

SCRIPTURES

Jeremiah 8.18-9.1

18 My joy is gone, grief is upon me,
my heart is sick.

19 Hark, the cry of my poor people
from far and wide in the land:

“Is the LORD not in Zion?
Is her King not in her?”

(“Why have they provoked me to anger with their images,
with their foreign idols?”)

20 “The harvest is past, the summer is ended,
and we are not saved.”

21 For the hurt of my poor people I am hurt,
I mourn, and dismay has taken hold of me.

22 Is there no balm in Gilead?
Is there no physician there?

Why then has the health of my poor people
not been restored?

[a] O that my head were a spring of water,
and my eyes a fountain of tears,
so that I might weep day and night
for the slain of my poor people!