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.