

Tisha B'av
תְּשֻׁעָה בְּאָב



“Renew our days as of old”



**By the waters of Babylon, there we sat and even cried
as we remembered Zion —Psalm 137**

Psalms 137

(1) By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat, sat and wept, as we thought of Zion. (2) There on the poplars we hung up our lyres, (3) for our captors asked us there for songs, our tormentors, for amusement, “Sing us one of the songs of Zion.” (4) How can we sing a song of YHWH on alien soil? (5) If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand wither; (6) let my tongue stick to my palate if I cease to think of you, if I do not keep Jerusalem in memory even at my happiest hour. (7) Remember, YHWH, against the Edomites the day of Jerusalem’s fall; how they cried, “Strip her, strip her to her very foundations!” (8) Fair Babylon, you predator, a blessing on him who repays you in kind what you have inflicted on us; (9) a blessing on him who seizes your babies and dashes them against the rocks!

תהילים קל"ז

(א) עַל נְהַרוֹת אֶבְרָתָא בְּכֹל יָמֵינוּ יִשְׁבְּנוּ גַם-בְּכִינוּ בְּזָכְרֵנוּ אֶת-צִיּוֹן:

(ב) עַל-עַרְבִים בְּתוֹכָהּ תִּלְיֵנוּ כַּנְרוֹתֵינוּ:

(ג) כִּי יִשְׁמְעוּ שְׂאֵלֵנוּ שׁוֹבֵינֵנוּ דְבַר-יְשִׁיר וְתוֹלְלֵנוּ שְׂמִיחָה לְשִׁיר לָנוּ מִשִּׁיר צִיּוֹן:

(ד) אֵיךְ נִשְׁעִיר אֶת-יְשִׁירֵי-הַגֹּיִם עַל אֲדָמַת נֶגֶר:

(ה) אִם-אֲשַׁכְּתֶה יְרוּשָׁלַם תִּשְׁכַּח מִיָּמַי:

(ו) תִּדְבַק-לְשׁוֹנִי לְחִפֵּי אִם-לֹא אֲזַכְּרֶכִי אִם-לֹא אֶעֱלֶה אֶת-יְרוּשָׁלַם עַל רֹאשׁ

שְׂמִיחָתִי:

(ז) זָכַר יְהוָה לְבָנֵי אֱדוֹם אֶת יוֹם יְרוּשָׁלַם הַאֲמָרִים עָרוּ אֶעֱרוּ עַד הַיְסוֹד בָּהּ:

(ח) בַּת-בְּכֹל הַשְׂדוּדָה אֲשֶׁרִי נְשִׂי שְׁלֵם-לָהּ אֶת-גְּמוּלָהּ שְׂגַמְלָתָ לָנוּ:

(ט) אֲשֶׁרִי וְשִׂיחָהּ וְנִפְזָר אֶת-עַלְלֵיהָ אֶל-הַסַּלְעַ:

On Tisha B'Av, we mourn the loss of our sacred space, the Temple in Jerusalem, a loss born out of baseless hatred and senseless destruction. We remember and lament all the tragedies that occurred on this fateful day throughout Jewish history. We collapse time by grieving for old wounds as if they were only just inflicted, and reaching our hands to those who suffered long ago as if they were beside us. As we are reminded by our reading of the Book of Eichah, we must grieve with our fellow human beings not only of time past, but also of the present. Let us expand our grief to include those around the world today who continue to lose that which is sacred to them to forces of violence, destruction and oppression.

They cry out to us from across space:

Do not shut your ear to my groan, to my cry.

Eichah 3:56

As we open our ears to sounds of their weeping, we respond:

My eyes shed streams of water over the ruin of my poor people.

Eichah 3:49

As we widen the source of our grief to include the destruction that continues to take place today, we declare:

Let us search and examine our ways and turn back to YHWH. Let us lift up our hearts with our hands to God in heaven.

Eichah 3:40

And as we open our hearts to others and remind ourselves that we must not only bemoan their suffering but also act to prevent it, we command ourselves:

Arise! Cry out in the night at the beginning of the watches. Pour out your heart like water in the presence of YHWH.

Eichah 2:19

As we mourn for the loss of all that is sacred, may our grief compel us to respond to the suffering of others. May we arise and reach our hands outward. And may we cry out—not only in mourning, but also in an ongoing effort to alleviate pain and destruction across the world.

God Cries

God asks: A mourning king of flesh and blood, what is the way that he mourns? [They said:] He sits and cries. [God said:] Thus shall I do. As it is written, (Isaiah 22:12) "And God, Lord of Hosts, called on that day, for weeping and lamenting
Lamentations Rabbah 1

Midrash teaches in Lamentations Rabbah that the cry of “Eicha?” is not only the sound of our broken hearts; it is the sound of God’s broken heart. God’s heart breaks for human suffering and for the suffering humans cause to each other and the earth. God’s heart breaks at the iniquity we commit and the inequity we permit. God’s heart breaks for us and because of us. We must face, and live with, both sides of this equation.

Tisha B'av Throughout History

Fall of Second Temple 70 CE Quoted from Josephus: The Jewish Wars gen. editor Gaalya Cornfeld

While the Temple was ablaze, the attackers plundered it, and countless people who were caught by them were slaughtered. There was no pity for age and no regard was accorded rank; children and old men, laymen and priests, alike were butchered; every class was pursued and crushed in the grip of war, whether they cried out for mercy or offered resistance. Through the roar of the flames streaming far and wide, the groans of the falling victims were heard; such was the height of the hill and the magnitude of the blazing pile that the entire city seemed to be ablaze; and the noise-nothing more deafening and frightening could be imagined. There were the war cries of the Roman legions as they swept onwards en masse, the yells of the rebels encircled by fire and sword, the panic of the people who, cut off above, fled into the arms of the enemy, and their shrieks as they met their fate. The cries on the hill blended with those of the multitudes in the city below; and now many people who were exhausted and tongue-tied as a result of hunger, when they beheld the Temple on fire, found strength once more to lament and wail. Peraea and the surrounding hills, added their echoes to the deafening din. But more horrifying than the din were the sufferings.

The Temple Mount, every where enveloped in flames, seemed to be boiling over from its base; yet the blood seemed more abundant than the flames and the numbers of the slain greater than those of the slayers. The ground could not be seen anywhere between the corpses; the soldiers climbed over heaps of bodies as they chased the fugitives

First Crusade 1096 CE Quoted from A History of the Jews by A. L. Sachar, 5th Edition, Knopf, 1964, pp. 188-189

The pious orgies began in Lorraine, where the rich fields and the flourishing cities were irresistible bait. In Metz twenty-two Jews were killed, and though the toll of lives was smaller in other communities, innumerable homes were pillaged and destroyed. Early in May the crusaders straggled into Spire, where the Jews had been recently granted new privileges by the authorities. The synagogue was surrounded by a howling mob and but for the sturdy resistance of the worshippers and the quick precautionary measures of the kindly bishop the Jews would have

fares badly. Failure, however, served only to increase the fury of the pilgrims. On May 18, greatly reinforced, they fell upon the Jews of Worms. About eight hundred had fortunately sought safety in the Episcopal palace, but those who remained in their homes were butchered without mercy.

The corpses were stripped and lay naked until the refugees in the palace could smuggle out clothing for the poor mutilated bodies. The following Sunday, despite the protestations of the bishop, the rabble attacked the episcopal palace itself. For two days the besieged resisted, and then those who had not taken their own lives were cut to pieces, for the glory of God. Only a few saved themselves by submitting to baptism. From Worms" the wolves of the forest," as they were called by one Jewish chronicler, moved on to Mayence, whose citizens at once opened the gates and pointed out the Jewish hiding-places. Again the greater number committed suicide, and the rest were massacred....

The dead, numbering about thirteen hundred, were flung, stripped, into ditches, and their property was plundered. One Jew fired the synagogue before killing himself, and the blaze destroyed nearly all of the city. A small number who escaped the notice of the rabble by hiding in the treasury of the cathedral attempted to steal away at midnight, but were soon overtaken and also butchered. In this spirit the crusaders crossed Germany, leaving behind them a trail of plundered homes and broken lives. Perhaps as many as twelve thousand Jews perished in the Rhenish valley in the wild Judenhetze, which lasted for three months. The persecuting zeal of the crusaders was not yet exhausted when they entered Bohemia. Here the Jews had lived in peace, untouched by the currents which affected the lives of their people in other lands. Taking advantage of the absence of the powerful duke, who was fighting a foreign war, the motley horde brought the Prague community into Jewish history by virtually destroying it.

Chmielnicki Massacres 1648-1658 CE Quoted from *A History of the Jews* by A. L. Sachar, 5th Edition, Knopf, 1964, pp. 240-241

By the middle of the seventeenth century even Poland had ceased to be a haven of refuge. The clergy, an austere and intolerant caste, had insinuated themselves into the very heart of political life, and the Jesuits had won complete control of education. The German tradesmen, long a thorn in the side of the Jews, were more powerful and more unscrupulous than ever. Jews continued to serve the nobles as tax-collectors, tax-farmers, financiers, and particularly stewards and overseers of

their estates. But these positions, while adding to their power, increased popular animosity. The peasants, who were being exploited by the nobles, hated the tools of tyranny more than tyranny itself.

The bitterness between classes and creeds was nowhere worse than on the banks of the Dnieper where lived the Zaporozhian Cossacks. These rude frontiersmen, who served as a bulwark against the Tartars and Turks, enjoyed virtual autonomy under an ataman of their own selection. They despised the Poles, who, as Catholics, scorned their Greek Orthodox faith and, as landlords, oppressed them. But their loathing was intensified a hundredfold against the Jews, who lived in large numbers in the Ukraine and were so often the instruments of the nobles' tyranny. In 1648 came the inevitable uprising of the Cossacks. It was led by the Cossack chieftain Bogdan Chmielnicki, one of the outstanding figures of the seventeenth century. Bogdan was brave, resourceful, a natural genius in warfare, but a creature of impulses, a terrifying savage. Not only did he enter the revolt as the champion of his people's rights; he was an offended chieftain seeking vengeance for personal injuries which he had sustained at the hands of Poles and Jews. The Polish squire on whose estate he lived had stolen his hayricks and flogged his infant son to death. Some Jews had apparently spied upon him and involved him in difficulties with the Polish lords. He thirsted for vengeance against all members of the cursed races. Fate threw victims to him. He was able to win victories over the flower of the Polish military forces. As he triumphed, the serfs everywhere rose against their masters. The fury of the revolt was without precedent. Houses and castles were torn stone from stone. Whole villages were uprooted. The Polish gentry were hunted down, burnt, flayed alive, sawed asunder. Catholic priests were hanged to trees together with hogs and Jews.

The Jews died in their tens of thousands after suffering cruelties which have rarely been equalled in all history. Their infants were slit like fishes, their women were ripped open, live cats were let into their bowels, and they were then sewn up again. "Often they did not attain to burial, dogs and swine feeding on their dead bodies." In Tulcin two thousand Jews and six hundred Poles sought to keep off the Cossacks. When resistance became futile, the Jews were betrayed by the Poles and ruthlessly massacred. The Cossacks then cynically slaughtered the traitors as well. The story of Tulcin was repeated everywhere; rape, murder, pillage, in every village, in every town. When Bogdan entered Kiev in triumph in 1649, he at once ordered a general massacre of the great community of Jews who lived there. Fortunate were those who fell into Tartar hands, for they were sold in the markets of Constantinople and were later ransomed by compassionate co-religionists.

In the fall of 1649 the new King of Poland, John Casimir, patched up a truce with Bogdan by which the Cossack leader was recognized as a semi-independent prince. It was part of the convention that Jews were no longer to live in the Cossack districts. For a moment there was a respite for the terrified and broken people. Only for a moment. The civil wars soon flared up again, and the Cossacks began a new series of depredations. Suddenly in 1654 hordes of southern and northern Scythians poured into the country, and next year the Swedes also began their invasions. The new wars" resembled nothing so much as a hideous scramble of ravening beasts and obscene fowls for the dismembered limbs of a headless carcass, for such did Poland seem to all the world before the war was half over." Not until 1658, when Poland had agreed to the most humiliating concessions, did peace come at last.

It is impossible to estimate accurately the toll of these awful years, perhaps the worst in Jewish history since the destruction of national life. (NB this was written in 1930) High estimates say five hundred thousand Jews perished; conservative estimates place the dead at not less than one hundred thousand. Seven hundred Jewish communities were destroyed. Everywhere there was ruin and desolation, and scarcely a family had been spared. For years the Western world was filled with derelicts, as in the dreary days of the Spanish expulsion. The darkness seemed never to lift and Jews turned more and more to the comfort of the Talmud, to the promises of the Cabala, and above all to the pseudo-Messiahs who continued to bring emollient messages from Heaven.)

האי
The Island
Joshua Franklin

איכה
ישבה מְעֻשָּׁנָת הָעִיר בְּתוֹךְ הָאֵי
הִיְתָה כְּתַפּוּחַ הָאֲדָמָה פֹּרְחָה וּפּוֹרְחָה
וּבִסְתָּו הִיָּה וּכְבֵר יֵבֶשׁ מִיָּצוּ וּבִשְׂרָו נִשְׂרָף
כְּאִישׁוֹן עֵין הָאֱלֹהִים אֵינְנוּ

Alas, how she sits smoldering, the City within the island
She was at once like an apple, fruitful and blossoming
But it was fall, and its juice had already dried out, and its flesh scorched
Like the apple (pupil) of God's eye, we were not.

בְּכֹו תִבְכֶּה הָעִיר וְדִמְעָתָהּ אֵין בְּלִחְיָהּ
וְיָרֵד עֶפֶר מִהַשְּׁמַיִם פְּנִיָּהּ מְסוּכָכָה בְּחֹשְׁכָה
אֲמוֹנָתָהּ שְׂבוּרָה כִּשְׂרָאָה רַגְלֶיהָ מְשֻׁתָּקוֹת

The city surly weeps, but there are no tears on her cheek
Ash falls from the sky , her face is covered in a black darkness
Her faith is broken as she sees her legs paralyzed

בְּעָנָן קָשׁוּר אֶל הָהָר הַבֵּיט אֲבֵרָהֶם אֶל מוֹרִיָּה
וְתִצְּקָה הָעִיר לִיהוָה וְלֹא מִצָּאָה אֶת הַשְּׂכִינָה
בְּעִמּוּד אֵשׁ וְעֵשֶׁן גִּילָה דַמְמָה וְתִשְׁמַע צְרָקָהּ
וְתִשְׁפֹּל רוּחַ הָעִיר וְרֵאוֹת יְהוָה חֻבּוּיָהּ

Through a cloud affixed to the mountain, Abraham gazed upon Moriah
But the City scouts for God, and does not find the Dwelling
Through a pillar of fire and smoke, she discovered a still silence, yet heard a
scream
The spirit of the City was brought down, and the view of God was hidden

הַבְּנִינָה מִגְדֻלוֹת הַמְּנַפְצוֹת רַפָּא תִרְפָּא רַגְלֶיהָ
הַשִּׁיב כְּבוֹד אֶל הָעִיר עַל רֹאשׁ הָאֵי עֲטֹר אֶת כְּתָרָהּ

Rebuild oh shattered towers, heal her legs completely
Restore honor to the City, and upon the head of the island adorn her crown

**Prayer for Beloved Souls of Pulse
Nightclub**

By Rabbi Annie Lewis

Eicha. Eicha. Eicha.

How? How? How?

Weeping and lament and outrage

Again and again and again.

Ayeka? Ayeka? Ayeka?

Where are you?

Where are You, yes You, with a capital Y?

Where can we find Your sukkah of peace?

For those who wish only to love

And be loved, and be love.

Eicha.

Ayeka?

Where are you, my child?

I am hiding

in a bathroom stall.

I am playing dead now.

I am bleeding.

I am not alone.

I am gone.

I am with You now.

In Your sukkah of peace.

Eicha. Eicha. Eicha.

Ayeka? Ayeka?

You breathed us into being

Out of love and into love

And there are those

Who would deny

Your holy sparks

Pulsing through

Each being.

Hear us, Adonai

And hold us.

Hold all those who weep

For Brothers, Sisters,

Mothers, Fathers,

Sons, Daughters,

Lovers, Friends,

Gone.

Beautiful queer bodies,

Beautiful brown bodies,

Who came to dance,

Who came to love,

Who came to be free,

49 beautiful souls in search

of sanctuary.

Eicha. Eicha. Eicha.

Envelop them, O God,

In your unending love.

Help us,

Dear God,

We who are still here.

Help us

To weep,

To remember,

To honor them.

Help us

To love all of your children,

Those still here

And those

Whose blood

Cries out from this

Earth we call home.

Help us to mourn.

Eicha.

And help us to heal –

One breath at a time

One heartbeat at a time

One hug at a time.

And when it is time,

Call out to us –

Ayeka?

Where are you?

Help us to act together

For their sake,

For Your sake,

For our own.

Eicha.

Ayeka?

- א** אֵיכָהּ | 1 *Eikhah!* How can it be –
 יִשְׁבָּה בְּדָד
 הָעִיר רַבַּתִּי לְעָם
 הִיְתָה כְּאַלְמָנָה
 רַבַּתִּי בַגּוֹיִם
 שָׁרְתִי בַמְּדִינֹת
 הִיְתָה לְמָס:
ב בְּכוֹ תִבְכֶּה בַלַּיְלָה
 וְדַמְעָתָהּ עַל לַחְיֶיהָ
 אֵין־לָהּ מְנַחֵם
 מִכָּל־אֲהָבֶיהָ
 כָּל־יְרֵעֶיהָ
 בְּגָדוּ בָהּ
 הָיוּ לָהּ לְאִיְבָיִם:
ג גָּלְתָה יְהוּדָה
 מֵעֲנִי וּמֵרַב עֲבֹדָה
 הִיא יֹשְׁבָה בַגּוֹיִם
 לֹא מְצָאָה מְנוּחַ
 כָּל־רֹדְפֶיהָ הַשִּׁיגוּהָ
 בֵּין הַמְצָרִים:
ד דְּרָכֵי צִיּוֹן אֲבֵלוֹת 4 Zion's roads are mourning

1 *Eikhah!* How can it be –
 that she sat alone,
 the city so great / so swelled with people?
 She was like a widow.
 The one great among the nations,
 ministering among the states,
 became a slave caste.
 2 Crying, she will cry in the night,
 her tear upon her cheek
 There is none for her, no comforter,
 from all her lovers.
 All her companions
 played traitor with her.
 They became for her enemies.
 3 She, Judah, was exiled,
 by poverty, and by (so) much hard labor
 She sat among the nations,
 not finding any rest;
 All her pursuers caught up with her
 between the confined places.
 4 Zion's roads are mourning

<p>מִבְּלִי בָּאֵי מוֹעֵד כָּל־שַׁעֲרֶיהָ שׁוֹמְמִין כֹּהֲנֶיהָ נֹאנְחִים בְּתוֹלְתֶיהָ נוֹגֹת וְהִיא מֵר־לָהּ: הָ הָיוּ צָרֶיהָ לְרֹאשׁ אֵיבֵיהָ שְׁלוֹ כִּי־יְהוָה הוֹגָה עַל רַב־פְּשָׁעֶיהָ עוֹלָלֶיהָ הִלְכוּ שְׁבִי לְפָנֵי־צָר: וַיֵּצֵא מִן־בֵּית־צִיּוֹן כָּל־הַדָּרָה הָיוּ שָׂרֶיהָ כְּאֵילִים לֹא־מְצָאוּ מְרֻעָה וַיֵּלְכוּ בְּלֹא־כֹחַ לְפָנֵי רוֹדֵף: ז זָכְרָה יְרוּשָׁלַם יְמֵי עֲנִיָּה וּמְרוֹדֶיהָ כָּל מַחְמֹדֶיהָ אֲשֶׁר הָיוּ מִיְמֵי קָדָם בְּנֶפֶל עַמָּהּ בְּיַד־צָר וְאֵין עֹזֶר לָהּ</p>	<p>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.</p>
--	---

- רְאוּהָ צָרִים
 שִׁחֲקוּ עַל מִשְׁבֶּתֶּהָ:
 ח חָטְאָה חָטְאָה יְרוּשָׁלַיִם
 עַל־כֵּן לְנִידָה הָיְתָה
 כָּל־מְכַבְּדֶיהָ הִזְלִוּהָ
 כִּי־רָאוּ עֲרוֹתָהּ
 גַּם־הִיא נֹאנְחָה
 וַתִּשָׁב אַחֲוָר:
 ט טִמְאַתָּה בְּשׂוּלֶיךָ
 לֹא זָכַרְתָּ אַחֲרֵיתָהּ
 וַתִּנְרַד פְּלִאִים
 אֵין מְנַחֵם לָהּ
 רְאֵה יְהוָה אֶת־עֲנִי
 כִּי הִגְדִּיל אוֹיֵב:
 י יָדוּ פָרֶשׁ זָר
 עַל־כָּל־מְחַמְדֶיהָ
 כִּי־רָאֲתָהּ גּוֹיִם
 בָּאוּ מִקְדְּשָׁהּ
 אֲשֶׁר צִוִּיתָהּ
 לֹא־יָבֹאוּ
 בִקְהָל לָךְ:
 יא כָּל־עַמָּה נֹאנְחִים
 מִבִּקְשִׁים לֶחֶם
- They saw her, her tormentors,
 laughing over her becoming stilled.
 8 Sinning she sinned, Jerusalem.
 For this an outcast / *nidah* she became.
 All who honor her despise her,
 for they saw her nakedness.
 Also her, she is moaning,
 turned around backward.
 9 Her blood / *tum'ah* in her skirts,
 she didn't remember her end after,
 she descended wondrously.
 There is no comforter for her.
 YHVH, see my poverty, my humiliation,
 for an enemy became great.
 10 A foe / Trauma spread out his hand
 over all her precious things;
 She saw other nations
 come within her holy place,
 which you commanded her:
 "They won't come in with
 the community to you."
 11 All her people are moaning
 seeking bread;

נָתַנּוּ מִחֲמוּדֵיהֶם
בְּאֹכֶל לְהַשִּׁיב נַפְשׁ
רֵאֵה יְהוָה

וְהִבִּיטָה כִּי הֵייתִי זוֹלָלָה:

יֵר לֹא אֵלֵיכֶם
כָּל־עֹבְרֵי דַרְךְ
הַבֵּיטוּ וּרְאוּ

אִם־יֵשׁ מִכְאוֹב כְּמִכְאוֹבִי
אֲשֶׁר עוֹלָל לִי
אֲשֶׁר הוֹגֵה יְהוָה
בַּיּוֹם חֲרוֹן אַפּוֹ:

יֵג מִמָּרוֹם שָׁלַח־אֵשׁ בְּעַצְמֹתַי
וַיִּרְדֵּנָה

פָּרַשׁ רֶשֶׁת לְרַגְלִי
הִשְׁבִּיבֵנִי אֲחֹזֵר
נִתְּנִי שְׁמֵמָה
כָּל־הַיּוֹם דָּוָה:

יֵד נִשְׁקָדָה עַל פְּשָׁעַי

בְּיָדוֹ יִשְׁתַּרְגֵּנוּ
עָלוּ עַל־צַוְאָרִי
הִכְשִׁיל כֹּחִי

נִתְּנִי אֲדֹנָי 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.

טו סלה

כָּל-אַבְיָרַי | אֲדֹנָי בְּקִרְבִּי
קָרָא עָלַי מוֹעֵד
לְשֹׁבֵר בַּחֹרֵי
גַּת דְּרֹךְ אֲדֹנָי
לְבַתּוּלַת בֵּת-יְהוּדָה:

15 Adonai spurned
all my mighty warriors within me,
he called out over me a feast
for breaking my boys;
a winepress—Adonai stomped—
for daughter Judah’s girl.

טז עַל-אַלְהָה | אָנֹכִי בּוֹכֶיָה
עֵינַי | עֵינַי יִרְדֶּה מַיִם
כִּי-רָחַק מִמֶּנִּי מְנַחֵם
מִשֵּׁיב נַפְשִׁי
הָיוּ בְנֵי שׁוֹמְמִים
כִּי גָבַר אוֹיֵב:

16 Over these, I am crying;
My eye, my eye, she drops water.
For so far from me is any comforter,
a restorer for my life.
My children were decimated,
for an enemy overwhelmed / triumphed.

יז פִּרְשָׁה צִיּוֹן בְּיָדֶיהָ
אֵין מְנַחֵם לָהּ
צָוָה יְהוָה לְיַעֲקֹב
סָבִיבּוֹ צָרָיו
הִיטָה יְרוּשָׁלַם
לְנִדָּה בֵּינֵיהֶם:

17 Zion spread out with her hands,
there is no comforter for her.
YHVH commanded for Jacob,
surrounding him, his tormentors.
Jerusalem became
outcast / *nidah* between them.

יח צַדִּיק הוּא יְהוָה
כִּי פִּיהוּ מָרִיתִי
שְׁמְעוּ-נָא כָּל-הָעַמִּים
וּרְאוּ מַכְאֲבִי
בְּתוּלָתִי וּבַחֹרֵי

18 Righteous is YHVH,
for his mouth I rebelled (against).
Listen, please – all peoples –
and see my pain!
My girls and my boys

הִלְכוּ בַשָּׁבִי:	walked captive / into captivity.
יֹט קָרָאתִי לְמֵאֲהָבִי	19 I called to my lovers.
הִנָּמָה רְמוּנֵי	Those deceived me.
כֹּהֲנֵי וְזִקְנֵי	My priests, and my elders,
בְּעִיר גּוֹעִו	they wasted away in the city,
כִּי־בִקְשׁוּ אֹכֶל לָמוֹ	seeking food for them,
וַיָּשִׁיבוּ אֶת־נַפְשָׁם:	and to bring back their life.
כִּי רָאָה יְהוָה כִּי־צָר־לִי	20 See YHVH – for mine is torment,
מֵעֵי חֲמֵרִמְרוֹ	my guts were churning,
נִהְפָּךְ לִבִּי בְקֶרְבִּי	my heart overturned within me,
כִּי מָרוּ מְרִיתִי	for rebelling I rebelled.
מִחוּץ שֶׁכְּלָה־חֶרֶב	From outside sword striking down;
בַּבַּיִת כַּמּוֹת:	In the house, like death itself.
כִּי שָׁמְעוּ כִּי נִאֲנַחָה אֲנִי	21 They listened. I am moaning,
אֵין מְנַחֵם לִי	there is no comforter for me.
כָּל־אֵיבֵי שָׁמְעוּ רָעָתִי	All my enemies listened for my evil doom.
לָשׁוּ כִּי אַתָּה עָשִׂיתָ	They rejoiced, for you did it,
הַבֵּאתָ יוֹם־קָרָאתָ	you brought the day you called for –
וַיְהִיו כְּמוֹנֵי:	and they will be(come) like me.
כִּי תָבֵא כָל־רָעָתְךָ לְפָנָיִךְ	22 All their evil will come before you
וְעוֹלָל לָמוֹ	Treat them
כַּאֲשֶׁר עוֹלָלְתָּ לִּי	like you treated me
עַל כָּל־פְּשָׁעַי	for all my sins.

כִּי־רַבּוֹת אֲנַחֲתִי
וְלִבִּי דָוָי:

For so much are my sighs,
and my heart is sickened.

CHAPTER 2

- א אֵיכָהּ | 1 *Eikhah!* How can it be!
יַעֲיִב בְּאַפּוֹ | In his anger
אֲדַנִּי אֶת־בֵּת־צִיּוֹן | *Adonai* darkened daughter Zion.
הִשְׁלִיךְ מִשָּׁמַיִם אֶרֶץ | He cast down, from skies (to) earth,
תְּפִאֲרַת יִשְׂרָאֵל | Israel's glory,
וְלֹא־זָכַר | and didn't remember
הַדָּם־רַגְלָיו | his foot's resting place
בְּיוֹם אַפּוֹ: | in his day of anger.
- ב בָּלַע אֲדֹנָי | 2 *Adonai* devoured
לֹא חַמֵּל | —he had no pity—
אֵת כָּל־נְאוֹת יַעֲקֹב | all of Jacob's pastures.
הָרַס בְּעִבְרָתוֹ | He tore down with his burning
מִבְצָרֵי־בֵת־יְהוּדָה | daughter Judah's fortifications;
הִגִּיעַ לָאָרֶץ | he reached to the very ground.
חָלַל מַמְלָכָה וְשָׂרֶיהָ: | He violated kingdom and her ministers.
- ג גָּדַע בְּחַר־אַף | 3 With ferocious anger he hacked off
כָּל קַרְנוֹ יִשְׂרָאֵל | all of Israel's horn.
הִשִּׁיב אֶחָזֵר יְמִינוֹ | He turned his right hand backward

מִפְּנֵי אֹיֵב	before the enemy.
וַיִּבְעַר בִּיעֶקֶב כְּאֵשׁ לִהְבֶּה	Burning into Jacob, like fire flaming
אֶכְלָה סָבִיב:	consuming (all) around.
ד דָּרַךְ קִשְׁתּוֹ כְּאֹיֵב	4 He worked his bow like an enemy,
נִצָּב יְמִינוֹ	he stood his right hand firm
כְּצָר	as a foe / a tormentor
וַיַּהַלֵּג כָּל	and he murdered everything
מִחַמְדֵי-עֵין	precious to the eye;
בְּאֹהֶל בַּת-צִיּוֹן	In daughter Zion's tent
שָׁפַךְ כְּאֵשׁ חַמָּתּוֹ:	he poured out his wrath like fire.
ה הָיָה אֲדֹנָי כְּאֹיֵב	5 Adonai was like an enemy;
בִּלְעַיִשׂרָאֵל	he devoured Israel.
בִּלְעַל כָּל-אַרְמְנוֹתֶיהָ	He devoured all her citadels,
שִׁחַת מִבְּצָרָיו	undermined his fortifications;
וַיִּרְבֵּב בְּבַת-יְהוּדָה	And he multiplied in daughter Zion
תְּאֲנִיָּה וְאֲנִיָּה:	grief and groaning.
ו וַיִּחַמֵּס כַּגֵּן שִׁכּוֹ	6 Like a garden, he tore apart his sukkah,
שִׁחַת מוֹעֲדוֹ	he destroyed his feast.
שִׁבְחַת יְהוָה בְּצִיּוֹן	YHVH caused Shabbat and festival
מוֹעֵד וּשְׁבֹת	to be forgotten in Zion,
וַיִּנְאַץ בְּזַעַם-אַפּוֹ מֶלֶךְ וְכֹהֵן:	by the rage of his anger, king and priest.
ז זָנַח אֲדֹנָי מִזְבְּחוֹ	7 Adonai abhorred his altar,
נִאָּר מִקְדָּשׁוֹ	disdained his holy place.

<p>הִסְגִּיר בְּיַד-אֹיֵב חֹמֹת אֲרָמְנוֹתֶיהָ קוֹל נָתַנּוּ בְּבֵית-יְהוָה כְּיוֹם מוֹעֵד:</p>	<p>He turned over to an enemy's hand the walls of her citadels. They gave a shout in YHVH's house like a festival day.</p>
<p>ח חֲשַׁב יְהוָה לְהַשְׁחִית חֹמַת בַּת-צִיּוֹן נָטָה קוֹ לֹא-הֵשִׁיב יָדוֹ מִבִּלְעַ וַיֵּאבֶל-חַל וְחֹמָה יַחַדוּ אֲמָלְלוּ:</p>	<p>8 YHVH determined to ruin daughter Zion's wall. He stretched a line, he didn't turn his hand back from swallowing up, and he made rampart and wall, mourn together, wretched.</p>
<p>ט טָבְעוּ בָאָרֶץ שְׁעָרֶיהָ אֲבַד וְשֹׁבַר בְּרִיחֶיהָ מִלְכָּה וְשָׂרֶיהָ בַּגּוֹיִם אֵין תּוֹרָה גַּם-נְבִיאֶיהָ לֹא-מָצְאוּ חֲזוֹן מִיְהוָה:</p>	<p>9 They drowned in the earth, her gates. He smashed and broke her bars. Her king and her ministers in the nations, there is no Torah / no teaching. Also her prophets, They found no vision from YHVH.</p>
<p>י יִשְׁבוּ לָאָרֶץ יְדָמוּ זָקְנֵי בַת-צִיּוֹן הֶעֱלוּ עָפָר עַל-רֹאשָׁם חָגְרוּ שַׁקִּים הוֹרִידוּ לָאָרֶץ רֹאשָׁן בְּתוֹלַת יְרוּשָׁלַם:</p>	<p>10 They sat down to the earth, silenced, daughter Zion's elders, they lifted dust over their head, tied on sackcloth. They let their head down to the earth, Jerusalem's girls.</p>

- יֵאָזְנוּ כָּל־עֵינַי
 חֲמַרְמְרוּ מֵעַי
 נִשְׁפָּף לְאָרֶץ כְּבִדִי
 עַל־שֹׁבֵר
 בֵּת־עַמִּי
 בַּעֲטָף עוֹלָל וַיִּזְנֶק בְּרַחֲבוֹת
 קִרְיָהּ:
- 11 My eyes were used up by the tears,
 my guts churned up,
 my organs poured out to the ground
 over the shattering of
 my daughter people,
 with the *exhaustion of babe and *infant
 in city squares.
- יֵבֶר לְאִמָּתָם יֵאמְרוּ
 אַיֵּה דָגָן וַיַּיֵּן
 בְּהִתְעַטְּפָם
 כְּחֶלֶל בְּרַחֲבוֹת
 לְעִיר בְּהִשְׁתַּפֵּף נַפְשָׁם
 אֶל־חֵיק אִמָּתָם:
- 12 To their mothers they would say,
 “Where is grain and wine?”,
 stretching themselves out,
 like a corpse, in city streets,
 with their life force pouring out
 onto their mothers’ chest.
- יִגְמָה־אֶעֱיִדָּךְ
 מָה אֲדַמָּה־לָּךְ
 הַבַּת יְרוּשָׁלַיִם
 מָה אֲשׁוּהָ־לָּךְ
 וְאֲנַחֲמָךְ
 בַּת־זִיּוֹן
 כִּי־גָדוֹל כַּיָּם
 שִׁבְרָךְ
 מִי יִרְפָּא־לָּךְ:
- 13 What can I make testify?
 What will I liken to you?
 O daughter Jerusalem!
 What can I compare to you
 (that) I may comfort you,
 daughter Zion’s girl?
 For great, like the sea,
 is your shattering
 – who will bring healing to you?
- יִדְּ נְבִיאֶיךָ חָזוּ לָּךְ
- 14 For you did your prophets envision

שׁוֹא וְתַפֵּל
 וְלֹא-גָלוּ עַל-עֲוֹנֶךָ
 לְהַשִּׁיב שְׁבוּתֶךָ
 וַיַּחֲזוּ לָךְ
 מִשְׂאוֹת שׁוֹא וּמַדּוּחִים:
 טו סָפְקוּ עָלֶיךָ כַּפַּיִם
 כָּל-עַבְרֵי דָרֶךְ
 שָׁרְקוּ וַיִּנְעוּ רֹאשֵׁם
 עַל-בֵּת יְרוּשָׁלַם
 הַזֹּאת
 הָעִיר שֶׁאָמְרוּ
 כְּלִילַת לִפְי
 מִשׁוֹשׁ לְכָל-הָאָרֶץ:
 טז פָּצוּ עָלֶיךָ פִּיהֶם
 כָּל-אֹיְבֶיךָ
 שָׁרְקוּ וַיִּחְרְקוּ-שֵׁן
 אָמְרוּ בְּלִעְנֵנוּ
 אַךְ יָהּ הַיּוֹם שֶׁקִּוִּינָהוּ
 מִצָּאֵנוּ רְאִינוּ:
 יז עָשָׂה יְהוָה אֲשֶׁר זָמַם
 בְּצַע אָמְרָתוֹ
 אֲשֶׁר צִוָּה מִימֵי-קֶדֶם
 הָרַס וְלֹא חָמַל

deception, and irrelevance,
 revealing nothing for your wrong
 to turn back your destiny / your captivity,
 and they envisioned for you
 a burden of deceit and dejections.

15 They struck their hands over you,
 all who passed on the road,
 they hissed and they shook their head
 over daughter Jerusalem:
 “Is this it?
 The city they said (was)
 beauty’s completion,
 joy’s source for all the earth?”

16 They crack open their mouth over you,
 all your enemies.
 They hissed, gritting teeth.
 They said: We swallowed;
Akh! This day that we hoped for,
 we found, we saw!

17 YHVH did what he conspired;
 He pushed through his saying
 which he commanded from early days.
 He tore down and showed no pity.

וַיִּשְׂמַח עֲלֶיךָ אוֹיֵב	He made an enemy rejoice over you;
יְהָרִים קַרְנֵי צְרָרֶיךָ:	your tormentors' horn was exalted.
יח צַעַק לִבָּם אֶל-אֲדֹנָי	18 Their heart screamed out to Adonai.
חוֹמַת בֵּת-צִיּוֹן	Wall of daughter Zion,
הוֹרִידִי כַנְחָל דְּמָעָה	let down a tear like a torrent,
יוֹמָם וְלַיְלָה	day and night.
אַל-תִּתְּנֵי פּוּגַת לֶךְ	Don't give yourself any break;
אַל-תִּתְּלִם בֵּת-עֵינֶיךָ:	Don't let your daughter eye fall silent.
יט קוּמִי רְנִי בַלַּיְלָה	19 Get up! Sing out in the night
לְרֹאשׁ אֲשֻׁמְרוֹת	to the first of the nightwatches:
שִׁפְכֵי כַמַּיִם לְבָרֶךְ	Pour out your heart like water
נֹכַח פְּנֵי אֲדֹנָי	right before Adonai!
שִׂאֵי אֲלֵיו כַּפְּיֶךָ	Lift your palms toward him –
עַל-נַפְשׁ עוֹלְלֶיךָ	for the life of your babies
הָעֲטוּפִים בְּרָעַב	stretched out by famine
בְּרֹאשׁ כָּל-חוּצוֹת:	at every street head!
כ רְאֵה יְהוָה וְהִבִּיטָה	20 See YHVH and look:
לְמִי עוֹלְלָת כָּה	Whom did you treat like this?
אִם-תֹּאכְלֶנָּה נְשִׁים פְּרִיָם	If women will eat their fruit,
עַלְלֵי טַפְחִים	nursing*** babies –;
אִם-יִהְרַג בְּמִקְדָּשׁ אֲדֹנָי	If priest and prophet are murdered
כִּהֵן וְנָבִיא:	in Adonai's holy place –!
כז שָׁכְבוּ לָאָרֶץ חוּצוֹת	21 Laid down to the earth (in the) streets,

נָעַר וְזָקֵן	young and old,
בְּתוֹלְתַי וּבְחֹרַי	my girls and my boys,
נִפְּלוּ בַחֶרֶב	they fell by sword;
הֲרַגְתָּ בַיּוֹם אַפְּךָ	You murdered in the day of your anger.
טַבַּחְתָּ לֹא חַמְלָתָּ:	You slaughtered, you had no pity.
כִּי תִקְרָא כַּיּוֹם מוֹעֵד	22 You would call, like a festival day,
מִגּוֹרֵי מְסָבִיב	(for) my neighbors from all around;
וְלֹא הָיָה בַיּוֹם אֶף-יְהוָה	and (so) in YHVH's day of anger
פָּלִיט וְשָׂרִיד	there weren't any escaped or remaining
אֲשֶׁר-טַפַּחְתִּי וְרַבִּיתִי	which I had nursed and raised –
אִבִּי כֻלָּם:	my enemy finished them all.

CHAPTER 3

[Moffat transl. begins here.]

אֲנִי הַגֶּבֶר רָאָה עֲנִי	1 I am the man who has suffered
בְּשֵׁבֶט עֲבָרְתּוֹ:	under the rod of his anger:
בְּאוֹתֵי נְהַג וַיִּלְךְ	2 I am the man he has been leading
חֹשֶׁךְ וְלֹא-אֹר:	on a dark, unlighted road;
גַּאֲךָ בִּי יִשָּׁב יַהֲפֹךְ יָדוֹ	3 he has baffled me over and again,
כָּל-הַיּוֹם:	all the day long;
דְּבָלָה בְּשָׂרִי וְעוֹרִי	4 he has worn away my skin and flesh,
שִׁבְרַת עֲצָמוֹתַי:	and broken my bones;

- ה בָּנָה עָלַי וַיִּקְרָה
לֵאשׁ וּתְלָאָה: 5 he has piled troubles up against me,
right round my head;
- וּ בְּמַחְשָׁכִים הוֹשִׁיבָנִי
כְּמֵתֵי עוֹלָם: 6 he has made me dwell in the dark,
like those long dead;
- ז גָּדַר בְּעֵדֵי
וְלֹא יֵצֵא
הַכְּבִיד נִחְשָׁתִי: 7 he has walled me round,
till I cannot go out,
He has loaded me with chains;
- ח גַּם כִּי אֶזְעַק וַיֹּאשׁוּעַ
שָׁתֵם תְּפִלָּתִי: 8 and when I fain would cry for help,
He stops my prayer;
- ט גָּדַר דְּרָכִי בְּגִזִּית
נְתִיבֹתַי עִוָּה: 9 He blocks my way with boulders,
till my course is twisted;
- י נָלַב אֲרֵב הוּא לִי
אֲרִי בְּמִסְתָּרִים: 10 He lurks for me like a bear,
like a lion in ambush;
- יא יָאֵץ דְּרָכִי סוּרָר וַיִּפְשָׁחֲנִי
שָׁמְנֵי שָׁמָם: 11 He has chased and mangled me
and left me all forlorn;
- יב דָּרַךְ קִשְׁתּוֹ
וַיַּצִּיבָנִי כַּמִּטְרָא לְחֵץ: 12 He has bent his bow
and made me target for his arrows;
- יג הִבִּיא בְּכִלְיוֹתַי
בְּנֵי אֲשָׁפְתוֹ: 13 he has driven his shafts home,
right into me;
- יד הֵייתִי שְׁחָק לְכָל-עַמִּי 14 I am the butt of all nations,

נְגִינַתְּם כָּל-הַיּוֹם: burden of their satire all day long.
 טו הַשְּׂבִיעַנִי בַמְרוֹרִים 15 He has filled me up with bitter herbs,
 הַרוֹנֵי לַעֲנָה: and sated me with wormwood;

טז וַיִּגְרַם בְּחֻצֵי שָׁנִי 16 He has broken my teeth with gravel,
 הַכִּפִּישָׁנִי בְּאַפָּר: and covered me with ashes.

יז וַתִּזְנַח מִשְׁלוֹם נַפְשִׁי 17 He has bereft me of all bliss,
 נָשִׁיתִי טוֹבָה: I forget what it is to prosper,

יח וָאָמַר אֲבַד נִצְחִי 18 I said, “My strength is gone,
 וַתִּוְחַלְתִּי מִיְהוָה: and my hope in the Eternal / YHVH!”

יט זְכַר-עֲנִי וּמְרוֹדֵי 19 The thought of my stress and scattering
 לַעֲנָה וְרֹאשׁ: is bitter gall to me;

כ זָכוֹר תִּזְכּוֹר 20 my soul is always thinking of it,
 וַתִּשׁוּחַ עָלַי נַפְשִׁי: and is crushed within me.

כא זָאת אֲשִׁיב אֶל-לִבִּי 21 But I will call to mind,
 עַל-כֵּן אוֹחִיל: to give me hope,

כב חַסְדֵי יְהוָה כִּי לֹא-תִמְנוּ 22 that the Eternal’s love is lasting,
 כִּי לֹא-כָלוּ רַחֲמָיו: and will never fail.

כג חֲדָשִׁים לְבֹקְרִים 23 Fresh every morning is your kindness,
 רַבָּה אֱמוּנָתְךָ: great is your faithfulness!

כד חֶלְקִי יְהוָה 24 The Eternal is my allotted share,

אֶמְרָה נַפְשִׁי
עַל-כֵּן אֶחְיֶה לוֹ:

I say,
therefore I will hope in him.

כֹּה טוֹב יְהוָה
לְקַוֵּי
לְנַפֵּשׁ תְּדַרְשֵׁנוּ:

25 The Eternal is good
to those who wait for him,
to a soul that seeks him.

כֵּן טוֹב וַיְחַיֵּל וְדוֹמָם
לְתַשׁוּעַת יְהוָה:

26 It is good to wait in silence
for the help of the Eternal;

כִּי טוֹב לְגֹבֵר
כִּי-יִשָּׂא עַל
בְּנַעֲוֵרָיו:

27 it is good for a man
to bear without a word
the rebuke of the Eternal;

כִּי יֵשֵׁב בְּדַד וַיִּלֵּם
כִּי נָטַל עָלָיו:

28 Let him sit alone in silence,
since it is the Eternal's hand;

כִּי יִתֵּן בְּעָפָר פִּיָּהוּ
אוֹלֵי יֵשׁ תִּקְוָה:

29 let him lay his lips to the dust –
there may be hope for him;

כִּי יִתֵּן לְמַכֵּהוּ לְחֵי
יִשָּׁבַע בְּחַרְפָּה:

30 let him offer his cheek to the striker,
and suffer all taunts.

לֹא כִּי לֹא יִזְנֹחַ
לְעוֹלָם אֲדֹנָי:

31 For the Lord will not always
discard life;

לֹב כִּי אִם-הוֹגָה וְרַחֵם
כִּרְבַּב חַסְדָּיו:

32 he wounds, but he has pity,
so rich is his love;

לֹג כִּי לֹא עֲנָה מִלְּבוֹ
וַיִּגָּה בְּנֵי-אִישׁ: 33 he is loathe to cause pain
to grieve the sons of men.

לֹד לְדַכְּאֵל תַּחַת רַגְלָיו
כָּל אֲסִירֵי אָרֶץ: 34 When a whole people is taken
prisoner and downtrodden,

לֵה לְהַטּוֹת 35 when a man

מִשְׁפָּט-גֹּבֵר
is deprived of his rights,

נִגְדַד פְּנֵי עֲלִיוֹן: 36 when a person does not get justice,
under the eyes of the Most High,

לֹו לְעֹוֹת אָדָם בְּרִיבוֹ
אֵלֵנִי לֹא רָאָה: 36 when a person does not get justice,
does the Lord not see it?

לֹז מִי יִגַּה אֲמַר וַתְּהִי
אֵלֵנִי לֹא צִוָּה: 37 Who can carry out his will,
unless it is the Lord's order?

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

לֹט מִה-יִתְאוּנֻן אָדָם חִי
גֹבֵר עַל-חַטָּאָיו: 39 Then why should mortal men complain,
when they are punished for their sins?

מ נַחֲפָשָׂה דְרַכֵּינוּ וְנַחֲקֹרָה
וְנִשׁוּבָה עַד-יְהוָה: 40 Let us scan and search our lives,
let us return to the Eternal,

מֵאֵל נִשָּׂא לְבַבֵּנוּ אֶל-כַּפָּיִם
אֶל-אֵל בַּשָּׁמַיִם: 41 lifting our hearts up with our hands
to God in heaven;

מֵב נַחֲנוּ פִשְׁעֵנוּ וּמְרִינוּ 42 The sin is ours, we have rebelled,

אתָּה לֹא סָלַחְתָּ: and you – you have not pardoned;

מִגַּם סָכַתָּה בְּאַף וַתִּרְדְּ פָּנָיו 43 You have veiled your face in anger,
וַתִּרְדְּ פָּנָיו pursuing us,
הֲרַגְתָּ לֹא חַמְלַתָּ: killing without pity;

מִדְּ סָכַתָּה 44 you have covered
בְּעָנָן לְךָ yourself with a cloud
מִיְעֲבוֹר תְּפִלָּה: no prayer can pierce;

מֵחַ סָחִי וּמְאוֹס 45 you have made us
תְּשִׁימֵנו mere scum and refuse
בְּקֶרֶב הָעַמִּים: in the world.

מִן פָּצוּ עֲלֵינוּ פִּיהֶם 46 Our foes all yell
כָּל-אִיְבָנֵינוּ: against us;

מִזֶּ פָּחַד וּפְחַת הָיָה לָנוּ 47 dismay and destruction befall us,
הַשָּׂאת וְהַשְׁבֵּר: ravage and ruin.

מִחַ פִּלְגֵי-מַיִם תִּרְדַּ עֵינַי 48 Tears are flooding from my eyes
עַל-שָׁבֵר בֵּת-עַמִּי: for the ruin of my people;

(Next three verses reordered in English by transl.)

מִטַּ עֵינַי נִגְרָה וְלֹא תִדְמָה 51 my eyes are sore with sorrow
מֵאֵין הַפְּגוֹת: for all the woes of my city;

וְעַד-יִשְׁקִיף 49 my eyes stream without ceasing,
וְיָרָא יְהוָה מִשָּׁמַיִם: without rest,

נא עיני עוללה לנפשי
מכל בנות עירי: 50 till the Eternal will look down
from heaven above.

נב צוד צדוני כצפור
איבי חנם: 52 They have hunted me like a bird,
with no reason for their hate;

נג צמתו
בבור תי 53 they dropped me
to die in a dungeon,

וידו-אבן בי: 53 they dropped me
flinging stones at me;

נד צפו-מים על-ראשי
אמרתני נגזרתני: 54 waters flowed over my head,
“I am lost,” I said.

נה קראתי שמד יהוה מבור
תחתיות: 55 From the depth of the dungeon
I called, O Eternal, to you;

נו קולי שמעת 56 you did hear me crying

אל-תעלם אזנך
לרוחתי לשועתי: “Give ear, don’t hide
from my plea and cry”;

נז קרבת ביום אקראך אמרת
אל-תירא: x57 you came at my call,
bidding me, “Fear not.”

נח רבת אדני ריבי נפשי
גאלת חיי: 58 O Lord, you did take my part
and save my life.

נט ראיתה יהוה עונותי
שפטתה משפטי: 59 And now you see my wrongs;
Oh vindicate me!

ס רְאִיתָהּ כָּל-נִקְמָתָם 60 You have seen all the revenge
כָּל-מַחְשַׁבְתָּם לִי: they have plotted against me.

סא שָׁמַעְתָּ חַרְפָּתָם יְהוָה 61 You have heard all the insults
כָּל-מַחְשַׁבְתָּם עָלַי: they plotted against me,

סב שִׁפְתַי קָמִי וְהִגִּיזוּם עָלַי 62 the talk of the ones who attack me,
כָּל-הַיּוֹם: their muttering all the day long.

סג שְׁבַתְּם וְקִימְתָם הַבִּיטָה 63 Look at them, sitting or rising –
אֲנִי מִנְגִּינְתָם I am the burden of their satire!

סד תִּשְׁיב לָהֶם גְּמוּל יְהוָה 64 You will requite them, O Eternal,
כְּמַעֲשֵׂה יְדֵיהֶם: for all they have done;

סה תִּתֵּן לָהֶם מְגִנַת-לֵב 65 you will blind their vision –
תִּאֲלַתֶּךָ לָהֶם: your curse be upon them!

סו תִּרְדֵּף בְּאַף 66 You will chase them angrily,
וּתִשְׁמִידֵם and crush them

מִתַּחַת שָׁמַי יְהוָה: out of life.

CHAPTER 4

א אֵיכָה 1 *Eikhah!* Ah!

יֹעַם זָהָב how the gold is dimmed,

יִשְׁנָא הַכֶּתֶם הַטּוֹב how changed the gold so pure!

תִּשְׁתַּפְּכֶנָּה אַבְנֵי-קֹדֶשׁ the sacred gems are scattered

- בְּרֹאשׁ כָּל-חֻצוֹת:
 בַּבְּנֵי צִיּוֹן הַיְקָרִים
 הַמְּסֻלָּאִים בַּפֶּז
 אֵיכָה נִחְשְׁבוּ לְנִבְלֵי-חָרֶשׁ
 מִעֲשֵׂה יַדֵּי יוֹצֵר:
 גַּם-תַּנִּים חָלְצוּ שֵׁד
 הַיְנִיקוּ גֹוֵרֵי־הֶן
 בַּת-עַמִּי לְאַכְזָר
 כַּיַּעֲנִים בַּמִּדְבָּר:
 דְּדָבַק לְשׁוֹן יוֹנֵק
 אֶל-חִכּוֹ בַצָּמָא
 עוֹלְלִים שְׁאֵלוּ לֶחֶם
 פֶּרֶשׁ אֵינן לָהֶם:
 הֵם הָאֲכָלִים לְמַעַד־נִים
 נִשְׁמָו בַּחֻצוֹת
 הָאֲמִנִים עָלַי תוֹלְעֵ
 חִבְּקוּ אֲשַׁפְּתוֹת:
 וַיִּגְדַּל עֲוֹן בַּת-עַמִּי
 מִחַטָּאת סֹדֶם
 הַהִפּוּכָה כְּמוֹ-רֹגַע
 וְלֹא-חָלוּ בָּהּ יָדַיִם:
 זָכָו נְזִירֵיהָ
 מִשֶּׁלֶג
- over every street;
 2 the priceless sons of Zion,
 worth their weight in gold,
 count no more than crockery,
 mere pots of clay!
 3 Even jackals give the breast
 and suckle their whelps;
 but the women of my people are cruel
 as the ostrich wild;
 4 For the tongue of the nursling cleaves
 for thirst to the roof of its mouth,
 the children beg for food,
 and no one gives it.
 5 Those who fared on dainties
 rot upon the street;
 those who lay on scarlet rugs
 huddle on an ash-heap.
 6 The guilt of my people was greater
 than even the sin of Sodom,
 Sodom that fell in a flash,
 before any could wring his hands.
 7 Her headmen were brighter
 than snow,

- צָחוּ מִחֶלֶב
 אֲדָמוּ לְעֵצִים מִפְּנֵינִים
 סִפִּיר גִּזְרָתָם:
- ח חָשֵׁן מִשְׁחֹרֶה 8 and now they look
 תִּאֲרָם
 לֹא נִכְרוּ בַּחוּצוֹת
 צָפַד עוֹרָם עַל-עֲצָמָם
 יֶבֶשׁ הָיָה כָּעֵץ:
- ט טוֹבִים הָיוּ חֲלִי-חָרֵב 9 Better to die by the sword
 מִחֲלִי רָעִב
 שָׁהָם יוֹבוּ מִדְּקָרִים
 מִתְּנוּבַת שָׂדֵי:
- י יְדֵי נָשִׁים רַחֲמָנִיּוֹת 10 The hands of tender women
 בָּשְׁלוּ יְלֵדֵיהֶן
 הָיוּ לְבָרוֹת לָמוֹ
 בְּשֶׁבֶר בַּת-עַמִּי:
- יא יֵאֵל כָּלָה יְהוָה אֶת-חֲמָתוֹ 11 The Eternal has carried out his fury,
 שָׂפַד חֲרוֹן אַפּוֹ
 וַיִּצֵּת אֵשׁ בְּצִיּוֹן
 וַתֹּאכַל יְסוּדֵתֶיהָ:
- יב לֹא הָאֱמִינוּ מַלְכֵי-אֲרָץ 12 None could believe, no king,
 כֹּל יֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֶל
 כִּי יבֹא צָר וְאוֹיֵב

- בְּשַׁעְרֵי יְרוּשָׁלַם: inside Jerusalem.
- יג מִחַטָּאת נְבִיאֶיהָ 13 It was all for the sin of her prophets,
עֲוֹנוֹת כֹּהֲנֶיהָ for the crime of her priests,
הַשֹּׁפְכִים בְּקִרְבָּהּ who shed in her
דָּם צְדִיקִים: the blood of the just.
- יד נָעוּ עֹרִים בְּחֹצוֹת 14 Now, stained with blood,
נִגְאָלוּ בָדָם they wander blindly about the streets,
בְּלֹא יוֹכְלוּ יִגְעוּ בְּלִבְשֵׁיהֶם: brushing against men they once avoided.
- טו סִוְרוּ טִמְאָה 15 “Begone! You are unclean!”
קָרְאוּ לָמוֹ men shout at them,
סִוְרוּ אֶל־תִּגְעוּ “Begone! Avoid us.”
כִּי נָצוּ גַם־נָעוּ So they stagger and wander,
אָמְרוּ בַגּוֹיִם לֹא יוֹסִיפוּ לָגוּר: finding no more shelter abroad.
- טז פָּנֵי יְהוָה 16 The Eternal himself
חֲלָקָם has scattered them,
לֹא יוֹסִיף לְהַבִּיטָם caring no more for them,
פָּנֵי כֹהֲנִים לֹא נִשְׂאוּ disregarding the priests,
וּזְקֵנִים לֹא חָנְנוּ: and heedless of the prophets.
- יז עֵינֵינוּ תִכְלִינָה עֵינֵינוּ 17 Our eyes are strained and failing,
אֶל־עֲזָרָתָנוּ הֶבֶל as we look for aid, empty of hope;
בְּצַפִּיתָנוּ צָפִינוּ אֶל־גּוֹי watching for a nation
לֹא יוֹשֶׁעַ: that never brought salvation.
- יח צָדוּ צָעֲדֵינוּ 18 Foes dog our steps,

מִלְכֶּת בְּרַחֲבֵינֹו
 קָרַב קִצֵּינוּ מֵלֹא יָמֵינוּ
 כִּי־בָא קִצֵּינוּ:
 יט קָלִים הָיוּ רֹדְפֵינוּ
 מִנְּשָׂרַי שָׁמַיִם
 עַל־הַהַרִים הִלְקֵנוּ
 בַּמִּדְבָּר אָרְבוּ לָנוּ:
 כ רֹחַ אֵפִינוּ מְשִׁיחַ יְהוָה
 נִלְכַּד בְּשַׁחֲתוֹתָם
 אֲשֶׁר אָמַרְנוּ בְּצִלּוֹ
 נַחֲיָה בְּגוֹיִם:

כא שִׂישִׁי וְשִׂמְחֵי בֵּת־אֱלֹהִים
 יוֹשֶׁבֶת בְּאֶרֶץ עֹז
 גַּם־עֲלֶיךָ תִּעָבֶר־כּוֹס
 תִּשְׁכָּרִי וְתִתְעַרְרִי:
 כב תִּם־עֹנֶיךָ בֵּת־צִיּוֹן
 לֹא יוֹסִיף לְהִגְלוֹתְךָ
 פִּקֹּד עֹנֶיךָ
 בֵּת־אֱלֹהִים
 גִּלְיָה עַל־חַטֹּאתֶיךָ:

till we dare not walk in the street,
 our days are numbered and over,
 for our end has come.

19 More swift were our pursuers
 than eagles of the air,
 hunting us over the hills,
 ambushing us on the wilds;
 20 They trapped the king, the Eternal's
 choice, breath of our lives,
 of whom we said, "Under his reign
 we shall hold out among the nations!"

21 Rejoice and be glad in your
 home-land, O maiden Edom!
 But the cup will come round to you,
 and leave you drunk and disheveled.
 22 Zion, your guilt is over and gone,
 no more exile for you!
 But Edom,
 your guilt shall be punished,
 your sins laid bare!

CHAPTER 5

א זְכוֹר יְהוָה מַה־הָיָה לָנוּ 1 YHVH, remember what was ours.

הִבִּיטָה וּרְאָה	Look, and see
אֶת־חֲרַפְתָּנוּ:	our abuse / our shame!
בְּנַחֲלֵתָנוּ נִהְפְּכָה	2 Our inheritance overturned,
לְזָרִים	to strangers
בְּתֵינוּ לְנֹכְרִים:	our houses to foreigners.
גִּיתוּמִים הָיִינוּ וְאֵין אָב	3 We were orphans, there is no father,
אִמֵּתֵינוּ כְּאַלְמָנוֹת:	our mothers like widows.
דִּמֵּי־מַיִנוּ בְּכֶסֶף שָׁתִינוּ	4 Our water we drank for money;
עֵצֵינוּ בְּמַחִיר יָבֵאוּ:	our wood came (only) with a price.
הָעַל צוֹאֲרָנוּ נִרְדְּפָנוּ	5 On our neck we were pursued,
יִגְעָנוּ וְלֹא הוֹנַח־לָנוּ:	tired out, without letting us rest.
וּמִצְרַיִם נִתְּנוּ יָד	6 Egypt, we stretched a hand,
אַשּׁוּר לְשַׂבַּע לֶחֶם:	Assyria, to satisfy bread.
זֵ אֲבֹתֵינוּ חָטְאוּ וְאִינָם	7 Our fathers sinned and are not,
וְאִנְחָנוּ עֲוֹנֹתֵיהֶם סָבְלָנוּ:	and we shouldered their evils.
חַ עֲבָדִים מְשָׁלוּ בָנוּ	8 Slaves ruled us.
פֶּרֶק אֵין	There is none to break us out
מִיָּדָם:	from their hand.
ט בְּנַפְשֵׁנוּ נִבְיֵא לְחַמְנוּ מִפְּנֵי	9 For our lives we bring our bread,
חֶרֶב הַמִּדְבָּר:	from the wilderness' sword.
י עוֹרָנוּ כְּתִנּוֹר נִכְמָרוּ	10 Our skin like a furnace, we* glowed,
מִפְּנֵי זַלְעָפוֹת רָעֵב:	from the delirium of hunger.
יֵא נָשִׁים בְּצִיּוֹן עָנוּ	11 Women in Zion were victimized,

- בַּתְּלַת בְּעָרֵי יְהוּדָה:
 יָב שָׂרִים בְּיָדָם נָתְלוּ
 פְּנֵי זְקֵנִים לֹא נִהְדָּרוּ:
 יָג בַּחֹרִים טְחֹזַן נִשְׂאוּ
 וְנַעֲרִים בְּעֵץ כָּשְׁלוּ:
 יָד זְקֵנִים מִשַּׁעַר שָׁבְתוּ
 בַּחֹרִים מִנְּגִינָתָם:
 טו שָׁבַת מְשׁוֹשׁ לִבְנוֹ
 נִהְפָּךְ לְאֵבֶל
 מְחַלְנֹו:
 טז נִפְלָה עֲטֹרַת רֹאשֵׁנוּ
 אִוִּי-נָא לָנוּ כִּי חָטָאנוּ:
 יז עַל-זֶה הָיָה דָּוָה לִבְנוֹ
 עַל-אַלֶּה חֲשָׁכוּ עֵינֵינוּ:
 יח עַל הַר-צִיּוֹן
 שְׁשִׁמָּם
 שׁוֹעָלִים הִלְכוּ-בָּו:
 יט אַתָּה יְהוָה
 לְעוֹלָם תֵּשֵׁב
 כְּסֵאֶךָ
 לְדָר וָדָר:
 כ לָמָּה
 לִנְצַח תִּשְׁכַּחֵנוּ
- girls, in Judah's towns.
 12 Ministers by their hand hung.
 Elders' faces were void of majesty.
 13 Boys would carry a millstone,
 and youths, stumbling with wood.
 14 Elders ceased from gate,
 boys from their play.
 15 Our heart stopped any joy,
 our dance overturned
 into mourning.
 16 The crown on our head fell;
 Oy for us! For we sinned.
 17 For this our heart was sickened.
 For these our eyes darkened.
 18 For Mount Zion,
 that was desolated,
 foxes went through her.
 19 You, YHVH
 will sit for all world-time,
 your seat
 through generations and generations.
 20 Why
 would you forget us forever?

תַּעֲזֹבֵנוּ לְאָרֶךְ יָמִים: כֹּתֵנוּ הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֵלֶיךָ וְנִשְׁוֹבָה חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם: כִּי אִם-מָאֵס מְאִסְתָּנוּ קִצְפָּתָ עָלֵינוּ עַד-מְאֹד	Abandon us for the span of time's days? 21 Turn us, YHVH, toward you, and we will turn. Renew our days , like long before. 22 For if loathing, you should loathe us, be enraged over us, so very much—!
הַשִּׁיבֵנוּ יְהוָה אֵלֶיךָ וְנִשְׁוֹבָה חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם:	Turn us, YHVH, toward you, and we will turn. Make our days new again, like dawn / long ago.



**JEWISH
CENTER**
OF THE **HAMPTONS**

44 WOODS LANE, PO BOX 5107, EAST HAMPTON, NY 11937
WWW.JCOH.ORG | 631-324-9858 | FAX 631-329-6654