

LAMENTATIONS 3 vs 1

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Since what Solomon says, though contrary to the common opinion, is certainly true, that *sorrow is better than laughter, and it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting*; and, to do this, we must compose ourselves and resolve to weep with those who weep. As we have sacred odes or songs of joy, so we have sacred elegies or songs of lament. Though Jeremiah's country had been very unkind to him, and though the ruin of it... had been both a proof that he was a true prophet, and a punishment of them for falsely prosecuting him; which might have tempted him to rejoice in it, yet he sadly lamented it – Matthew Henry.



In short, this chapter is written in another kind of meter; the structure is built on the Hebrew alphabet times three. This third lament over JERUSALEM serves as yet another warning to all capitals of the world: DC, LONDON, PARIS, BRUSSELS, ROME, BEIJING, TOKYO, RIYADH... and all the others. Ancient scholars agree, prophet Jeremiah wrote this lament; each chapter is divided into 22 verses following the Hebrew alphabet; the principal question repeatedly asked in this grand death dirge is: **How...**

A Sad Complaint of God's Displeasure,

¹ I am the man who has seen affliction by the rod of His wrath / some think this is Jeremiah.

² He has led me, and made me walk in darkness, but **not in light.**

³ Surely against me He turned His hand, repeatedly all the day.

⁴ He caused my flesh and my skin to waste away; He has broken my bones.

⁵ He besieged and encompassed me with bitterness and hardship.

⁶ He set me in dark places, like those who are long dead.

⁷ He walled me in, so I cannot go out: He made my chain heavy.

⁸ Also when I cry out and shout for help, He shuts out my prayer.

⁹ He blocked my ways with hewn stone, He made my paths crooked.

¹⁰ He was to me like a bear lying in wait, like a lion in secret places.

¹¹ He turned aside my ways, and tore me in pieces: He made me desolate.

¹² He bent His bow, and set me as a target for the arrow.

¹³ He made the arrows of his quiver to enter into my mind.

¹⁴ I became a buffoon to all my people; their mocking song all the day.

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15 He filled me with bitterness, He made me drunk with wormwood.

16 He broke my teeth with gravel, He made me cower in the dust.

17 You removed my soul far from peace: I forgot prosperity.

18 And I said, my strength has perished. And also my hope from the LORD:

19 remembering my affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the bitterness.

20 Surely my soul remembers, and is humbled / bowed down... in me.

Words of Comfort to God's People,

21 This I recall to my mind; therefore, I have hope.

22 The LORD'S mercies indeed never cease; His compassions never fail.

23 They are new every morning: Great is Thy faithfulness.

24 The LORD is my portion, says my soul; so, I hope in Him.

25 The LORD is good to those who wait for Him, to the one who seeks Him.

26 It is good when one waits quietly, for the salvation of the LORD.

27 It is good for one to bear the yoke in his youth / somethings children learn quicker than adults.

28 Let him sit alone and keep silent, since He has placed it on him / sometime it's best to shut up.

29 He puts his mouth in the dust / instead of always whining and arguing with God; it's okay to eat a little dirt, and again taste where you will return to one day; perhaps there is hope.

30 He gives his cheek to the smiter: let him be filled with reproach / learn to suffer all man's taunts; and if there is some small issue that you're not guilty of; remember, our Lord was guilty of nothing and took all our guilt on Himself; so again, on some things, on many things learn to: STFU,

31 For the LORD will not reject forever:

32 but if He causes grief, yet He will have compassion according to His abundant mercies.

33 For He does not afflict or grieve the sons of men readily / doing that all day is not a joy to Him;

34 to crush under His feet all the prisoners of the earth:

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³⁵ to deprive a man justice in the presence of the Most High,

³⁶ to undermine a man in his cause, these things the LORD does **not approve.**

Duty Prescribed in This Afflicted State,

³⁷ Who is there who speaks, and it happens, unless the LORD commands it?

³⁸ Is it not from the mouth of the Most High that proceeds both ill and good?

³⁹ Why should any living mortal, or anyone offer a complaint for his sins?

⁴⁰ Let us search and examine our ways, and return to the LORD.

⁴¹ Lift up our heart with our hands to God in heaven.

The Complaint Renewed,

⁴² We transgressed and rebelled: and You did **not pardoned.**

⁴³ You covered yourself with anger, and pursued us: You slayed, and have **not pitied.**

⁴⁴ You covered yourself with a cloud, that **no prayer should pass through.**

⁴⁵ You made us as the offscouring and refuse among the nations.

⁴⁶ All our enemies opened their mouths against us.

⁴⁷ Fear and panic has come upon us, desolation and destruction.

⁴⁸ My eyes run down with streams of water for the destruction of the daughter of my people.

⁴⁹ My eyes poured down unceasingly, without stopping / again, after all the crying, then what?

⁵⁰ until the LORD looks down, and sees from heaven.

⁵¹ My eyes affected my heart, because of all the daughters of my city.

⁵² My enemies, without cause, chased me sore, like a bird.

⁵³ They silenced me in the pit, and cast a stone upon me.

⁵⁴ Waters flowed over my head; then I said, I am cut off.

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Encouragement, Hope in God,

55 I called on Your Name, O LORD, from the lowest pit.

56 You heard my voice: do **not hide Your ear for my relief, at my cry for help.**

57 You drew near when I called on You: You said, Fear **not.**

58 O LORD, You plead the causes of my soul; You redeemed my life.

59 O LORD, You see my wrong: judge my case.

60 You see all their vengeance and all their schemes against me.

61 You heard their reproach, O LORD, and all their schemes against me;

62 The lips of my assailants and their whispering are against me all day long.

63 Look on their sitting and their rising; I am their mocking song.

64 Repay them, O LORD, according to the work of their hands.

65 Give them sorrow of heart, let Your curse be on them.

66 Pursue them in anger and destroy them from under the heavens of the LORD / still in this 3rd chapter, there is a lot of complaining going on; and not so much broken-heart calling to God in contrite confession for all my offenses He has endured. I still think, it's best, instead of accusing God of being blind to what is going on; and offending Him as if He does not care – especially since there is nobody in the whole universe who cares more about His creation than Himself; so, in conclusion, it is best to learn to shut up and wait upon the Lord.

This chapter instead of 66 verses could have been said:

1 It is good when one waits quietly, for the salvation of the LORD. Let him sit alone and keep silent. I called on Your Name, O LORD, from the lowest pit. You heard my voice.

2 This I recall to my mind; therefore, I have hope. The LORD is my portion, says my soul; so, I hope in Him. The LORD is good to those who wait for Him, to the one who seeks Him.

3 The LORD's mercies indeed never cease; His compassions never fail. They are new every morning: **Great is Thy faithfulness.**

And then remember to thank Him: [I Will Give You Thanks](#)