

Jeremiah 45:3 You have said; Woe, now, to me, for Yehowah has added grief to my pain! I have grown weary because of my sighing, and no resting-place have I found.**

[4] - References:

- **Woe to me, O my mother, because you **have** given birth to me, a man subject to quarrel and a man subject to strife with all the earth. I **have** given no loan, and they **have** given me no loan. All of them are calling down evil upon me. (**Jeremiah 15:10**)**
- **A **grief** that is beyond curing **has** come up into me. My heart is ill. (**Jeremiah 8:18**)**
- **For a voice like that of a sick woman I **have** heard, the distress like that of a woman giving birth to her first child, the voice of the daughter of Zion who keeps gasping for breath. She keeps spreading out her palms; Woe, now, to me, for my soul is tired of the killers! (**Jeremiah 4:31**)**
- **Too bad for me, for I **have** become like the gatherings of summer fruit, like the gleaning of a grape gathering! There is no grape cluster to eat, no early fig, that my soul would desire! (**Micah 7:1**)**