



The Book of Lamentations

*Arranged for
Solo Cantor
and
Reader*



Saint Meinrad
Liturgical Music

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Palm Sunday

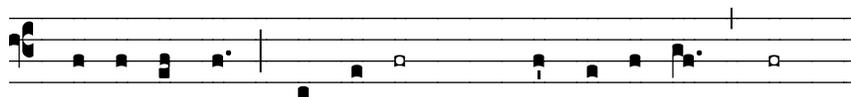
Lam 1:1:11



From the first La-men-ta-tion of Je-re-mi-ah the Pro-phet.



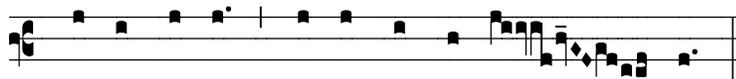
A-leph. How lone-ly sits the cit-y that once was



full of peo-ple! How like a widow she has be-come, she that



was great among the na-tions! She that was a princess among

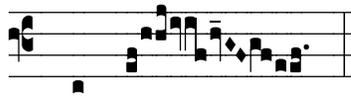


the prov-inc-es has be-come a vas-sal.



Beth.

She weeps bitterly in the night,
with tears on her cheeks;
among all her lovers
she has no one to comfort her;
all her friends have dealt treacherously with her,
they have become her enemies.



Gi-mel.

Judah has gone into exile
with suffering and hard servitude;
she lives now among the nations,
and finds no resting place;
her pursuers have all overtaken her
in the midst of her distress.



Da-leth.

The roads to Zion mourn,
for no one comes to the festivals;
all her gates are desolate,
her priests groan;
her young girls grieve,
and her lot is bitter.



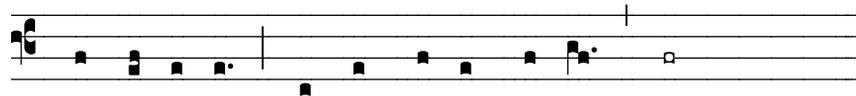
He.

Her foes have become the masters,
her enemies prosper,
because the LORD has made her suffer
for the multitude of her transgressions;
her children have gone away,
captives before the foe.



Vau.

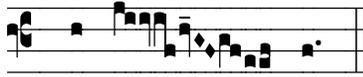
From daugh-ter Zi-on has departed all



her maj-es-ty. Her princ-es have be-come like stags that



find no pas- ture; they fled with-out strength be-fore the

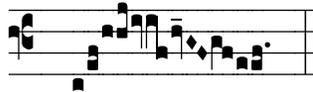


pur-su- er.



Za- in.

Jerusalem remembers,
in the days of her affliction and wandering,
all the precious things
that were hers in days of old.
When her people fell into the hand of the foe,
and there was no one to help her,
the foe looked on, mocking
over her downfall.



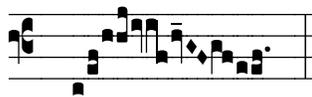
Heth.

Jerusalem sinned grievously,
so she has become a mockery;
all who honored her despise her,
for they have seen her nakedness;
she herself groans,
and turns her face away.



Teth.

Her uncleanness was in her skirts;
she took no thought of her future;
her downfall was appalling,
with none to comfort her.
“O LORD, look at my affliction,
for the enemy has triumphed!”



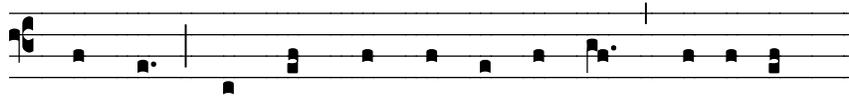
Yod.

Enemies have stretched out their hands
over all her precious things;
she has even seen the nations
invade her sanctuary,
those whom you forbade
to enter your congregation.

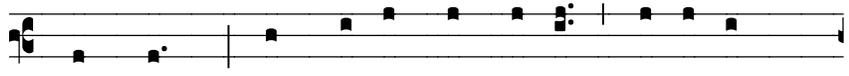


Kaph.

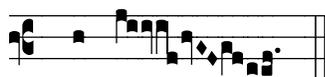
All her peo-ple groan as they search



for bread; they trade their trea-sure for food to re-vive



their strength Look, O Lord and be-hold, for I am



de-spised.

Monday of Holy Week

Lam 1:12-22



From the First La-men-ta-tion of Je- re- mi-ah the Pro-phet.



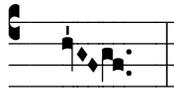
La-med.

Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by?
Look and see
if there is any sorrow like my sorrow,
which was brought upon me,
which the LORD inflicted
on the day of his fierce anger.



Mem.

From on high he sent fire;
it went deep into my bones;
he spread a net for my feet;
he turned me back;
he has left me stunned,
faint all day long.



Nun.

My transgressions were bound into a yoke;
by his hand they were fastened together;
they weigh on my neck,
sapping my strength;
the Lord handed me over
to those whom I cannot withstand.



Sa- mek.

The LORD has rejected
all my warriors in the midst of me;
he proclaimed a time against me
to crush my young men;
the Lord has trodden as in a wine press
the virgin daughter Judah.



A- in.

For these things I weep;
my eyes flow with tears;
for a comforter is far from me,
one to revive my courage;
my children are desolate,
for the enemy has prevailed.



Pe.

Zion stretches out her hands,
but there is no one to comfort her;
the LORD has commanded against Jacob
that his neighbors should become his foes;
Jerusalem has become
a filthy thing among them.



Sa-de.

The LORD is in the right,
for I have rebelled against his word;
but hear, all you peoples,
and behold my suffering;
my young women and young men
have gone into captivity.



Qoph.

I called to my lovers
but they deceived me;
my priests and elders
perished in the city
while seeking food
to revive their strength.



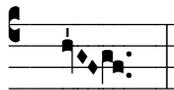
Resh.

See, O LORD, how distressed I am;
my stomach churns,
my heart is wrung within me,
because I have been very rebellious.
In the street the sword bereaves;
in the house it is like death.



Shin.

They heard how I was groaning,
with no one to comfort me.
All my enemies heard of my trouble;
they are glad that you have done it.
Bring on the day you have announced,
and let them be as I am.

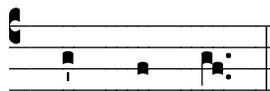


Tau.

Let all their evil doing come before you;
and deal with them
as you have dealt with me
because of all my transgressions;
for my groans are many
and my heart is faint.



Je- ru- sa-lem, Je- ru-sa-lem, turn back a- gain to the



Lord your God!



Za- in.

The Lord has scorned his altar,
disowned his sanctuary;
he has delivered into the hand of the enemy
the walls of her palaces;
a clamor was raised in the house of the LORD
as on a day of festival.



Heth.

The LORD determined to lay in ruins
the wall of daughter Zion;
he stretched the line;
he did not withhold his hand from destroying;
he caused rampart and wall to lament;
they languish together.



Teth.

Her gates have sunk into the ground;
he has ruined and broken her bars;
her king and princes are among the nations;
guidance is no more,
and her prophets obtain
no vision from the LORD.



Yod.

The elders of daughter Zion
sit on the ground in silence;
they have thrown dust on their heads
and put on sackcloth;
the young girls of Jerusalem
have bowed their heads to the ground.



Kaph.

My eyes are spent with weeping;
my stomach churns;
my bile is poured out on the ground
because of the destruction of my people,
because infants and babes faint
in the streets of the city.

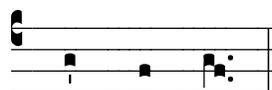


La-med.

They cry to their mothers,
“Where is bread and wine?”
as they faint like the wounded
in the streets of the city,
as their life is poured out
on their mothers’ bosom.



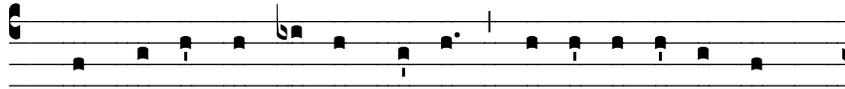
Je-ru- sa-lem, Je- ru-sa-lem, turn back a- gain to the



Lord your God!

Wednesday of Holy Week

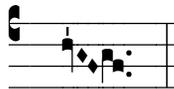
Lam 2:13-22



From the Sec-ond La-men-ta-tion of Je-re-mi-ah the



Pro-phet.



Mem.

What can I say for you, to what compare you,
O daughter Jerusalem?
To what can I liken you, that I may comfort you,
O virgin daughter Zion?
For vast as the sea is your ruin;
who can heal you?



Nun.

Your prophets have seen for you
false and deceptive visions;
they have not exposed your iniquity
to restore your fortunes,
but have seen oracles for you
that are false and misleading.



Sa-mek.

All who pass along the way
clap their hands at you;
they hiss and wag their heads
at daughter Jerusalem;
“Is this the city that was called
the perfection of beauty,
the joy of all the earth?”



Pe.

All your enemies
open their mouths against you;
they hiss, they gnash their teeth,
they cry: “We have devoured her!
Ah, this is the day we longed for;
at last we have seen it!”



A- in.

The LORD has done what he purposed,
he has carried out his threat;
as he ordained long ago,
he has demolished without pity;
he has made the enemy rejoice over you,
and exalted the might of your foes.



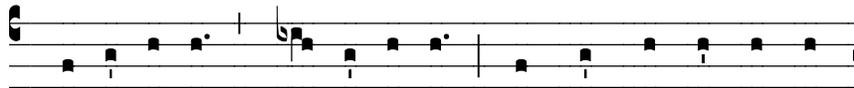
Shin.

The young and the old are lying
on the ground in the streets;
my young women and my young men
have fallen by the sword;
in the day of your anger you have killed them,
slaughtering without mercy.

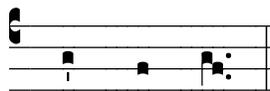


Tau.

You invited my enemies from all around
as if for a day of festival;
and on the day of the anger of the LORD
no one escaped or survived;
those whom I bore and reared
my enemy has destroyed.



Je- ru- sa-lem, Je- ru-sa-lem, turn back a- gain to the



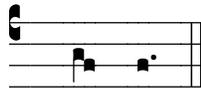
Lord your God!

Holy Thursday

Lam 4:1-11



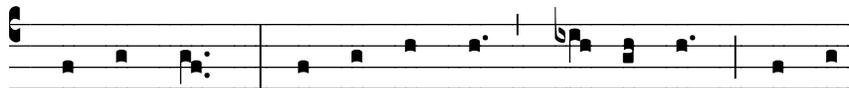
From the Fourth La-men-ta-tion of Je-re-mi-ah the



Pro-phet.



A-LEPH. How the gold has grown dim, how the pure



gold is changed! The sa-cred stones lie scat-tered at the



head of ev-'ry street.



Beth.

The precious children of Zion,
worth their weight in fine gold —
how they are reckoned as earthen pots,
the work of a potter's hands!

Her princes were purer than snow,
whiter than milk;
their bodies were more ruddy than coral,
their hair like sapphire.



Heth.

Now their visage is blacker than soot;
they are not recognized in the streets.
Their skin has shriveled on their bones;
it has become as dry as wood.



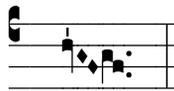
Teth.

Happier were those pierced by the sword
than those pierced by hunger,
whose life drains away, deprived
of the produce of the field.



Yod.

The hands of compassionate women
have boiled their own children;
they became their food
in the destruction of my people.



Kaph.



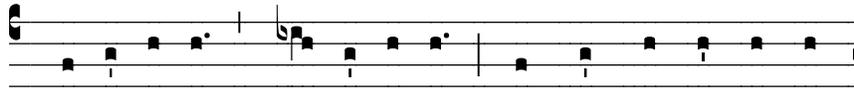
The Lord gave full vent to his wrath, he poured out his



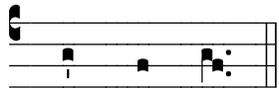
hot an-ger; and kin-dled a fire in Zi- on, that con-sumed



its foun-da-tions.



Je- ru- sa-lem, Je- ru-sa-lem, turn back a- gain to the



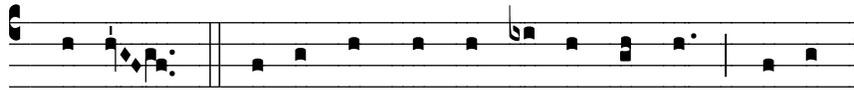
Lord your God!

Good Friday

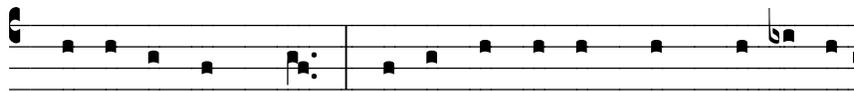
Lam 3:1-30



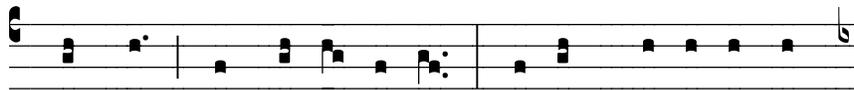
From the third La-men-ta-tion of Je-re-mi-ah the Pro-phet.



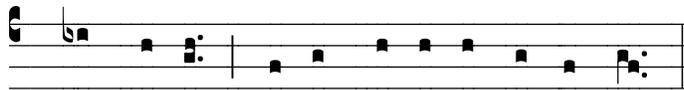
A-leph. I am one who has seen af-flic-tion un-der



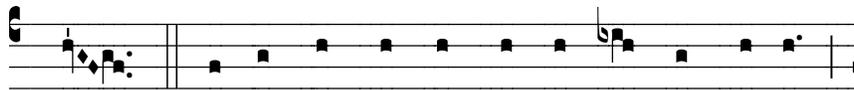
the rod of God's wrath; he has driv-en and brought me in-to



dark-ness with-out an-y light; A-gainst me a-lone he



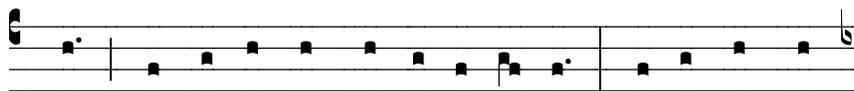
turns his hand a-gain and a-gain all day long.



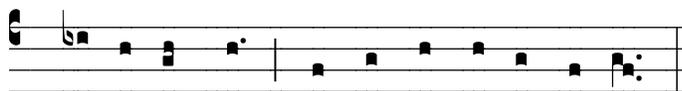
Beth. He has made my flesh and my skin waste a-way,



and bro-ken my bones; he has be-sieged and en-vel-oped



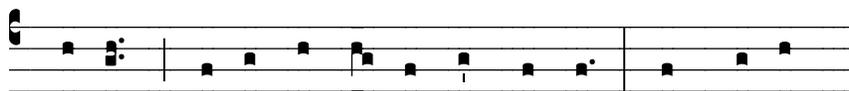
me with bit-ter-ness and trib-u-la-tion; he has made me



sit in dark-ness like the dead of long a- go.



Gi-mel. He has walled me a-bout so that I can-not



es-cape; he has put heav-y chains on me; though I call



and cry for help, he shuts out my prayer; he has blocked



my ways with hewn stones, he has made my paths crook-ed.



Da- leth.

He is a bear lying in wait for me,
a lion in hiding;
he led me off my way and tore me to pieces;
he has made me desolate;
he bent his bow and set me
as a mark for his arrow.



He.

He shot into my vitals
the arrows of his quiver;
I have become the laughingstock of all my people,
the object of their taunt-songs all day long.
He has filled me with bitterness,
he has sated me with wormwood.



Wau.

He has made my teeth grind on gravel,
and made me cower in ashes;
my soul is bereft of peace;
I have forgotten what happiness is;
so I say, "Gone is my glory,
and all that I had hoped for from the LORD."



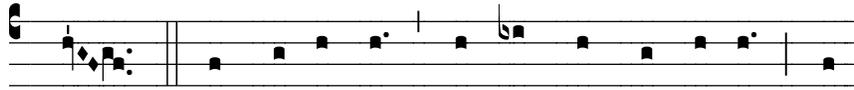
Za- in.

The thought of my affliction and my homelessness
is wormwood and gall!
My soul continually thinks of it
and is bowed down within me.
But this I call to mind,
and therefore I have hope:

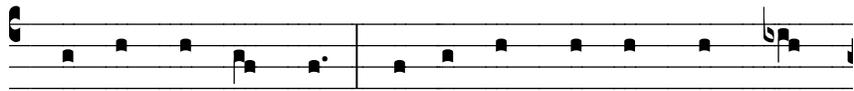


Heth.

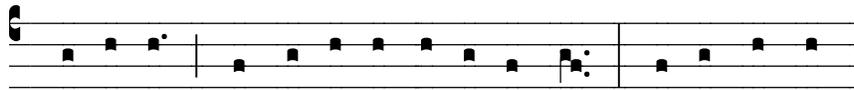
The steadfast love of the LORD never ceases,
 his mercies never come to an end;
 they are new every morning;
 great is your faithfulness.
 “The LORD is my portion,” says my soul,
 “therefore I will hope in him.”



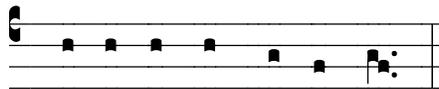
Teth. The Lord is good to those who wait for him, to



the soul that seeks him. It is good that one should wait



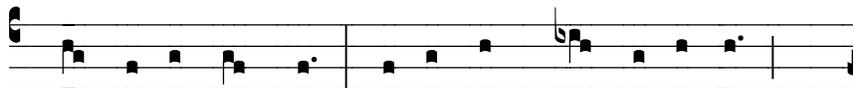
qui-et-ly for the sal-va-tion of the Lord. It is good for



one to bear the yoke in youth.



Yod. It is good to sit a-lone in si-lence when the



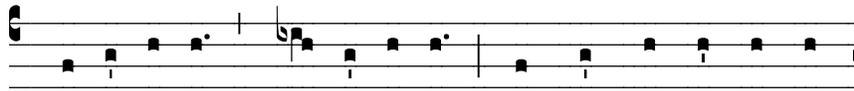
Lord has im-posed it; to put one's mouth to the dust



(there may yet be hope); to give one's cheek to the smit-er,



and be filled with in-sults.



Je- ru- sa-lem, Je- ru-sa-lem, turn back a- gain to the



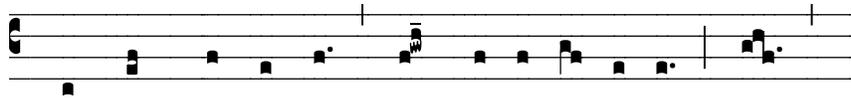
Lord your God!

Holy Saturday

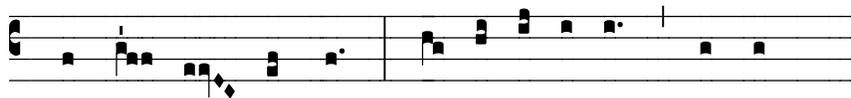
Lam 5:1-22



From the prayer of Je- re- mi- ah, the Pro- phet.



RE-MEM-BER, O Lord, what has be-fal- len us; look,



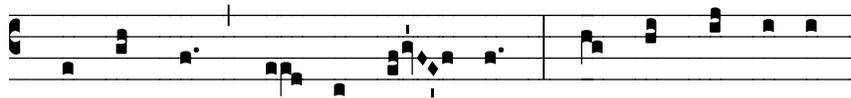
and see our dis-grace! Our in-her- i-tance has been



turned o- ver to stran-gers, our homes to



a- li- ens. We have be-come or-phans, fa - ther-less;



our mo-thers are like wi - dows. We must pay for the



wa-ter we drink, the wood we get must be bought.



With a yoke on our necks we are hard driv- en; we are



wea- ry. We are giv-en no rest.

We have made a pact with Egypt and Assyria,
to get enough bread.
Our ancestors sinned; they are no more,
and we bear their iniquities.
Slaves rule over us;
there is no one to deliver us from their hand.
We get our bread at the peril of our lives,
because of the sword in the wilderness.
Our skin is black as an oven
from the scorching heat of famine.



WO-MEN are raped in Zi- on, vir- gins in the towns



of Ju- dah. Prin-ces are hung up by their hands; no



re-spect is shown to the el-ders. Young men are com-pelled



to grind and boys stag- ger un-der loads of wood.

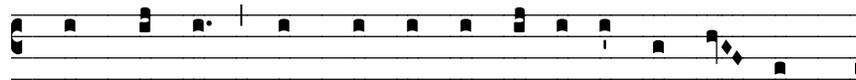
The old men have left the city gate,
the young men their music.
The joy of our hearts has ceased;
our dancing has been turned to mourning.
The crown has fallen from our head;
woe to us, for we have sinned!
Because of this our hearts are sick,
because of these things our eyes have grown dim:
Because of Mount Zion, which lies desolate;
jackals prowl over it.



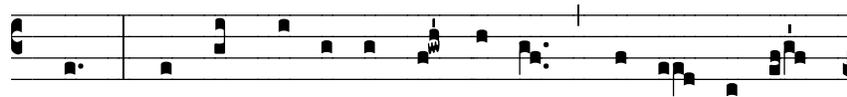
BUT you, O Lord, reign for ev- er; your throne en-dures



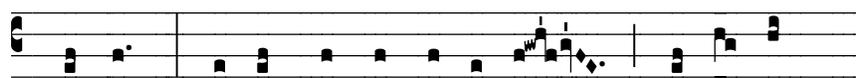
to all gen-er- a-tions. Why have you for-got-ten us



com-plete-ly? Why have you for-sak-en us these man- y



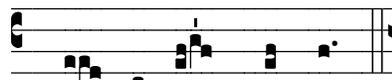
days? Re-store us to your-self, O Lord, that we may be



re-stored; re-new our days as of old — Un-less you



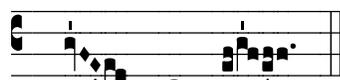
have ut-ter-ly re-ject- ed us and are an- gry with



us be- yond mea- sure.



JE-RU-SA-LEM, Je- ru- sa- lem, turn back to the



Lord, your God.



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