is hard to connect the Holocaust with what we mourn on *Tish'a B'av*.)

Only in chapter 3 is the destruction of Zion consistently seen as fair and just punishment. In other chapters, the degree of divine punishment is (subtly) described as excessive and abusive (e.g. “See YHVH and look: Whom did you treat like this?” in chapter 2).

Besides the obvious consolation of believing that the tragedy had meaning, the reader might also consider that for the ancients, the two choices were to believe that the destruction was punishment, or that God simply had no interest in them. It is easy to imagine why people would choose the image of a punishing God over the complete absence of God – though the latter possibility is suggested in the very last line of the text, before we go back to repeat the more comforting line “Turn us...”

According to Jeremiah, the reason for exile was that Israel had not allowed the land to rest during her Jubilee years – an outcome promised in the Torah. (This idea is not found in *Eikhah*, where the identification of the people with the land is total.) In an age when we have good reason to believe that our ecological “sins” are coming home to roost, the connection between disaster and divine retribution may not seem so farfetched. If we sympathize with this idea, we can read *Eikhah* as an invitation to change our lives, towards justice for all peoples, for all species, and for the land herself.

מִבְּלִי בְּאֵי מוֹעֵד  
 כָּל־שַׁעְרֶיהָ שׁוּמְמִין  
 כָּהֵנִיהָ נֹאנְחִים  
 בְּתוֹלְתֶיהָ נוֹגֹת  
 וְהִיא מֵרָלָה:  
 הָ הֵיוּ צָרֶיהָ לְרֹאשׁ  
 אֵיבֵיהָ שָׁלוֹ  
 כִּי־יְהוָה הוֹגֵה  
 עַל רַב־פְּשָׁעֶיהָ  
 עוֹלָלֶיהָ הִלְכוּ שָׁבִי לְפָנַי־צָר:  
 וְ וַיֵּצֵא מִן־בֵּית־צִיּוֹן  
 כָּל־הַדָּרָה  
 הֵיוּ שְׂרֵיהָ כְּאֵילִים  
 לֹא־מָצְאוּ מְרֻעָה  
 וַיֵּלְכוּ בְּלֹא־כֹחַ  
 לְפָנַי רוֹדֵף:  
 ז זָכְרָה יְרוּשָׁלַם  
 יְמֵי עֲנִיָּה  
 וּמְרוּדֶיהָ  
 כָּל מַחֲמֹדֶיהָ  
 אֲשֶׁר הָיוּ מִיְמֵי קָדָם  
 בְּנֶפֶל עַמָּהּ בְּיַד־צָר  
 וְאֵין עֹזֵר לָהּ

from being without festival-goers,  
 all her gates desolated;  
 Her priests are moaning,  
 her girls grieving;  
 And she – it is bitterness for her.  
 5 Her tormentors were at the head,  
 her enemies had ease  
 For YHVH aggrieved her  
 for the greatness of her sins.  
 Her babes walked captive before foe;  
 6 and all her splendor went out from  
 daughter Zion!  
 Her ministers, like deer,  
 not finding a place to graze;  
 They walked, without strength,  
 before a pursuer.  
 7 Jerusalem remembered  
 the days of her impoverishment  
 and her downsliding,  
 all her precious things  
 which were from early days,  
 while her people fell into a foe's hand;  
 And there is no help for her.

אֶת־חַרְפְּתָנוּ:  
 ב נִחַלְתָנוּ נְהַפְכָה  
 לְזָרִים  
 בְּתֵינוּ לְנֹכְרִים:  
 ג יְתוּמִים הָיִינוּ וְאֵין אָב  
 אִמֹתֵינוּ כְּאַלְמָנוֹת:  
 ד מִיַּמֵּינוּ בְּכֶסֶף שָׁתִינוּ  
 עֵצֵינוּ בְּמַחִיר יָבֵאוּ:  
 ה עַל צוּאֲרָנוּ נִרְדְּפָנוּ  
 יִגְעָנוּ וְלֹא הוֹנַח־לָנוּ:  
 ו מִצֵּרִים נָתַנוּ יָד  
 אַשּׁוּר לְשַׂבַּע לֶחֶם:  
 ז אֲבֹתֵינוּ חָטְאוּ וְאֵינָם  
 וַאֲנַחְנוּ עֹונֹתֵיהֶם סָבְלָנוּ:  
 ח עֲבָדִים מָשְׁלוּ בָנוּ  
 פָּרַק אֵין  
 מִיָּדָם:  
 ט בְּנַפְשֵׁנוּ נָבִיא לַחֲמֵנוּ מִפָּנַי  
 חָרַב הַמִּדְבָּר:  
 י עוֹרָנוּ כְּתִנּוֹר נִכְמָרוּ  
 מִפָּנַי זַלְעָפוֹת רָעֵב:  
 יא נָשִׁים בְּצִיּוֹן עָנוּ  
 בְּתֹלֹת בְּעָרֵי יְהוּדָה:

our abuse / our shame!  
 2 Our inheritance overturned,  
 to strangers  
 our houses to foreigners.  
 3 We were orphans, there is no father,  
 our mothers like widows.  
 4 Our water we drank for money;  
 our wood came (only) with a price.  
 5 On our neck we were pursued,  
 tired out, without letting us rest.  
 6 Egypt, we stretched a hand,  
 Assyria, to satisfy bread.  
 7 Our fathers sinned and are not,  
 and we shouldered their evils.  
 8 Slaves ruled us.  
 There is none to break us out  
 from their hand.  
 9 For our lives we bring our bread,  
 from the wilderness' sword.  
 10 Our skin like a furnace, glowing,  
 from the delirium of hunger.  
 11 Women in Zion were victimized,  
 girls, in Judah's towns.

נָתַנוּ מִחַמּוּדֵיהֶם  
 בְּאֶכֶל לְהַשִּׁיב נַפְשׁ  
 רֵאֵה יְהוָה  
 וְהִבֵּטָה כִּי הֵייתִי זוֹלָלָה:  
 יֵר לֹא אֵלֵיכֶם  
 כָּל־עַבְרֵי דֶרֶךְ  
 הַבֵּיטוּ וּרְאוּ  
 אִם־יֵשׁ מִכְאוּב כַּמְכַאֲבִי  
 אֲשֶׁר עוֹלָל לִי  
 אֲשֶׁר הוֹגֵה יְהוָה  
 בְּיוֹם חֲרוֹן אַפּוֹ:  
 יֵר מִמָּרוֹם שָׁלַח־אֵשׁ בְּעַצְמוֹתַי  
 וַיִּרְדְּנָה  
 פָּרַשׁ רֶשֶׁת לְרַגְלִי  
 הִשְׁיבֵנִי אָחֹר  
 נָתַנְנִי שְׁמָמָה  
 כָּל־הַיּוֹם דָּוָה:  
 יֵד נִשְׁקַד עַל פִּשְׁעֵי  
 בְּיָדוֹ יִשְׁתַּרְגֵּוּ  
 עָלוּ עַל־צַוְאָרַי  
 הִכְשִׁיל כֹּחִי  
 נָתַנְנִי אֲדָנָי בְּיָדֵי  
 לֹא־אוּכַל קוּם:  
 They gave up their precious things  
 for food to restore life.  
 See, YHVH!  
 Look (how much) I was despised.  
 12 Never to you,  
 all who pass on the way.  
 Look, you must see –  
 Could there be pain like my pain  
 which was doled out to me,  
 which YHVH caused to grieve  
 in the day of his furious anger?  
 13 From a height he sent fire in my bones  
 and he overwhelmed them.  
 He spread out a net for my feet;  
 He repelled me back;  
 he made me desolate,  
 all day – sickness.  
 14 The harness of my sins lashed on,  
 they were tied down by his hand,  
 brought up onto my neck,  
 making my strength fail.  
 Adonai gave me over into (such) hands  
 that I am unable to stand up.

יֵר מִחַטָּאת נְבִיאֶיהָ  
 עֲוֹנוֹת כְּהֻנֶיהָ  
 הַשֹּׁפְכִים בְּקִרְבָּהָ  
 דָּם צַדִּיקִים:  
 יֵד נָעוּ עִוְרִים בְּחוּצוֹת  
 נִגְאָלוּ בַדָּם  
 בְּלֹא יוֹכְלוּ יָגְעוּ בְּלִבְשֵׁיהֶם:  
 טו סוּרוּ טִמְאָה  
 קְרֹאוּ לָמוֹ  
 סוּרוּ סוּרוּ אֶל־תִּגְעוּ  
 כִּי נָצוּ גַם־נָעוּ  
 אָמְרוּ בַגּוֹיִם לֹא יוֹסִיפוּ לָגוּר:  
 טז פָּנֵי יְהוָה  
 חֲלָקָם  
 לֹא יוֹסִיף לְהַבִּיטָם  
 פָּנֵי כְהֻנִים לֹא נִשְׂאוּ  
 וַזְּקֵנִים לֹא חָנְנוּ:  
 יז עוֹלֵינוּ תִכְלִינָה עֵינֵינוּ  
 אֶל־עֲוֹרֹתֵנוּ הֶבֶל  
 בְּצַפְיֹתֵנוּ צָפִינוּ אֶל־גּוֹי  
 לֹא יוֹשֵׁעַ:  
 יח צָרוּ צָעֲדֵינוּ  
 מִלְכָּת בְּרַחֲבֵיתֵנוּ  
 13 It was all for the sin of her prophets,  
 for the crime of her priests,  
 who shed in her  
 the blood of the just.  
 14 Now, stained with blood,  
 they wander blindly about the streets,  
 brushing against men they once avoided.  
 15 “Begone! You are unclean!”  
 men shout at them,  
 “Begone! Avoid us.”  
 So they stagger and wander,  
 finding no more shelter abroad.  
 16 The Eternal himself  
 has scattered them,  
 caring no more for them,  
 disregarding the priests,  
 and heedless of the prophets.  
 17 Our eyes are strained and failing,  
 as we look for aid, empty of hope;  
 watching for a nation  
 that never brought salvation.  
 18 Foes dog our steps,  
 till we dare not walk in the street,

הָלַכְוּ בַשָּׁבִי: walked captive / into captivity.  
 יִט קָרָאתִי לְמֵאֲהָבִי 19 I called to my lovers.  
 הִמָּה רְמוּנֵי Those deceived me.  
 כְּהֵנִי וְזִקְנֵי My priests, and my elders,  
 בְּעִיר גּוֹעֵו they wasted away in the city,  
 כִּי־בִקְשׁוּ אֶכְלֹ לָמוּ seeking food for them,  
 וַיִּשְׁיבוּ אֶת־נַפְשָׁם: and to bring back their life.  
 כַּ רְאֵה יְהוָה כִּי־צָר־לִי 20 See YHVH – for mine is torment,  
 מֵעַי חִמְדָּמְרוּ my guts were churning,  
 נִהְפָּה לִבִּי בְקִרְבִּי my heart overturned within me,  
 כִּי מָרוּ מְרִיתִי for rebelling I rebelled.  
 מִחוּץ שִׁפְלָה־חֲרָב From outside sword striking down;  
 בַּבַּיִת כַּמוֹת: In the house, like death itself.  
 כֹּא שָׁמְעוּ כִּי נִאֲנַחָה אָנִי 21 They listened. I am moaning,  
 אֵין מְנַחֵם לִי there is no comforter for me.  
 כָּל־אֵיבֵי שָׁמְעוּ רַעְתִּי All my enemies listened for my evil doom.  
 שָׂשׂוּ כִּי אָתָּה עָשִׂיתָ They rejoiced, for you did it,  
 הַבֵּאתָ יוֹם־קָרָאתָ you brought the day you called for –  
 וַיְהִי כְמוֹנִי: and they will be(come) like me.  
 כַּ תָּבֵא כָל־רַעְתֶּם לְפָנָיִךְ 22 All their evil will come before you  
 וְעוֹלָל לָמוּ Treat them  
 כַּאֲשֶׁר עוֹלָלְתָּ לִּי like you treated me  
 עַל כָּל־פְּשָׁעַי for all my sins.

בַּ בְּנֵי צִיּוֹן הַיְקָרִים 2 the priceless sons of Zion,  
 הַמְּסֻלָּאִים בַּפֶּזֶן worth their weight in gold,  
 אִיכָּה נֶחְשְׁבוּ לְנִבְלֵי־חֶרֶשׁ count no more than crockery,  
 מַעֲשֵׂה יְדֵי יוֹצֵר: mere pots of clay!  
 גַּ גַּם־תַּנִּים תִּלְצוּ שָׂד 3 Even jackals give the breast  
 הַיְנִיקוּ גוּרֵיהֶן and suckle their whelps;  
 בַּת־עַמִּי לְאֶכְזֹר but the women of my people are cruel  
 כַּיְעֲנִים בַּמַּדְבָּר: as the ostrich wild;  
 דַּ דְּבֶק לְשׁוֹן יוֹנֵק 4 For the tongue of the nursling cleaves  
 אֶל־חִבּוֹ בַצֹּמָא for thirst to the roof of its mouth,  
 עוֹלָלִים שָׂאֲלוּ לָחֶם the children beg for food,  
 פֶּרֶשׁ אֵין לָהֶם: and no one gives it.  
 הַ הָאֶכְלִים לְמַעַדְנֵים 5 Those who fared on dainties  
 נִשְׁמוּ בַחוּצוֹת rot upon the street;  
 הָאֵמְנִים עָלֵי תוֹלַע those who lay on scarlet rugs  
 חִבְּקוּ אֶשְׁפָּתוֹת: huddle on an ash-heap.  
 וַ וַיִּגְדַּל עֲזוֹן בַּת־עַמִּי 6 The guilt of my people was greater  
 מִחַטָּאת סֹדֶם than even the sin of Sodom,  
 הַהִפּוּכָה כְמוֹ־זָרְעַע Sodom that fell in a flash,  
 וְלֹא־חָלּוּ בָּהּ יְדָיִם: before any could wring his hands.  
 זַ זַכּוֹ נִזְרִיָּהּ 7 Her headmen were brighter  
 מִשֶּׁלֶג than snow,  
 צַחוּ מִחֶלֶב and whiter than milk,

מִפְּנֵי אֹיֵב      before the enemy.  
 וַיִּבְעַר בַּיַּעֲקֹב כְּאֵשׁ לֹהֶבֶת      Burning into Jacob, like fire flaming  
 אֲכָלָה סָבִיב:      consuming (all) around.  
 ד' דָּרַךְ קִשְׁתּוֹ כְּאוֹיֵב      4 He worked his bow like an enemy,  
 נִצָּב יְמִינוֹ      he stood his right hand firm  
 כְּצָר      as a foe / a tormentor  
 וַיַּהַרְגֵם כֹּל      and he murdered everything  
 מִחַמְדֵי-עֵינַי      precious to the eye;  
 בְּאֹהֶל בֵּת-צִיּוֹן      In daughter Zion's tent  
 שָׁפַךְ כְּאֵשׁ חַמָּתּוֹ:      he poured out his wrath like fire.  
 ה' הָיָה אֲדֹנָי | כְּאוֹיֵב      5 Adonai was like an enemy;  
 בִּלְעַיִשׂרָאֵל      he devoured Israel.  
 בִּלְעַל כָּל-אַרְמְנוֹתֶיהָ      He devoured all her citadels,  
 שִׁחַת מְבַצְרָיו      undermined his fortifications;  
 וַיִּרְבַּב בְּבֵת-יְהוּדָה      And he multiplied in daughter Zion  
 תַּאֲנִיָּה וְאֲנִיָּה:      grief and groaning.  
 ו' וַיַּחַמֵּס כַּגַּן שִׁכּוֹ      6 Like a garden, he tore apart his sukkah,  
 שִׁחַת מוֹעֵדוֹ      he destroyed his feast.  
 שָׁבַח יְהוָה | בְּצִיּוֹן      YHVH caused Shabbat and festival  
 מוֹעֵד וְשַׁבָּת      to be forgotten in Zion,  
 וַיִּנְאַץ בְּזַעַם-אָפוֹ מִלְּךָ וְכֹהֵן:      by the rage of his anger, king and priest.  
 ז' זָנַח אֲדֹנָי | מִזְבְּחוֹ      7 Adonai abhorred his altar,  
 נֶאֱדָר מִקְדָּשׁוֹ      disdained his holy place.

נַא עֵינַי עוֹלְלָה לְנַפְשִׁי      51 my eyes are sore with sorrow  
 מִכָּל בְּנוֹת עִירִי:      for all the woes of my city.  
 נב צוֹד צְדוֹנִי כַצִּפּוֹר      52 They have hunted me like a bird,  
 אֵיבֵי חַנּוּם:      with no reason for their hate;  
 נג צָמְתוּ      53 they dropped me  
 בְּבוֹר חָלְיִי      to die in a dungeon,  
 וַיִּדְוּ-אָבֵן בֵּי:      flinging stones at me;  
 נד צָפוּ-מַיִם עַל-רֹאשִׁי      54 waters flowed over my head,  
 אָמַרְתִּי נִגְזַרְתִּי:      “I am lost,” I said.  
 נה קָרָאתִי שְׁמֶךָ יְהוָה      55 From the depth of the dungeon  
 מִבוֹר תַּחְתִּיּוֹת:      I called, O Eternal, to you;  
 נו קוֹלִי שָׁמַעְתָּ      56 you did hear me crying  
 אֶל-תַּעֲלֹם אֲזַנְךָ      “Give ear, don't hide  
 לְרוֹחֲתִי לְשׁוֹעֲתִי:      from my plea and cry”;  
 נז קָרַבְתָּ בַיּוֹם אֶקְרָאךָ      57 you came at my call,  
 אָמַרְתָּ אֶל-תִּירָא:      bidding me, “Fear not.”  
 נח רַבַּת אֲדֹנָי רִיבִי נַפְשִׁי      58 O Lord, you did take my part  
 גָּאֵלְתָּ חַיִּי:      and save my life.  
 נט רְאִיתָה יְהוָה עֲוֹנֹתַי      59 And now you see my wrongs;  
 שְׁפֹטָה מִשְׁפָּטִי:      Oh vindicate me!  
 ס רְאִיתָה כָּל-נִקְמָתָם      60 You have seen all the revenge

יֵאָרְכּוּ בְּדַמְעוֹת עֵינַי 11 My eyes were used up by the tears,  
 חֲמַרְמְרוּ מֵעֵי my guts churned up,  
 נִשְׁפְּפוּ לְאָרֶץ כְּבִדֵי my organs poured out to the ground  
 עַל־שִׁבְר over the shattering of  
 בַּת־עַמִּי my daughter people,  
 בְּעֵטֶף עוֹלָלִי וְיֹנֵק with exhaustion of babe and infant  
 בְּרַחֲבוֹת קְרִיָּה: in city squares.  
 יֵרָאֵם לְאִמָּתָם יְאִמָּוּ 12 To their mothers they would say,  
 אֵיךְ דָּגַן וְיַיִן “Where is grain and wine?”,  
 בְּהִתְעַטְּפָם stretching themselves out,  
 כְּחֶלֶל בְּרַחֲבוֹת like a corpse, in city streets,  
 לְעִיר בְּהִשְׁתַּפֵּף נַפְשָׁם with their life force pouring out  
 אֶל־חֵיק אִמָּתָם: onto their mothers’ chest.  
 יֵגִיד מַה־אֶעֱיִדָּךְ 13 What can I make testify?  
 מַה אֶדְמֶה־לָּךְ What will I liken to you?  
 הַבַּת יְרוּשָׁלַם O daughter Jerusalem!  
 מַה אֲשׁוּה־לָּךְ What can I compare to you  
 וְאֶנְחַמְךָ (that) I may comfort you,  
 בְּתוֹלַת בַּת־צִיּוֹן daughter Zion’s girl?  
 כִּי־גָדוֹל כַּיָּם For great, like the sea,  
 שִׁבְרֶךְ is your shattering  
 מִי יִרְפָּא־לָּךְ: – who will bring healing to you?  
 יֵד נְבִיאֶיךָ חָזוּ לָּךְ 14 For you did your prophets envision

לֹג כִּי לֹא עָנָה מְלִבּוֹ 33 he is loathe to cause pain  
 וַיִּגַּה בְּנִי־אִישׁ: to grieve the sons of men.

לֹד לְדַכָּא תַחַת רַגְלֵיו 34 When a whole people is taken  
 כָּל אֲסִירֵי אֶרֶץ: prisoner and downtrodden,

לֹה לְהַטּוֹת 35 when a man

מִשְׁפָּט־גָּבֵר is deprived of his rights,

נִגַּד פְּנֵי עֲלִיוֹן: under the eyes of the Most High,

לֹו לְעוֹת אָדָם בְּרִיבּוֹ 36 when a person does not get justice,  
 אֲדַנִּי לֹא רָאָה: does the Lord not see it?

לֹז מִי זֶה אָמַר וַתְּהִי 37 Who can carry out his will,  
 אֲדַנִּי לֹא צָוָה: unless it is the Lord’s order?

לֹח מִפִּי עֲלִיוֹן לֹא תִצָּא 38 Are not weal and woe alike  
 הַרְעוֹת וְהַטּוֹב: decreed by the Most High?

לֹט מַה־יִתְאוּנּוּ אָדָם חִי 39 Then why should mortal men complain,  
 גָּבֵר עַל־חַטָּאוֹ: when they are punished for their sins?

מ נַחֲפָשָׁה דְרַכֵּינוּ וְנַחֲלָהּ 40 Let us scan and search our lives,  
 וְנָשׁוּבָה עַד־יְהוָה: let us return to the Eternal,

מִזַּנְשָׁא לְכַבְּנוּ אֶל־כַּפְּיָם 41 lifting our hearts up with our hands  
 אֶל־אֵל בַּשָּׁמַיִם: to God in heaven;

מִב נַחֲנוּ פִשְׁעֵנוּ וּמָרִינוּ 42 The sin is ours, we have rebelled,

וַיִּשְׂמַח עֲלֶיךָ אוֹיֵב  
 הָרִים קָרוֹן צָרֶיךָ:  
 יח צָעַק לְבָם אֶל-אֲדֹנָי  
 חוֹמַת בֵּת-צִיּוֹן  
 הוֹרִידי כַּנַּחַל דְּמָעָה  
 יוֹמָם וְלַיְלָה  
 אַל-תִּתְּנֵי פּוּגַת לֶךְ  
 אַל-תִּתְּדַם בֵּת-עֵינֶיךָ:  
 יט קוּמִי | רְנִי בַלַּיְלָה  
 לְרֵאשׁ אֲשַׁמְרוֹת  
 שִׁפְכֵי כַמַּיִם לְבֹךְ  
 גִּבַּח פָּנֵי אֲדֹנָי  
 שִׂאֵי אֱלֹו כַפֶּיךָ  
 עַל-נַפְשׁ עוֹלְלֶיךָ  
 הֶעֱטוּפִים בְּרָעַב  
 בְּרֵאשׁ כָּל-חוֹצוֹת:  
 כ רֵאֵה יְהוָה וְהִבִּיטָה  
 לְמִי עוֹלְלֹת כֹּה  
 אִם-תֹּאכְלֶנָּה נְשִׁים פְּרִיָם  
 עַלְלֵי טַפְחִים  
 אִם-יִהְרַג בְּמִקְדָּשׁ אֲדֹנָי  
 כִּהְוֵן וְנִבְיָא:  
 כא שָׁכְבוּ לְאַרְצַ חוֹצוֹת

He made an enemy rejoice over you;  
 your tormentors' horn was exalted.  
 18 Their heart screamed out to *Adonai*.  
 Wall of daughter Zion,  
 let down a tear like a torrent,  
 day and night.  
 Don't give yourself any break;  
 Don't let your daughter eye fall silent.  
 19 Get up! Sing out in the night  
 to the first of the nightwatches:  
 Pour out your heart like water  
 right before *Adonai*!  
 Lift your palms toward him –  
 for the life of your babies  
 stretched out by famine  
 at every street head!  
 20 See YHVH and look:  
 Whom did you treat like this?  
 If women will eat their fruit,  
 coddled babies –;  
 If priest and prophet are murdered  
 in *Adonai*'s holy place –!  
 21 Laid down to the earth (in the) streets,

נְגִינְתָם כָּל-הַיּוֹם:  
 טו הִשְׁבִּיעַנִי בַמְרוֹרִים  
 הִרְוֵנִי לַעֲנָה:  
 טז וַיִּגְרַס בְּחֻצַּי שִׁנָּי  
 הִכְפִּישָׁנִי בְּאַפָּר:  
 יז וַתִּזְנַח מִשְׁלוֹם נַפְשִׁי  
 נִשְׁיִתִי טוֹבָה:  
 יח וָאָמַר אֲבַד נִצְחִי  
 וַתִּזְחַלְתִּי מִיְהוָה:  
 יט זְכַר-עֲנָנֵי וּמְרוֹדֵי  
 לַעֲנָה וְרֵאשׁ:  
 כ זְכוֹר תִּזְכוֹר  
 וַתִּשׁוּחַ עָלַי נַפְשִׁי:  
 כא זָאת אֲשִׁיב אֶל-לְבָבִי  
 עַל-כֵּן אוֹחִיל:  
 כב חֲסֵדֵי יְהוָה כִּי לֹא-תִמְנוּ  
 כִּי לֹא-כָלוּ רַחֲמָיו:  
 כג חֲדָשִׁים לְבִקְרֹים  
 רַבָּה אֱמוּנָתְךָ:  
 כד חֶלְקִי יְהוָה

burden of their satire all day long.  
 15 He has filled me up with bitter herbs,  
 and sated me with wormwood;  
 16 He has broken my teeth with gravel,  
 and covered me with ashes.  
 17 He has bereft me of all bliss,  
 I forget what it is to prosper,  
 18 I said, “My strength is gone,  
 and my hope in the Eternal [*YHVH*]!”  
 19 The thought of my stress and scattering  
 is bitter gall to me;  
 20 my soul is always thinking of it,  
 and is crushed within me.  
 21 But I will call to mind,  
 to give me hope,  
 22 that the Eternal's love is lasting,  
 and will never fail.  
 23 Fresh every morning is your kindness,  
 great is your faithfulness!  
 24 The Eternal is my allotted share,