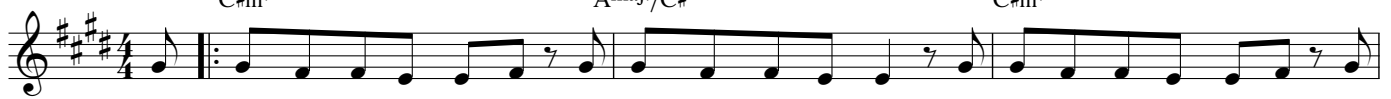


How empty lies the city

LAMENTATIONS

Matt MacGregor

♩ = 72 **VERSE**
C#m7



1. How emp - ty lies the ci - ty, De - sert - ed are the streets, The queen a - mong the na - tions, Now
 2. Her years of for - mer beau - ty Are no - where to be seen. She co - wers now in ru - in, Dis
 3. Our eyes should fail from weep - ing, Our hearts should quell with - in, To see such great af - flic - tion: A
 4. We look back and see sha - dows Of what shall soon take place, When You shall act in just - ice, All



ex - iled in de - feat. Je - ru - sa - lem that dwell ing of Your great and ho - ly name, But
 graced, de - based un - clean. En - gulfed by the de - ri - sion of the na - tions cir - cled round, With
 har - vest reaped of sin. To see that day of wrath as my - riad foes burst through the walls; The
 e - vil to ef - face. But, Lord, our sin de - mands of us that Is - rael's fate is ours. Oh,



now by You de - spised, ex - posed that all might see her shame. Her
 out - stretched hands im - plo - ring for re - lief that can't be
 pierc - ing ar - rows of Your Word ful - filled in Is - rael's
 Fa - ther, we must fly to You: our re - fuge and strong



(2.) found. What was the sin that moved Your hand To strike Your own, Your
 (3.) fall. How great the sin that moved Your hand To strike your own, Your
 (4.) tower. How great Your love that gave Your Son; In place of us, Your

CHORUS



pre - cious land? Stir our hearts; leave us not un - moved. Show us that we stand By hope in You a -
 pre - cious land.
 Ho - ly One.



lone. By Your love We are not con - sumed. Great is your faith - ful - ness: Your mer - cy to us...



3. Our
 4. We



(us.) Stir our



(us.)