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.

This is the Word of the Lord.