

Lamentations/Eicha notes

Structure:

5 Chapters. 1, 2, 4 are alphabetic acrostics (although peh comes before ayin)

Chapter 3 is a triple acrostic (aleph for 3 verses, bet for 3, etc.)

Chapter 5 has no acrostic

Attributed to Jeremiah

Doesn't actually mention the Temple

Main character is the maiden Zion

Read on Tisha b'Av with a special trope, an especially sad and mournful tune.

Tisha b'Av as commemorating not only the destruction of the Temples but the entirety of the tragedies of Jewish history.

Chapter 1: Maiden Zion

Chapter 2: Elders of Zion

Chapter 3: The man who has known the rod of the wrath of His affliction

Chapter 4: Sins of the elites/Jerusalem theology/Jeremiah?

Chapter 5: Recounting of how awful things are and a plea for forgiveness

1:1 Alas! Lonely sits the city Once great with people! She that was great among nations Is become like a widow; The princess among states Is become a thrall.

1:2 Bitterly she weeps in the night, Her cheek wet with tears. There is none to comfort her Of all her friends. All her allies have betrayed her; They have become her foes.

1:3 Judah has gone into exile Because of misery and harsh oppression; When she settled among the nations, She found no rest; All her pursuers overtook her In the narrow places.

1:4 Zion's roads are in mourning, Empty of festival pilgrims; All her gates are deserted. Her priests sigh, Her maidens are unhappy -- She is utterly disconsolate!

1:5 Her enemies are now the masters, Her foes are at ease, Because the LORD has afflicted her For her many transgressions; Her infants have gone into captivity Before the enemy.

1:6 Gone from Fair Zion are all That were her glory; Her leaders were like stags That found no pasture; They could only walk feebly Before the pursuer.

1:7 All the precious things she had In the days of old Jerusalem recalled In her days of woe and sorrow, When her people fell by enemy hands With none to help her; When enemies looked on and gloated Over her downfall.

1:8 Jerusalem has greatly sinned, Therefore she is become a mockery. All who admired her despise her, For they have seen her disgraced; And she can only sigh And shrink back.

1:9 Her uncleanness clings to her skirts. She gave no thought to her future; She has sunk appallingly, With none to comfort her. -- See, O LORD, my misery; How the enemy jeers!

1:10 The foe has laid hands On everything dear to her. She has seen her Sanctuary Invaded by nations Which You have denied admission Into Your community.

1:11 All her inhabitants sigh As they search for bread; They have bartered their treasures for food, To keep themselves alive. -- See, O LORD, and behold, How abject I have become!

1:12 May it never befall you, All who pass along the road -- Look about and see: Is there any agony like mine, Which was dealt out to me When the LORD afflicted me On His day of wrath?

1:13 From above He sent a fire Down into my bones. He spread a net for my feet, He hurled me backward; He has left me forlorn, In constant misery.

1:14 The yoke of my offenses is bound fast, Lashed tight by His hand; Imposed upon my neck, It saps my strength; The Lord has delivered me into the hands Of those I cannot withstand.

1:15 The Lord in my midst has rejected All my heroes; He has proclaimed a set time against me To crush my young men. As in a press the Lord has trodden Fair Maiden Judah.

1:16 For these things do I weep, My eyes flow with tears: Far from me is any comforter Who might revive my spirit; My children are forlorn, For the foe has prevailed.

1:17 Zion spreads out her hands, She has no one to comfort her; The LORD has summoned against Jacob His enemies all about him; Jerusalem has become among them A thing unclean.

1:18 The LORD is in the right, For I have disobeyed Him. Hear, all you peoples, And behold my agony: My maidens and my youths Have gone into captivity!

1:19 I cried out to my friends, But they played me false. My priests and my elders Have perished in the city As they searched for food To keep themselves alive.

1:20 See, O LORD, the distress I am in! My heart is in anguish, I know how wrong I was To disobey. Outside the sword deals death; Indoors, the plague.

1:21 When they heard how I was sighing, There was none to comfort me; All my foes heard of my plight and exulted. For it is Your doing: You have brought on the day that You threatened. Oh, let them become like me!

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1:22 Let all their wrongdoing come before You, And deal with them As You have dealt with me For all my transgressions. For my sighs are many, And my heart is sick.

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