

Lamentations  
3: 17-26

Selection

**A5**

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 is downcast within me.

But this I will call 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 I will 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.