

[1] The Lord is Good

*Jerusalem*

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him,  
to the soul that seeketh him.  
It is good that a man should both hope  
and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.  
It is good for a man that he bear the yoke  
of his youth.  
For the Lord will not cast off for ever:  
But though he cause grief, yet will he have  
compassion according to the multitude of his  
mercies.  
For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve  
the children of men.  
*Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere  
ad Dominum Deum tuum*

[2][8] O vos omnes

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,  
attendite et videte:  
Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.  
Attendite, universi populi, et videte dolorem meum.  
Si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  
Behold, and see:  
If there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.  
Behold, all ye people, and witness my sorrow.  
If there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

[3] Incipit oratio Hieremiae

Recordare Domine, quid acciderit nobis;  
intuere et respice opprobrium nostrum.  
Hæreditas nostra versa est ad alienos,  
domus nostræ ad extraneos.  
Pupilli facti sumus absque patre,  
matres nostræ quasi viduæ.  
Aquam nostram pecunia bibimus;  
ligna nostra pretio comparavimus.  
Cervicibus nostris minabamur,  
lassis non dabatur requies.  
Ægypto dedimus manum et Assyriis,  
ut saturaremur pane.  
Patres nostri peccaverunt, et non sunt:  
et nos iniquitates eorum portavimus.  
Servi dominati sunt nostri:  
non fuit qui redimeret de manu eorum.

Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us:  
consider, and behold our reproach.  
Our inheritance is turned to strangers,  
our houses to aliens.  
We are orphans and fatherless,  
our mothers are as widows.  
We have drunken our water for money;  
our wood is sold unto us.  
Our necks are under persecution:  
we labour, and have no rest.  
We have given the hand to the Egyptians,  
and to the Assyrians, to be satisfied with bread.  
Our fathers have sinned, and are not;  
and we have borne their iniquities.  
Servants have ruled over us:  
there is none that doth deliver us out of their hand.

[4] Ye that pasen by (No 7 from *Sacred and Profane, Op 91*)

Ye that pasen by the weiyē,  
Abidet a little stounde.  
Beholdet, all my felawes,  
Yef any me lik is founde.  
To the tre with nailes thre  
Wol fast I hange bounde;  
With a spere all thorū my side  
To mine herte is mad a wounde.

[5][6][7] Lamentations I, II, III

Hear this: The Lamentation of Jeremiah  
the Prophet begins  
*Aleph.* How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of  
people! How is she become as a widow! She that  
was great among the nations, and princess among  
the provinces, how is she become tributary!  
*Beth.* Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold,  
and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,  
which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath  
afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.  
*Gimel.* For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye  
runneth down with water, because the comforter that  
should relieve my soul is far from me: my children  
are desolate, because the enemy prevailed.  
*Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum*

*Deum tuum*

**[10] O vos omnes**

LAMED. O vos omnes qui transitis per viam attendite  
et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus quoniam  
vindemiavit me ut locutus est Dominus in die irae  
furoris sui

MEM. De excelso misit ignem in ossibus meis et  
erudivit me expandit rete pedibus meis convertit me  
retrorsum posuit me desolatam tota die maerore  
confectam

NUN. Vigilavit iugum iniquitatum mearum in manu  
eius convolutae sunt et inpositae collo meo infirmata  
est virtus mea dedit me Dominus in manu de qua  
non potero surgere

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum  
Deum tuum

**[11] Wie liegt die Stadt so wüß**

Wie liegt die Stadt so wüß, die voll Volks war.

Alle ihre Tore stehen öde.

Wie liegen die Steine des Heiligtums  
vorn auf allen Gassen zerstreut.

Er hat ein Feuer aus der Höhe  
in meine Gebeine gesandt und es lassen walten.

Ist das die Stadt, von der man sagt,  
sie sei die allerschönste, der sich  
das ganze Land freuet?

Sie hätte nicht gedacht,  
daß es ihr zuletzt so gehen würde;  
sie ist ja zu greulich heruntergestoßen  
und hat dazu niemand, der sie tröstet.

Darum ist unser Herz betrübt  
und unsere Augen sind finster geworden:  
Warum willst du unser so gar vergessen  
und uns lebenslang so gar verlassen!

Bringe uns, Herr, wieder zu dir,  
daß wir wieder heimkommen!  
Erneue unsere Tage wie vor alters.  
Herr, siehe an mein Elend!

How lonely sits the city that was full of people!  
All her gates are desolate.

How the stones of her sanctuary lie  
Scattered at the head of every street.  
He sent fire from on high;  
into my bones he made it descend.

Is this the city which was called  
the most beautiful, that in which  
the whole land rejoices?

She had not thought  
that this would be her final end;  
therefore her fall is terrible,  
and she has no one to comfort her.

This is why our heart has become sick,  
These things have caused our eyes to grow dim.  
Why do you forget us for ever,  
why do you so long forsake us?

Bring us, O Lord, back to you,  
that we come home again!  
Renew our days as of old.  
O Lord, behold my affliction!

**John Duggan**

*Many thanks to Joseph Koczera, S.J. for his help with the Mauersberger notes  
and translation*