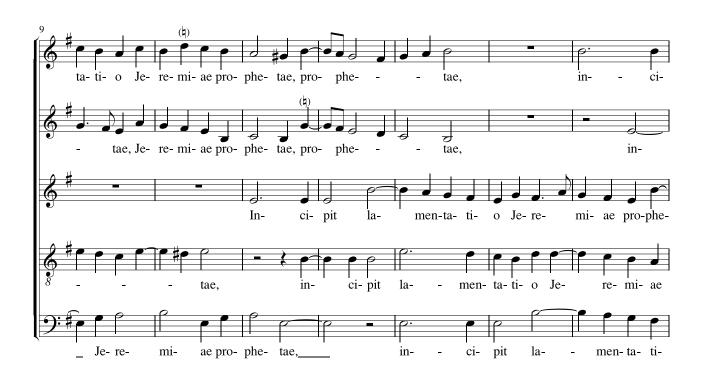
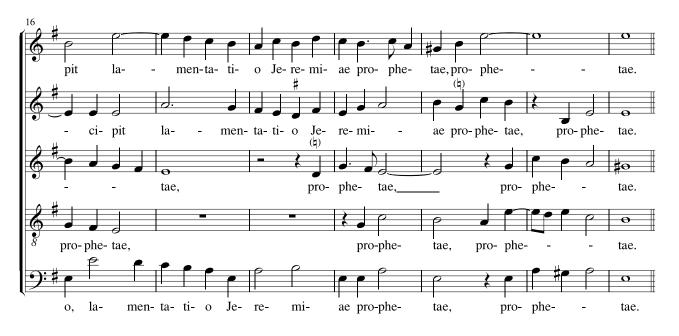
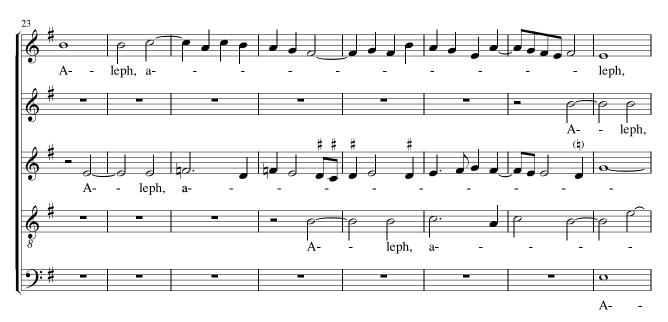


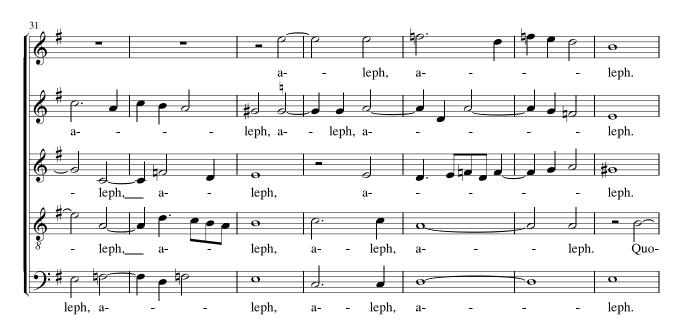
The Lamentations of Jeremiah - I

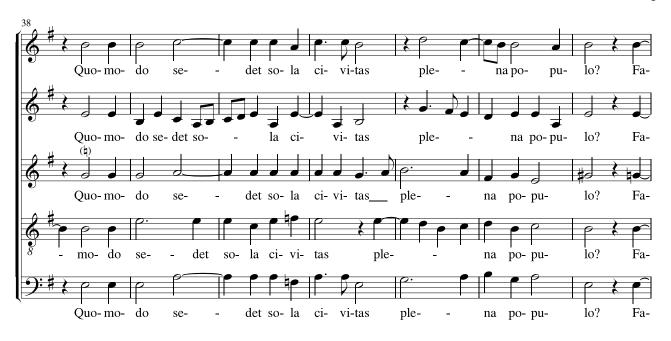


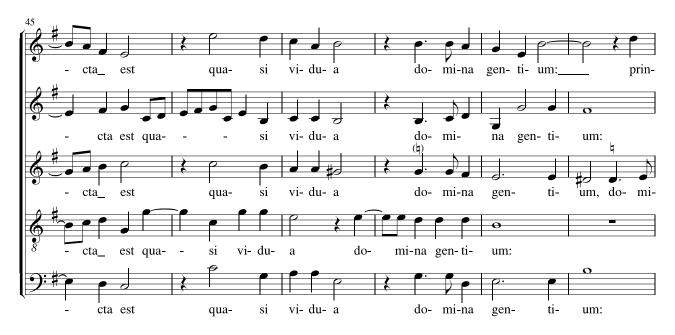


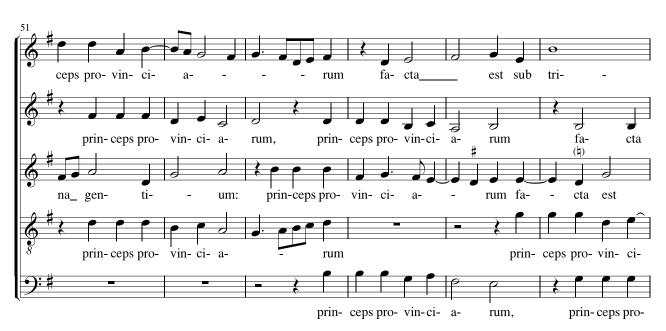


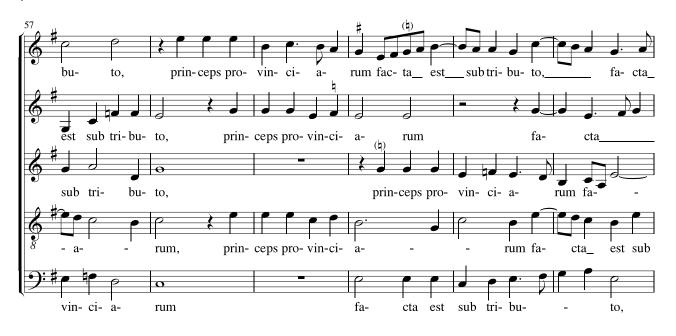


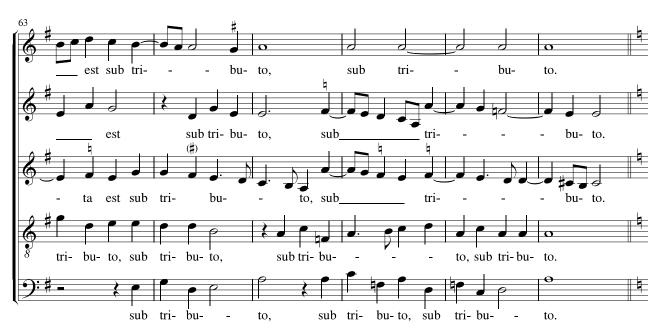


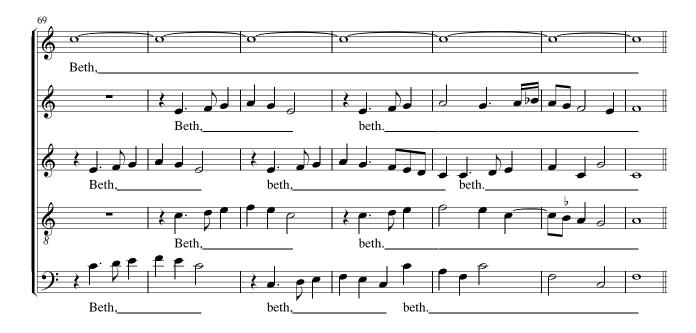


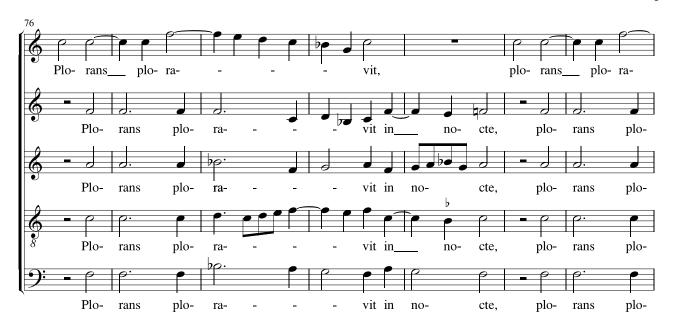


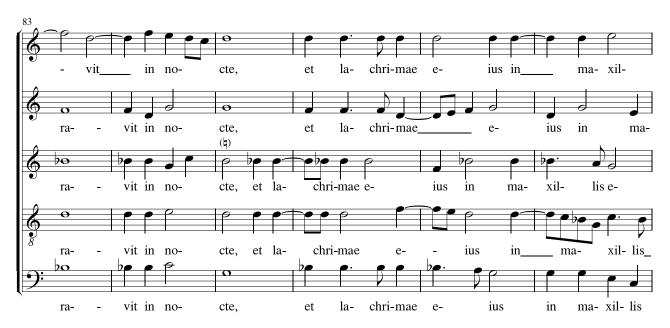


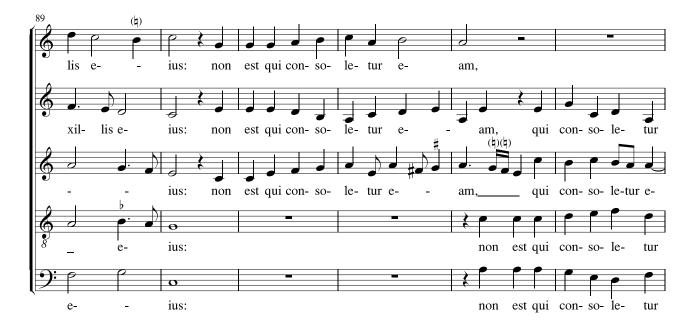




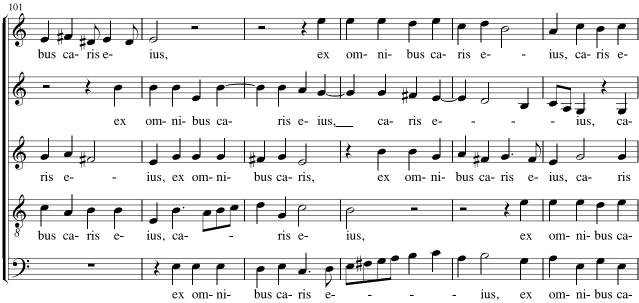


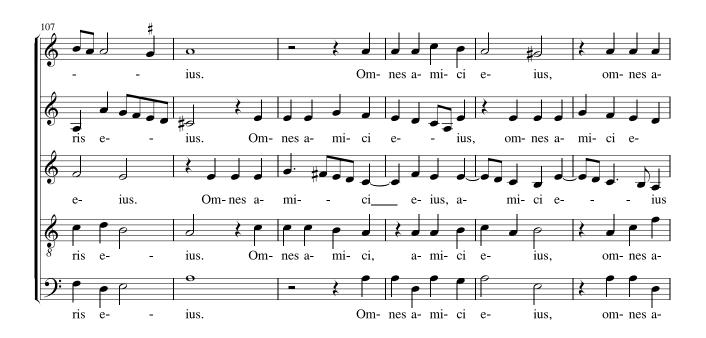


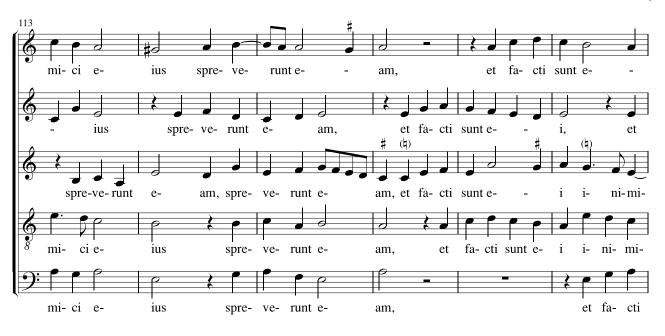


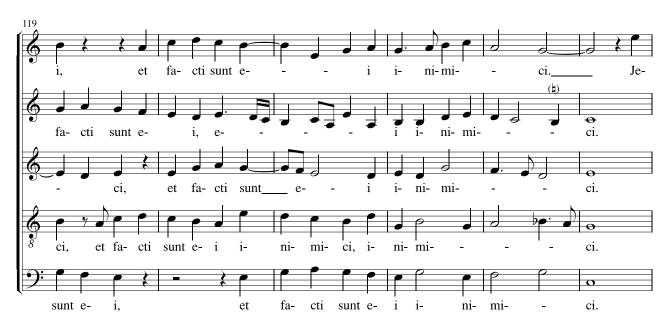


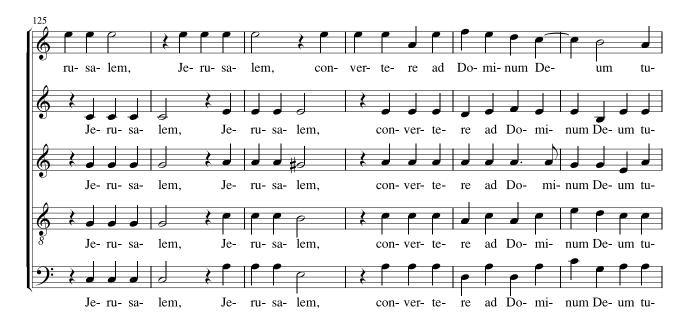


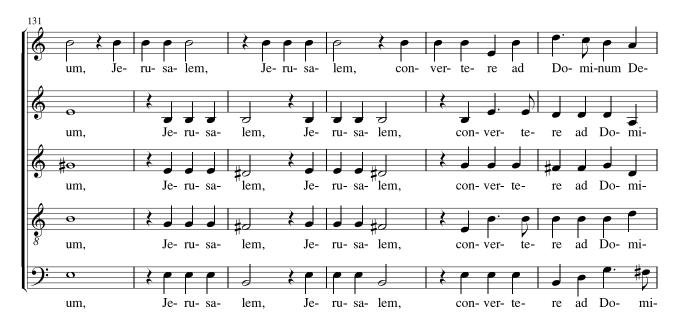














Translation:

Here begins the lamentation of Jeremiah the prophet.

Aleph. How does the city sit desolate that was full of people? The lady of the nations has become as a widow: the princess of the provinces is put under tribute.

Beth. Weeping, she wept in the night and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none who might comfort her, from all who cared for her. All her friends have spurned her and have become her enemies.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God.