

RHYMING ISAIAH

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ISAIAH

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Also from T. H. Chalm:

**LE CLUB DES HASHISCHINS:
AN EXPRESSIVE
TRANSLITERATION**

RHYMING PSALMS

RHYMING JOB

RHYMING SOLOMON

RHYMING REDSONG: MATTHEW

This is an original book of poetry written by
Thucydides Hilocometoot Chalm (1967-2015)

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INNOÇENT BOOKS

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Chapter 1

Isaiah saw this vision, both of them,
concerning, Judah and Jerusalem,
the son of Amoz, these kings reigned there, when,
Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and as well,
him, Hezekiah, kings of Judah, all.

Hear me, O heavens, listen, earth, me, hear,
for spoken has the LORD: "I, children, reared,
and brought them up but 'gainst me they've rebelled.
The ox, its master knows, the donkey will,
its owner's crib, but Is'rael do not know;
my people, also, understand, they don't."

You sinful nation, to you I say "woe",
a people, who, with guilt, they are, down, weighed,
your offspring all do evil, and how they
corruptly act, those who've, the LORD, forsak'd,
the Holy One of Is'rael, they have spurned
and, on him, all their backs, what they have turned.

Why should you e'er be beaten any more?
What of rebellion do you adore?
Your whole head, it is injured, your whole heart,
afflicted. From the sole of your own foot
up to the top of your head, soundness, there
is none -- but only wounds, welts, open sores,
not cleansed or bandaged, soothed with olive oil.

Your country, desolate, is, burned with fire,
your cities; all your fields are being stripped,
by foreigners, there, right before your eyes,

laid waste as when, by strangers, over-tipped.
Left, Daughter Zion, like a shelter, is,
a vineyard, in, a hut out in a field
of cucumbers, like one, that's under siege,
a city. The Almighty LORD, unless,
he had, behind, for us, survivors left,
like Sodom knew, what we would have real'ized,
is what we would have been, Gommorah-like.
Hear, of the LORD, the word, you rulers, high,
of Sodom! Of our God, the teaching, to,
now listen, of Gomorrah, people, you!
"What to me is it, all your multitude
of sacrifices?" says the LORD. "I have
had, of burnt offerings, enough, of rams,
and of the fattened animals, their fat.
I take no pleasure nor delight in that,
the blood of neither bulls nor goats nor lambs.
When you come to appear, here, me, before,
who has asked this of you, that of my courts,
this tramp'ling? Offerings, those meaningless,
don't bring! To, as, your incense, I object,
abomination! New Moons, Sabbaths, when
you, them, convene, how yours, all, I detest,
assemblies, solemn, with their worthlessness.
Your New Moons and appointed festivals,
my soul hates; they're a burden, terrible,
to me, they have become unbearable.
When you, in prayer, your hands would outwards spread,
from you, I hide my eyes; you, even when,
prayers, many, offer, I'm not listening.

"Your hands are full of blood! Make yourselves clean,
yourselves, wash. Take them, all your evil deeds,

out from my sight; from evil, you should cease;
learn to do right, and justice, you should seek.
The rights of the oppressed, you should defend.
Take up the cause of them, the fatherless.
As well, what you should plead, the widow's case.

“Come now, the matter, let us settle it,”
the LORD says. “Though, like scarlet, are your sins,
they shall be white as snow; though they are red
as crimson, they shall be like wool again.

If you are willing and obedient
the good things of the land, what you will eat,
but if you are rebel'ious and resist,
you will be, by the sword, devoured, complete.”
For, by his mouth, the LORD has spoken this.

The faithful city, see how she's become
a prostitute! With justice she was once
full; righteousness, it used to dwell in her--
but, murderers, now! It's no longer pure:
your silver, how it has become like dross,
it's mixed with water, all your wine, most choice.
Your rulers, princes, all rebellious,
with thieves, they've partnered, their hearts now enmeshed;
bribes, what they love, and after gifts, they chase.
The orphan's cause, not something they defend,
the widow's case is never brought to them.

Therefore, the Sovereign and the LORD of hosts,
the Mighty One of Is'rael, says, words, these:

“Ah! I will pour my wrath out on my foes,

no vengeance I'll spare 'gainst my enemies!
Against you, I will turn my hand; your dross,
what I will purge away, impurities,
all of them, from you, they will be removed.
I will restore, as in the days of old,
your judges, the beginning, at, I did,
your counselors, just as. Then, afterwards,
of Righteousness, the City, you will be
called, and the Faithful City, sim'lar'ly."

With justice, Zion, will, delivered, be,
with righteousness, her penitent, redeemed.
But rebels, sinners both will be destroyed,
they'll be consumed, those who forsake the LORD.

"For, of the oaks, them, you shall be ashamed,
in which you had delighted; and you'll blush,
the gardens, for your chosen ones, the same.
With fading leaves, an oak, you'll be like such,
a garden without water, you're the same.
Like tinder, how the mighty man's become,
his work is like a spark; they're joined in flame.
Who's left to quench the fire? There's not a one."

Chapter 2

Jerusalem and Judah, refrencing,
Isaiah son of Amoz saw this word:

In the last days, what will, established, be:
the mountain of the temple of the LORD,
as highest of them all, the mountain peaks;
it will, exalted, be, above the hills,
and stream to it, how all the nations will.

The peoples, many, will come up and say,
“Come, let’s go to the mountain of the LORD,
the God of Jacob, to his temple’s place.
That all his ways, to us, he may inform,
that, walk within his holy paths, we may.”
From Zion will the law go out, his word,
out from Jerusalem, that of the LORD.
Between the nations, he will arbitrate,
for many peoples, he’ll, disputes, placate.
How, they will beat their swords into plowshares,
and into pruning hooks, they will their spears.
No nation ‘gainst another will, the sword,
lift up, they will no longer train for war.

Descendants, come, of Jacob, of the LORD,
within his light, let's walk! Forsaken, for,
you have those of your people, their ways, all,
O house of Jacob. They, indeed, are full,
diviners, with, of eastern origin,
the superstitions of the Philistines,
and, covenants with fore'gners, entering.
Their land is filled with silver and with gold,

and, to their treasures, no end can be found.
With horses, how it is their land is filled,
and, to their chariots, there is no end.
With idols, how it is filled up, their land;
they bow down to the work made with their hands,
to what they made with them, their fingers, own.
So mankind will be humbled, everyone
will be brought low, entirely they're abased--
Do not forgive them! Ne'er, them, upwards raise.
Get 'mongst the rocks, hide in the ground, down, deep,
the terror of the LORD, from that, there, flee,
and from the glory of his majesty.
They'll be brought low, the people's haughty eyes
and humbled will be everyone, their pride;
and on that day, alone, will be, the LORD,
exalted. For a day of doom in store,
the LORD of Hosts has, all the proud, them, for,
and for the lofty, lifted up, and high
(this day, their elevated place, denied);
for Lebanon's, its cedars, lofty, tall;
the mighty oaks of Bashan, for them all;
for all the lofty mountains and high hills;
for ev'ry tower, tall, each tow'ring wall;
for all the ships of Tarshish, those that sail,
for all the vessels that are, precious, held.
It will be brought low, human arrogance,
and mankind humbled in its haughtiness.
The LORD alone, exalted, on that day,
will be. The idols, utterly away,
they'll pass. Creep down, in crevices, in caves,
down in the rock, where you should seek escape
from the dread presence of the LORD, his face,
and from the glory of his majesty,

the earth, when he'll rise to, it, terrify.
On that day, people, them, away, will throw
down to the bats in caves, and, to the moles,
their idols, those of silver, and of gold,
their idols which, to worship, what they made,
themselves, to enter down into the caves,
and down into the rock clefts, in the crags,
from, of the LORD, the terror, they will flee,
and from the glory of his majesty,
when he will rise to terrify the earth.
Do not, upon mere mortals, e'er believe,
who only have what's in their nostrils, breath,
of what account, do they have any worth?

Chapter 3

For now, the Sovereign, of hosts, the LORD,
away, is taking from Jerusalem,
and Judah, both their staff and their support--
all their reserves of water and of bread--
the warrior, soldier, prophet, judge, all them,
the elder and the one who, fortunes, tells,
the dignitary and of fifty men,
their captain, the magician with great skill,
and the expert enchanter. "How I shall
make boys their princes, babes to rule o'er them."
By everyone, the people, all, oppressed,
each by another, evil, their intent,
each person to their neighbor. Insolence,
the youth will show their elders, disrespect,
mere nobodies toward higher-ranking men.

A man will take hold of his brother in
his father's house, and saying this to him:
"You have a cloak so you will be our chief.
We're in your charge, our stricken family."
But then the brother will at once reply,
"Society's, its wounds, I cannot heal,
when in my house, there's neither cloak nor meal.
You shall not put me in, authority,
a place of, over people, all of them."
For it has been brought low, Jerusalem,
and to great grief, the place where Judah's come,
for they defied the LORD in word and deed,
within his sight, provoked his majesty.

Against them, on their faces, testifies,

the look, like Sodom, their sins, glorify,
parading them, their sins they do not hide.
Woe to them! For they have upon themselves
brought evil. Fortunate, how they are, tell
the innocent, for what it is they'll eat?
That of their labors, bountiful, the fruit.
Woe to the wicked! All goes ill with them;
the work of their own hands, their recompense.
The moneylenders strip my people bear,
and usurers lord all their debts, them, o'er.
My people, those who guide you, there, astray,
the path to ruin, they're leading you that way.

The LORD comes forward to argue his case,
he stands to judge, his people, to accuse.
The LORD, his prosecution, implements,
his people's elders, princes, them, against:
"It's you, the vineyard, who, ravaged, devoured;
inside your houses, spoils took from the poor.
By crushing, people, my, what do you mean,
the poor when they look to you, grinding down,"
the LORD, the God of hosts, says. The LORD said:
"Because of Zion's daughters' haughtiness,
and how they walk around with outstretched necks,
and with their eyes, they're glancing wantonly,
they move with mincing gaits and jingling feet.
The LORD will, Zion's daughters, their heads, smite
with baldness, and the LORD, how, bare, he'll make
their foreheads." In that day, the LORD will take
their finery, their jewelry away,
their anklets, headbands, bracelets, coronets;
their crescents, discs, scarves, and their necklaces;
headdresses, perfume boxes, amulets;

the signet rings and nose rings; festal robes,
the mantles, handbags, flounced skirts, too, the cloaks;
the gauze and linen garments, turbans, veils.
Instead of sweet perfume, that of decay,
its stench; no girdle, rope will take its place;
instead of well-set hair, a head, bald, shaved;
not gorgeous robes, but sackcloth 'round the waist;
instead of beauty, there's a brand of shame.
It's by the sword how Zion's men will fall,
and warriors in a battle, they will all.
They shall lament and mourn, will Zion's gates;
and stripped bare, she will, on the ground, there, sit.

Chapter 4

On that day seven women will take hold
of one man and say, “We shall, our own food,
provide, and clothing if only we may
bear your name. Take away all our disgrace!”
The branch the LORD has grown, upon that day,
will in its beauty become glorious,
and, of the land, the fruit, will be the pride
and Is’rael’s splendor, those who have survived.
Whoever’s left in Zion, who remain,
Jerusalem, in, those who were proclaimed
to, in Jerusalem, survive, will be
called holy, once the LORD has washed away
the filth of Zion’s daughters, and, cleansed, he’s,
the bloodstains of Jerusalem, from there,
by spirits of both judgment and of fire.
The LORD, then, will create o’er the whole site
of Zion’s Mount, and over all the place,
assembling, for, will be a cloud by day,
and then by night, smoke and a fiery flame.
For over all, his glory, it will be
as a pavil’ion and a canopy,
that, from the heat, serves as a shade by day,
and refuge, shelter, from the storm and rain.

Chapter 5

For my beloved, my love-song, sing, I shall,
about his vineyard. On a fertile hill,
a vineyard was what my beloved had.
He dug it out, away, the stones he cleared,
and with the choicest vines, he planted it.
He, a watchtower, built, within its midst,
and for a winepress, he hewed out a vat.
He thought that it would yield the choicest grapes,
but all it yielded: wild grapes was the crop.

Now, of Jerusalem, you citizens,
and Judah's people, judge between me and
my vineyard. What more was there to do for
my vineyard that I hadn't done before?
When I expected it to yield choice grapes,
why did it yield wild grapes? And now I say
to you what I will, to my vineyard, do?
The hedge around it, what I will remove,
devoured, the vineyard, it will be consumed.
It will be trampled down when I will break
its wall down. I will make of it a waste;
the vineyard, neither pruned nor hoed, shall be,
with thorns, it will be overgrown with weeds.
The clouds as well are what I will command,
no longer on it will they rain, so that.

For it, the vineyard of the LORD of hosts,
of Is'rael, as a metaphor, its house,
his pleasant planting, Judah's people are;
what he expected? Justice. All he saw
was bloodshed; righteousness, but heard a cry!

Ah, you, who, house to house will join, and who
add fields adjacent, other fields, onto,
until for no one but you there is room,
and left to live alone, the life for you,
the countryside, inhabitants, its sole!
Within my hearing what the LORD of hosts
has uttered all these words as solemn oath:
How many houses will be desolate,
fine mansions left with no inhabitant.
Five acres of a vineyard only yields
a gallon, and from bushels, ten, of seed:
a single peck, the harvest from the field.

Woe to you who in early morning rise
to seek strong drink, or then, inflamed with wine,
will linger from the evening till the night,
whose feasts consist of harp and also lyre,
the tambourine and flute, as well, more wine,
but who do not, his deeds, give due regard,
the LORD's, or see the work, that of his hands!
Therefore my people, to captivity
will go because they, knowledge, lack, of me.
Fro lack of food, to death, the nobles starve,
and all the multitudes, with thirst, are parched.

Therefore her appetite, Sheol's, enlarged,
and she has opened her enormous jaws:
there ent'ring, nobles of Jerusalem,
her noisy throng of revelers descend.
Brought low and bowed down, everyone, mankind
and humbled also are the haughty's eyes.
By justice, that is how the LORD of hosts

exalted, is, the Holy God will show
himself as holy by his righteousness.
As in their pasture, there, the lambs will graze,
the young goats feeding in that ruined place.

Woe to you who drag wickedness and sin
along, a tether or a rope, as with.
Who say, "Let the LORD make haste: let him speed,
his work, up, so it's progress, we will see.
The Holy One of Is'rael, let his plan
soon be fulfilled so, it, we'll understand!"
Ah, you who call good evil, evil, good,
who, light to dark, and darkness, turn to light,
Turn sweet to bitter, bitter, sweet, those who.
Woe to you who are wise in your own sight,
and, shrewd, you see yourself, in your own eyes.
At drinking wine, woe to the champions,
at mixing strong drinks, to the valiant.
Who, for a bribe, the guilty, will acquit,
and, of their rights, deprive the innocent.

As tongues of fire will, up, the stubble, lick,
and in the flame, as dry grass downwards sinks,
so rotten, how their roots will all become,
and all their blossoms blow away like dust.
For his instruction, that is what they've spurned,
the LORD of Hosts', rejected, they've, his word,
the Holy One of Is'rael's, from it, turned.

Therefore it's roused, the anger of the LORD
against his people, and he stretched it toward,
his hand against them as to, down, them, strike;
and how it was, the mountains trembled, quaked,

like refuse in the streets, the corpses lay.
For all of this, it's not been turned away,
his anger and his hand is still, up, raised.

A signal to a nation far away,
he'll hoist a standard, as, without delay,
up from the ends of earth, to whistle them,
and speedily and promptly, they will come!
None stumbles, neither will they, weary, feel,
none of them either slumbers or will sleep.
None has, around his waist, his belt, loose, hung,
or, to his sandals, has a broken thong.
Their arrows, sharp, and all their bows are bent,
their horses' clomping hooves are just like flint,
and like the whirlwind are their char'iot wheels.
It's like a lion's, how their roaring is.
Like lions, young, they growl and seize their prey,
they roar and carry it out to that place,
where there's no rescue, from, there's none to save.
That day, their roaring over it will be
just like the roaring of the stormy sea.
And anyone who looks out o'er the land
will see distress and darkness closing in,
because the gath'ring clouds, the light grows dim.

Chapter 6

It was the year that King Uzziah died,
upon a throne the LORD was lifted high.
I saw him in his robe, and how its hem,
the temple, filled. There were the seraphim
who flew above, of, in attendance, him;
each had six wings, with two for covering
their faces, with two, covered up their feet;
and with two, how they flew, by hovering.
And, to another, this is what, called, each:
“Thrice Holy is the LORD, the God of hosts;
His glory fills the earth entirely.”
They shook destructively, the doors, their posts,
their voices’ sound, at, those who called. With smoke,
the temple filled. I said, “To me is woe!
I’m lost, for I’m a man of lips, unclean,
and where I live, all of its cit’zenry,
they have unclean lips, too, yet I have seen
with my own eyes, the LORD of hosts, the King.”

One seraph, then, snatched from the altar fire,
towards me, he flew, in tongs, with a coal, live.
With it he touched my mouth, and he said this,
“Now that this burning coal has touched your lips,
it has departed, far away, your guilt,
and all your sin, it has been blotted out.”
I heard his voice then calling out to all.
The LORD asked: “Who will answer, now, my call?
“Whom shall I send? And who, for us, will go?”
I said, “LORD, here am I. To them below:
send me!” He said, “Go tell them of these things:
these words of God born on angelic wings.

“Be ever hearing, but don’t comprehend;
be ever seeing, but don’t understand.’
Their hardened hearts are full of callousing.
Their ears are dulled, eyes closed to everything.
Unless their eyes would open, and with them,
their ears, they’d hear, their minds would comprehend,
how they could turn and could be healed, it’s then.”
I asked the LORD: “How long, this deadening?”
“Until their cities all will lie in waste,
without inhabitant, when they’re displaced,
the people from their homes, and desolate,
the land is utterly; until, away,
the LORD sends everyone, far from that place,
and vast it is, there in the land, its midst,
how its described, its lonely emptiness.
And though a tenth of them might yet have stayed,
the land will burn and will, to waste, be laid.
But as some tree stumps somehow still withstand,
my holy seed remains there in that land.”

Chapter 7

When Ahaz, Jotham's son and his grandson,
Uzziah's, Judah, was the ruler of,
King Rezin of Aram and King Pekah
was Israel's king, son of Remaliah,
marched on Jerusalem, but he could not,
it, conquer nor 'gainst it, attack, an, mount.
When David's House heard of the report
that an alliance with the Ephraimites
was what the Arameans had devised,
how Ahaz and his people, like the trees,
their hearts shook like a forest in the breeze.

The LORD said to Isaiah, "Go and meet,
with your son, Shear-jashub, Ahaz, the king,
at the end of the conduit, the pool's,
the upper one, for travelling, it's used,
the causeway leading to the Fuller's Field,
and say to him, prophetic words, all these:

"Be quiet, do not fear, and now take heed,
don't let your nerve fail for that of Rezin,
his blazing anger, with his Aram'eans,
and the Son of Remaliah. Because
Aram with Ephraim and Remaliah,
his Son, have plotted 'gainst you: 'Let's invade
the nation, Judah's, and, her spirit, break,'
they said; 'let's, over, to our side, her, bring,
and Tabeal's son, we'll make him as the king.'
Therefore, the LORD God said, 'It shall not stand
and, never, when these things shall come to pass.
For of Damascus, Aram is the head,

and of Damascus, its head is Rezin.
(Within years, sixty-five, Ephraim will be
destroyed, a nation, it shall cease to be.)
The head of Ephraim is Samaria,
and its head is his son, Remaliah's.
Have faith that's firm, or, firm, you'll fail to stand."

Again the LORD spoke these words to Ahaz,
"A sign from God, the Lord, for, you should ask,
one that's from Sheol's depths or heaven's heights."

"Not to a test," how Ahaz then replied,
"I'd put the LORD by asking for a sign."

The prophet then said, "House of David, hear,
men's patience, you are not content to wear
that out, so you must, of my God, as well,
his patience, wear. Therefore, the LORD himself,
a sign, will give you. Look, a woman, young,
with child, is, and she'll give birth to a son.
Immanuel is what she shall name him.
He shall eat curds and honey by the time
he's learned about how he can do these two:
reject the evil and, the good, to choose.
How to refuse what's evil, choose the good,
before he knows how to achieve these things,
the land of those whom you dread, these two kings,
will be made desolate. The LORD will bring
on you, your people, and your father's house,
a time, the like of which ne'er has been worse,
since, Ephraim had, from Judah's state, diverged--
Assyria, its king, on you will turn."

The LORD will whistle up from distant streams
of Egypt, flies, and from their land, their bees,
Assyrians', the. They'll, in steep ravines,
come, settle there, and in the clefts of rocks,
thornbushes, on, in pastures for livestock.

A razor hired on the Euphrates' banks,
the LORD will use to, head and body, shave,
and from the face, the beard, he'll also take.
When that day comes, this, what each man will raise:
a single cow and too, a couple sheep,
for milks' abundance, curds, what he will eat;
left in the land, who is, for everyone,
will, curds and honey, eat. When that day comes,
wherever there were once a thousand vines,
their value was a thousand silver coins,
they will be given to the briars, thorns.
With bow and arrows one will go there for
the thorns and briars cover, the land, o'er;
for fear of thorns and briars, no one goes,
the hills, to, that were once plowed with a hoe.
How they will only be fit as a place
for sheep to trample, cattle, for, to graze.

Chapter 8

The LORD then said to me, “A tablet large, take and write on it in the common tongue: “Belonging to Maher-shalal-hash-baz,” and, to it, these two witnesses, see that, attest, the priest, Uriah, and the son of Jeberechiah, him, Zech’riah.”

Then I lay with my wife and she conceived and bore a son. The LORD said this to me, “Call him Maher-shalal-hash-baz, because before he learns to, “Mother,” “Father,” call, all the Damascus wealth and all the spoils, Samaria, of, how they soon will be, off, carried by Assyria, its king.

The LORD spoke to me once again; he said:

“Because this nation has rejected them, Shiloah’s waters, gently flowing springs, and melts in fear before Rezin the king, and also the son of Remaliah, therefore the LORD will, up, against it bring, Euphrates, the, its mighty flowing streams, in all his pow’r, Assyria, its king; above all of its channels, it will rise, its banks, the river, it has overflowed, a raging torrent, mounting up neck-high, it will sweep into Judah like a flood; its outspread wings will fill your land’s expanse, Immanuel, O, how our God’s with us.”

Take note you nations, you will be dismayed.
All you, far nations, listen, guard yourself,
yourselves, arm, but you still should be afraid!
Devise your plans, but, ne'er be carried out, they will
for God is with us, or, Immanuel.

For thus the LORD spoke to me while his hand
was strong upon me, and warned me not to,
this people's ways, e'er walk in them, adapt,
"Conspiracy, as all this people views,
don't call conspiracy, and do not fear
the things they fear, with dread, what fills, minds, their.
The LORD of Hosts is whom you should regard
as holy; he, whom you should, sacred, hold.
Make him the object of your awe and fear.
He will become an obstacle, a snare,
a rock 'gainst which both Is'rael's houses will
strike, stumble over-a snare and a trap
for all Jerusalem's inhabitants,
and many 'mongst them will both stumble, fall,
and suffer injury; they're snared and caught."

I shall tie up the message, I shall seal
up the instruction so it cannot be
consulted by, disciples, my. I shall
wait for the LORD who has, his face, concealed
from Jacob's house, and I will hope in him.
I and the children whom the LORD has giv'n
me are both signs and portents in Is'rael,
the LORD of Hosts, who on Mount Zion dwells,
from him. Now if the people, to you, tell:

"The ghosts, the spirits, who're familiar,

seek guidance from those ones who whisper, chirp,
a nation may consult its gods for sure,
and ask the dead for those who are alive,
both teaching and instruction, that they'd give."

For surely those who speak like this will have
no dawn, and what they say will have no force!
Distressed and hungry through the land they'll pass,
they will be both enraged and they will curse
their kings and gods. Howe'er their faces turn,
if up into the sky or down to earth,
they only see both darkness and distress,
into thick darkness where they will be thrust,
there's no escape for people who're oppressed.

Chapter 9

In former times, he made contemptuous
the land of Zebulun and Naphtali,
but afterwards, he will make glorious
the land beyond the Jordan, of the Sea,
the Way, the nations, of them, Galilee.

The people who, in darkness, walked, have seen
a great light; those who have lived in a land
as dark as death, on them, a light has dawned.
You've multiplied the nations, and increased
their joy, you have; before you, they rejoice
as those who will rejoice at harvest time,
exult as warriors when, spoils, they divide.
For that which burdened them is what you broke,
the rod laid on their shoulders, and the yoke,
the driver's goad, the day of their defeat,
as on it, Midian's. That shod their feet,
the boots of trampling warriors, and those rolled
in blood, their cloaks, how all of those shall be
burned in the fire, they'll all be used as fuel.

For, born to us, a child has been, a son
is given to us, and dominion,
a symbol, of, bear on his shoulder, he'll.
They'll name him Counselor, one Wonderful,
the Mighty God, the Father, E'erlasting,
the Prince of Peace. And his authority
is something that will grow contin'ually,
and there shall be a never-ending peace.
He'll reign o'er David's kingdom, on his throne,
he will establish it and, it, uphold,

with justice and, as well, with righteousness
from this time onward and forevermore.
The LORD of Hosts, his zeal, what will do this.

The LORD has, Jacob, 'gainst, a message, sent;
and it, on Is'rael, fell; they all knew it--
the people, Ephraim, of Samaria,
and, the inhabitants, their arrogance,
who, in their pride, say, "They have fallen down,
the bricks, but we, rebuild, shall, in dressed stone;
the sycamores have been cut down but we
will, cedars, grow, as an alternative."

The LORD, so, 'gainst them, adversaries, raised,
and upwards, where he stirred their enemies,
those who are on the east, the Arameans,
and those who're on the west, the Phillistines,
and, they, with open mouth, Is'rael, inhaled.
For all this did his anger not abate,
and, stretched out still, his hand is upwards raised.

The people did not turn to him who struck
them, or the LORD of hosts, did they, him, seek.
Therefore, the LORD cut off both head and tail,
from Is'rael, palm branch and reed in one day--
the elders, dignitaries are the head,
and prophets teaching lies, they are the tail.
Those whom, this people, guide, astray, them, lead,
and in confusion, there, where they were left
by those who lead them. That is why the LORD,
showed, never, any mercy, their youths, towards,
or on their orphans, or their widows showed
compassion. Godless and an evildoer,

for everyone was, and what each mouth spake
impiety. It has not turned away,
for all of this, his anger, and it stays
as threat'ning, is his arm outstretched, upraised.

Just like a fire, for wickedness has burned,
consuming both the briars and the thorns;
it sets the forest thickets all ablaze--
and up they go in smoke, in bill'wing flames.
It's by the fury of the LORD of Hosts,
the land, the manner by which it's been scorched,
and, for the fire, fuel, are the people like.
A man will eat his fill, him, on one side,
but still is hungry, and not satisfied;
the other man eats, but still wants to dine;
each feeds upon the flesh of his own child,
and no one spares his brother, his own kind.
Manasseh, Ephraim, what it will devour,
and Ephraim will Manasseh. Their joint pow'r,
'gainst Judah, how they are, together, bound.

His anger, for all this, does not abate,
his hand still threatens, his arm, upraised, stays.

Chapter 10

Ah, you who will, these unjust laws enact,
and who, oppressive legislation, craft.
To turn away the needy from their rights,
to justice, from the poorest, them, deprive,
to make the widows, plunder, orphans, prey,
what will you do on, punishment, the day
of, when disaster comes from far away?
To whom will you be running for your help,
and where will you deposit all your wealth,
so that, among the captives, you won't dwell,
so that you won't, among the slain, dead, fall?
For all this has his anger, not away,
turned, and his hand still threatens, is upraised.

“Ah, you, my anger's rod, Assyria,
that's in their hands, my fury is the club!
Against a godless nation I send him,
and 'gainst the people of my wrath, command,
I, him, to, spoil, take, and to, plunder, seize,
to trample them like mud, mire in the streets.
But this is not what he himself intends
nor are these thoughts he has in his own mind,
but, to destroy, that's what's inside his heart,
to many nations, not a few, wipe out.
'For are not all of my commanders kings?'
he says. 'Is Carno not like Carchemish?
Is not, to Arpad, Hamath, likening?
Samaria, not like Damascus, is?
Before now, kingdoms, I have overcome,
more full of idols than Jerusalem,
more images than in Samaria.

Unto Jerusalem, shall I not do,
and to her idols, what I have done to
Samaria and all her graven images?”

When all he means to do, he finishes,
the LORD, his work, against Jerusalem,
and too, Mount Zion, he will punish him,
his arrogance, the king, Assyrian,
for both his boasting and his haughty pride.
For he says: “By the strength of my hand, I
have done it, and, my wisdom, own, it’s by.
‘Tween people I removed their boundaries,
and I have plundered all their treasures;
and hero-like, I’ve brought down the enthroned.
As though a bird’s nest, what my hand has found,
the people’s wealth. Just as eggs left alone,
one takes them, so I’ve gathered up the earth,
not one wing fluttered, beak agape, or chirp.”

Shall the ax, itself, o’er the one who wields
it, vaunt, or will the saw claim mastery,
the sawyer, o’er? As if a rod could sway
the one who lifts it up, or in that way,
a staff should, one who is not wood, up, raise!
Therefore, the Sovereign, the LORD of hosts,
amongst them, sends a sickness that will waste,
his warriors, stout, his glory at its base
is kindled like a fever’s burning rage.
The light of Is’rael will become a fire,
his Holy One, too, will become a flame;
how it will burn and also will devour
his thorns and briars in a single day.
His splendid forest and his fruitful land,

the LORD, both body, soul, he will destroy,
just as, will waste away, the invalid.
How many of the forest trees remain,
will be so few a child could, all them, name.

Of Is'rael's remnant, when that day will come,
the house of Jacob, those surviving ones,
no more will lean 'gainst him who had struck them,
but they, upon the LORD, alone, lean, will,
in truth, the Holy One of Israel.
Unto the mighty God, a remnant will
return, will Jacob's remnant, Israel.
For numbered like the sand in seas that churn,
are Is'rael's people, of this, they're assured,
of them, a remnant only will return.
How their destruction's instrument deployed
will overflow with justice. For the LORD,
the LORD of hosts will bring a final end,
he will, destruction, bring through all the land.

Therefore the LORD, the God of hosts, thus, says:

"My people, Zion, there, your dwelling place,
of the Assyrian, don't be afraid
though with a rod he strikes you, and uplifts
his staff 'gainst you as the Egyptians did.
For in a very short while, it relents,
my wrath, it's over, anger, my, full spent,
all that, to his destruction, I'll direct."

The LORD of Hosts will wield a whip 'gainst them
just as he did when he struck Midian
at Oreb's Rock; and he'll, his staff, o'er lift

the sea 'gainst Egypt, just like what he did.
On that day, what they, on your shoulder, laid,
removed, will be, the burden, and their yoke,
from off your neck, the manner how it's broke.

He's come to Aiath, gone up from Rimmon,
as well the place he passed through was Migron,
his baggage trains, where he left at Michmash.
Through the divide, the place where they have passed,
at Geba, where it was they bivouacked.
Ramah is terrified, and it's in flight,
is Gibeah of Saul. Bath-Gallim, cry
aloud! O Laishah, listen! And reply,
O Anathoth! Madmenah is in flight.
Of Gebin, all of its inhabitants
for safety, flee. He ceases his advance,
this very day, at Nob, he'll shake his fist,
at daughter Zion's mount, Jerusalem,
its hill. The LORD of hosts, him Sovereign,
look, he, the trees, with violence, will lop,
the tallest trees, the lofty will be brought
low. With an ax, the forest thickets, all,
the foliage have been hacked down as well,
and Lebanon's majestic trees will fall.

Chapter 11

Up from the stump of Jesse will a shoot
come up, a branch shall grow up from his roots.
The spirit of the LORD shall, on him, light,
the spirit of both wisdom and insight,
the spirit of both counsel and of might,
the spirit of both knowledge and the fear,
the LORD, of, and where he'll find his delight:
in, of the LORD, the fear. How things appear,
on that, his judgments never will rely;
his verdicts, he'll, on hearsay, never base;
but he will judge the poor with righteousness,
the humble in the land, fair sentences,
what he shall pass; with the rod of his mouth,
the ruthless, he will strike; and with the breath
of his lips he shall kill the wicked dead.
The belt around his waist is righteousness,
the girdle 'round his loins is faithfulness.
A guest, then will the wolf be, of the lamb,
the leopard will lie down beside the kid,
the lion, young, together with the calf,
both eat, with a child, little, to them, tend.
The cow and bear together shall be friends,
so that their young will, down, together, lie.
The lion will eat hay, the ox, just like.
Above the cobra's den the infant plays,
his hand, the child lays, on the adder's lair,
My holy mountains, on, shall neither be
there, harm nor ruin, for how the earth will be,
the knowledge of the LORD, filled upwardly,
just as the waters cover o'er the sea.

On that day shall the root of Jesse stand,
to serve, a signal to the people, as;
of him the nations shall make inquiry,
and glorious, how will his dwelling be.

The LORD, he will extend, yet, on that day,
his hand a second time so to reclaim
the remnant of his people that remain
in Egypt and as well Assyria,
from Pathros and from Ethiopia,
from Elam, from Shinar, and from Hamath,
from islands of the sea where they were cast.

A signal for the nations, he will raise
and will assemble all Is'rael's outcasts,
and gather all of Judah's, ones, dispersed,
retrieve from the four corners of the earth.
The jealousy of Ephraim shall depart,
and Judah's enmity shall be, off, cut;
of Judah, Ephraim won't feel jealousy,
towards Ephraim, Judah, no hostility.
But they will swoop down on the Philistines',
their western flanks, and people of the east,
they'll jointly plunder them entirely.
'Gainst Edom, Moab, their hand, threatening,
subject the Ammonites, to them, will be.
The LORD, the tongue of the Egyptian sea,
is what he will dry up entirely;
o'er the Euphrates, he will waive his hand,
and with the power of his scorching wind,
he will divide it into seven streams,
so that it may be crossed upon one's feet.
A highway from Assyria, there'll be,

the people's remnant in captivity,
for them, just like the one, for Is'rael made,
when, up from Egypt, back, the way they came.

Chapter 12

On that day, these words, what it is you'll say,

"O LORD to you I will give all my thanks.
For though against me, how your anger burned,
away, is that direction where it's turned,
and comfort, what it is you've given me."

God, who is my salvation, certainly.
I will be unafraid and confident,
the LORD, for he's my refuge and defense,
as my deliverer, he's shown himself."

With joy, draw waters from salvation's wells,
you shall, and on that day, these words, you'll say,

"Give thanks unto the LORD, call on his name;
among the nations, his deeds, all, known, make;
that his name is exalted, this, proclaim.

"Sing to the LORD, your praises, clamorous,
because of his achievement, glorious;
let this be known to men, the earth, throughout.
O royal Zion, sing and shout aloud,
for joy, for great is he who's in your midst,
your God, the Holy One of Is'rael, is."

Chapter 13

The oracle concerning Babylon
seen by Isaiah, Amoz, of, the son.

Upon a wind-swept height, the standard, hoist,
the call to battle, sound, and their advance,
the Nobles' Gate, wave them there with your hand.
I've issued orders to my fighting men,
my warriors called, they've answered my command,
how they are eager for my victory,
to execute my anger faithfully.

The mountains, on, a tumult, what is heard,
just like the sound of a great multitude!
It is the kingdoms, how they're clamoring,
the nations' noises of assembling.
The LORD of hosts, what he is mustering,
an army that's, for battle, threatening.
Their origin is from a distant land,
from heaven's ends and, the horizon, past,
the LORD is with the weapons of his wrath
that he will use to, the whole earth, lay waste.

Wail, for the day, that of the LORD, is near;
from the Almighty, where destruction's made!
Enfeebled, how each person's hands appear,
each human heart, with terror, melts away,
and everyone with anguish, they will writhe.
The pangs of agony will grip them fast;
a woman who's in labor, that's just like.
At one another, they will look aghast;
enfevered, how their faces are aflame.

See how it comes, that of the LORD, his day,
cruel, with fierce anger, and as well with wrath,
to desolation, to reduce the earth,
and, all the wicked, from it, to destroy.
For all the stars that in the heavens shine,
their constellations will not give forth light;
it will be dark, the sun, when it will rise,
the moon, its light, no longer shines as bright.
Disaster on the world I will inflict,
and on the wicked bring due punishment,
their pride, I'll end that of the arrogant,
of tyrants, I'll lay low their insolence.
I will make mortals, than fine gold, more rare
and humans scarcer than gold from Ophir.
Therefore, the heavens tremble, I will make,
from its foundations, I, the earth, will shake,
the LORD of hosts, at that, his wrath, his rage,
that of his burning anger, on the day.
Like a gazelle a hunter has pursued,
or like some sheep whose shepherd's been removed.
The people, all, to their own kind, turn toward,
and everyone, to their own lands, will flee.
Whoever's found, they will fall by the sword,
and ev'ry person caught, run through, they'll be.

Their infants will be battered 'fore their eyes
to death, their houses looted, raped, their wives.
See I, the Medes, against them, up, have stirred,
who, what they have for silver, no regard,
and neither will they, tempted, be, by gold.
To slaughter the young men, their bows they'll use,
they'll have no mercy on the womb, its fruit,
no pity on the children in their eyes.

A kingdom glorious is Babylon,
it's the Chaldeans' splendor and their pride.
Like Sodom and Gomorrah, overthrown,
they'll be by God. There, no one will reside,
and for the ages, no one will, there, live,
no Arab ever will, his tent, there, pitch.
There, shepherds will no longer fold their flocks.
The desert beasts, their haunts, there, they will make,
their homes, for owls, will be a dwelling place.
There, ostriches will settle in their homes,
and gamb'ling there will be the demon goats.
Hyenas in her towers make their cries,
her mansions, jackals, they will occupy.
Her doom is what is very soon to come,
her final days do not have long to run.

Chapter 14

On Jacob will the LORD, compassion, have,
and, his choice, Is'rael, he will make, again.
He will resettle them in their own land;
and, come to join them there, will, aliens,
to Jacob's people they'll, themselves, attach.
Her homeland, to, the nations will escort
her, Israel, and she will, them, take o'er,
possessing them as male and female slaves
in the LORD's land; her captors, she will take
them captive, and she will, in the same way,
those who oppressed her, lord it over them.

The LORD relieves, that day, upon, is when,
your pain and turmoil, the hard service with
which you were made to serve, you'll take up this:
a taunt, the king of Babylon, against:

See, the oppressor, still, become, how has!
It's ceased, it's stilled, his raging arrogance!
The LORD has broken off the wicked's staff,
the rod that wicked tyrants have in hand,
that downward struck the people in their wrath
with blows unceasing, that, in anger, ruled,
the nations endlessly, they'd persecute.
The whole earth is both quiet and at rest;
to singing, they break forth. The cypresses
exalt o'er you, of Lebanon, the trees,
its cedars, over you, rejoicingly.
"Since you have been laid low," they say aloud,
"no woodsmen ever comes to chop us down."
It's Sheol 'neath that's upwards stirred to meet

you when you come; it's roused the shades to greet
you, all of them who once, the earth, did lead;
it raises all them from their thronely seats,
all who were, of the many nations, kings.
These words are how, all of them, will, you, greet:

“You also have become as weak as we!
Like us, you are positioned sim’larly!”
Brought down to Sheol, all your pride and pomp,
as well cast there, the soundings of your harps;
your mattress, maggots, you, they’re underneath,
and worms, a blanket for your covering.

How is it you, from heaven, fallen, are,
the Son of Dawn, O you, the Morning Star!
How did you come to be thrown to the ground,
you conqueror of nations are cut down!
Within your heart you said, “I will ascend
to heaven; there is where, my throne, I’ll set,
above the stars of God, I’ll take my seat;
up to the mountains, high, where gods will meet,
in the far recess of the northern reach.
Up to their tops, the clouds, ascend, I will.
like the Most High, how I will make myself.”
Instead you, down to Sheol, will be brought,
you’ll go to the recesses of the Pit!
When they see you, you, they will scrutinize
and, what you have become, they’ll analyze:
“Is this the man who, tremble, the earth, made,
and he the one who made the kingdoms shake,
who, like a desert, turned the world into
and all its cities, them, he overthrew,
and never let his prisoners go home?”

All other kings of nations, all of them
lie hon'rably, each one in his own tomb,
but you, unburied, out, where you've been thrown,
you're likened to some loathsome carrion,
a carcass that's been trampled underfoot.
You're covered by the dead the sword has pierced,
who have been cast down into the abyss.
You won't, with them, in burial, be joined,
because your land is what you have destroyed,
and all your people, those, the ones you killed.

May the descendants of such evildo'ers
ne'er more be named! Because their fathers' guilt,
the slaughter of the sons should be prepared.
Rise to possess the earth, let them not e'er,
or, with their cities, cover the world o'er.

Declares the Lord of Hosts, "Gainst them I'll rise
and, off from Babylon, I will excise
whatever that would in that place remain,
her offspring, her posterity, her name,"
declares the LORD. "It, into, I shall make
a haunt for hedgehogs and a marshland waste.
It's with destruction's broom I'll sweep that place,"
the LORD of Hosts, this is the word he says.

The LORD of Hosts has sworn, "As I've designed
so shall it be; and just as I have planned,
so my intention, what will come to pass.
In my land, I'll break the Assyrian.
Upon my mountains, I will trample him.
Removed, the yoke, from off of them will lift,
his burden will, from off their shoulders, slip.

This is the plan prepared for the whole world,
and this, the hand stretched, all the nations, o'er.
For this, the LORD of Hosts himself has planned
and who will, it, annul? Outstretched, his hand's,
and who is powerful to turn it back?"

King Ahaz died, it was in that same year,
this oracle from God to Is'rael's ears:

All of you Philistines, do not rejoice,
'cause, broken's now, the rod that, you, chastised;
a viper shall be born of serpent stock,
its offspring is a dragon that can fly.
The firstborn of the poor will graze their flocks,
the destitute will, downwards, safely lie,
but, die of famine, I'll, your offspring, make,
and all your remnant, even them, I'll slay.

You gate, wail! Howl, you city! Melt away,
all of you Philistines! A cloud of smoke
comes from the north, and there's not, in its ranks,
a straggler, found. What answer, be giv'n, shall,
unto the envoys of, the nations, all?

"It's Zion that the LORD established firm,
and, will his people, those afflicted, who're,
a refuge, what it is they find in her."

Chapter 15

A proclamation that, Moab, regards:

Because, just in a night, laid waste, is, Ar,
undone is Moab; too, because of Kir,
how it's laid waste, so Moab is undone.
Up to the temples, so that, weep, they can,
Dibon's, her people; over both of them,
it's Nebo and Medeba, Moab wails.
Each head is bald and ev'ry beard is shaved;
out in the streets it's sackcloth that they wear,
they cry from rooftops, in the public squares,
wails, everyone, as well, they melt in tears.
Both Hesbon and Elealeh cry out,
their voices are heard as far as Jahaz.
Alarmed are Moab's warriors, most stout;
and all their courage, quick to melt away.
My heart cries out for Moab in distress;
to Zoar, where they flee, his fugitives.
They go out to Eglath-Shelishiyah.
On the ascent to Luhith, how they go
up weeping; there, on Horonaim, the road,
destruction, of, a cry is what they raise;
the waters of Nimrim became a waste;
the grass is withered and the new growth fails,
and not a single green thing is sustained.
Therefore, all the abundance that they gained,
what they laid up, where it's carried away,
o'er Wadi Arabim. For what has gone,
a cry to Moab's frontiers, all around;
their wailing reaches, Eglaim, Beer-elim,
from both. With blood, the waters of Dibon

are full; yet even worse, I'll bring upon
Dibon--for the survivors of Moab,
a lion, for the remnant in the land.

Chapter 16

The ruler of the land, to him, send lambs,
from Sela, of the desert, by its way,
to daughter Zion's mount. Like those outcast,
birds, flutt'ring, scattered nestlings, at the place
are Moab's women, at the Arnon's fords.
"Now give us counsel, justice, us, provide;
make it like night, at the noon's height, your shade;
the outcasts are the ones whom you should hide,
and also don't, the fugitives, betray;
let Moab's exiles find with you a place;
to them, be refuge, in destruction's face."

Once the oppression's past, the ruin, complete,
when, from the land, gone, the aggressor's heel,
then how a throne, established, it will be,
in David's tent, and on it there will sit
a ruler, judge, who, justice, always seeks,
and doing what is right, at that, he's swift.

We've heard how great is Moab's haughtiness--
how proud he is! His pride, his arrogance,
and too his insolence; his boasts are false.
Therefore let Moab wail for Moab's sake.
Kir-Hareseth, for all its raisin cakes,
you mourn, with grief, your heart will, stricken, be.
For Heshbon's vineyards all are withering,
the grapes that once, on Sibmah's vines, had hung,
whose clusters made the lords of nations drunk,
those vines, as far as Jazer, where they reached,
out to the desert, they went windingly,
its spreading branches, over, crossed, the sea.

Therefore with Jazer's weeping, I will weep,
for Sibmah's vines; I drench you with my tears,
O Heshbon and Elealeh; for, ceased,
the shout, the harvest of your fruit, has, o'er,
and too, the harvest of your grain, no more.

Away, both joy and gladness, taken are,
the field, from, fruitful; in the vineyard's place,
no songs are sung and no more shouts are raised;
no treader in the presses, wine, treads out,
and also hushed is it, the vintage-shout!
Therefore for Moab, harp-like, throbs my heart
and too my very soul for Kir-heres.

Though all, to worship, come, the Moabites,
and, they, themselves, will weary, at their shrines,
they to their sanctuaries flock to pray,
despite that, nothing, them, will it avail.

These words the LORD spoke of the former days,
concerning Moab, but the LORD now says,

"Just as a worker, hour'ly, them, would count,
in three years, Moab's glory it derives
from its great populace, it will be brought
into contempt and those who still survive
will be both few and feeble in their lives."

Chapter 17

This oracle, about Damascus, is.

“To be a city, will, Damascus, cease,
and what she will become: of ruins, a heap.
Forever will, deserted, be, her towns;
for flocks, they will be places, which lie down
and rest, there’s no one to disturb them there.
From Ephraim will its fortress disappear,
from sovereignty, away, Damascus veers;
and then how Aram’s remnant will be like,
the glory of the children, Israelite,”
this is the word of him the LORD of Hosts.

“That day will Jacob’s glory be brought low,
and lean, how, of his flesh, its fat will grow.
As when a reaper gathers standing grain
by armfuls, ears, what they are harvesting,
or as one glean the ears in Rephaim’s vale,
or as when beaten is the olive tree
and only gleanings, left, are, to retrieve,
they’re on the topmost branch, two berries, three,
upon its fruitful boughs, just five, or four,”
the LORD, the God of Is’rael, this, his word.

That day, a man will, to his Maker, look,
his eyes, to Israel’s Holy One, will train.
He will no longer, to his handiwork,
look to his altars, or what they have made,
such worship objects, by his, fingers, own,
the incense altars and the sacred poles.

That day, how their strong cities will be like
the places of the Hivites, Amorites
that they deserted at Is'rael's advance,
those they abandoned, they shall be laid waste.

Since you, of your deliverance, forgot,
the God who saved you, also, you did not
remember him, your stronghold place, your Rock.
Therefore, though you will, pleasure gardens, plant,
out for a foreign god, your cuttings, set,
the day you plant them, you get them to grow,
they're flow'ring in the morning when you sow,
yet quickly, on, that harvest fades away,
of grief, pain that's incurable, the day.

Disaster! It's the thunder of vast hordes,
a thunder like the thunder of the sea!
The nations, how, like mighty floods, they roar,
but he rebukes them, far away they flee,
on mountains, chased like chaff, the wind, before,
and whirling dust that blows before the storm.
In evening time, it's terror that they spread!
But by the morning time they've disappeared.
Of those who, us, despoil, this is their fate,
of those who plunder us, this is their lot.

Chapter 18

There is a land of sailing ships that lies
beyond the rivers in the land of Cush;
ambassadors, it sends, upon the Nile,
papyrus boats, in, they send them across!
Swift messengers, go to a people, tall,
and bronzed, a people, dreaded, far and near,
a nation who is mighty, masterful,
whose lands are, by the rivers, criss-crossed, scoured.

Inhabitants, all you who're of the world,
and all of you who populate the earth,
look, when a signal's, on the mount, unfurled!
When, sounded, is, the ram's horn, you will hear!
For this is what the LORD has said to me:
I, from my dwelling, will look quietly,
when, in the summer's sun, it shimmers, heat,
when dew at harvest time weighs heavily.
When flow'ring ends, before the harvest time,
and blooms will slowly turn to rip'ning grapes,
the branches, he'll cut off with pruning knives,
the spreading branches, he will hew away.
Out for the mountains' birds of prey, they're left,
and for the animals, the earth, that walk.
On them, the birds of prey will craft their nests,
their home for summer, animals will make,
those of the earth, their winter home on them.

At that time gifts will be brought to the LORD
of Hosts, from them, a people, tall and bronzed,
they're from a people, near and far they're feared,
a nation that's aggressive, also strong,

whose land is by the rivers, criss-crossed, scoured.
They bring it to Mount Zion, that the place,
where dwells the LORD of Hosts', his holy name.

Chapter 19

It's Egypt who this oracle's about.

The LORD comes riding swiftly on a cloud
and he descends to Egypt; their false gods
before him, tremble. Egypt's courage melts
within her. Egypt, up, against herself,
I will stir Egypt, and how they will fight,
one 'gainst another, how they'll be aligned,
a neighbor will have, with his neighbor, strife,
one city 'gainst a city and this too,
a kingdom 'gainst a kingdom, enmity,
within, their spirits, emptied out, complete,
are Egypt's, and their plans I will confound.
They will consult false gods and sorcerers,
with ghosts and spirits who're familiar,
but the Egyptians, I'll deliver them
into that of a master, hard, his hand,
and over them, a ruthless king will lord,
this, of the LORD, the Lord of Hosts, his word.

The waters will be drained out from the sea,
and dried, the river Nile, of all her streams;
they're foul, how all of its canals will be,
they all will rot, her rushes and her reeds.
There will be places, bare, the Nile, beside,
and all that grows along the Nile will dry.
Bullrushes, lotus, by the Nile, were sown,
they'll be no more, into the wind, they're blown.
The fishermen as well will mourn and groan,
who in the Nile, cast hooks, all will lament,
all those who in the water spread their nets

will mourn. The workers of the carded flax
will be dejected, and they'll be downcast,
the linen-weavers, they will be dismayed,
those at the loom. Those working for their wage,
dejected in their hearts, her artisans.

They're utter fools, the princes of Zoan;
that stupid counsel giv'n, what they relate,
from Pharaoh's counselors, most sage.
To Pharaoh, how is it you dare to say,
"I'm like a wise man from a former age,
a king from long ago, in bygone days"?
Where are your wise men, Pharaoh, to inform
you and make known what has, of Hosts, the LORD,
'gainst Egypt, planned, and has for them in store.
How Zoan's princes, fools, they all became.
Deluded, princes, Memphis's, the same.
All Egypt's chieftains lead their clans astray.
Poured into them, what has the LORD conveyed:
a spirit of confusion; and they've made
all Egypt miss what she attempts, her ways,
just like a drunkard randomly will stray
about while vomiting. Not head nor tail,
it's neither palm branch or the bending reed
that can for Egypt do a single thing.

On that day, the Egyptians, how they'll be
like women, and with fear, they've been made weak,
the LORD of Hosts, of him, before his hand
that he has raised against them. And the land
of Judah will, to the Egyptians, be,
a terror; will its very memory,
its name, how it will cause them to dismay,

because against them, what it is he's laid,
the LORD of Hosts, his plans, those that he made.

Found in that day, five cities, there will be
within the land of Egypt that will speak
the language, same, that's heard on Canaan's tongues
and, to the LORD of Hosts, allegiance, swear.
One will be called "The City of the Sun."

On that day will an altar place be there,
in Egypt's center, that is to the LORD,
and for the LORD, set up at her frontier,
a sacred pillar. It will be a sign
the LORD of Hosts, to always, him, remind
in Egypt's land; when to the LORD they cry,
because of their oppressors, he will send
to them, a savior, and he will defend,
and also how he will deliver them.

The LORD, to the Egyptians, he will make
himself known, and Egyptians, the, how they
will know the LORD upon that very day,
and worship with their sacrifice and make
burnt offerings, and they will, to the LORD,
take vows and also will, their vows, perform.
The LORD will strike down Egypt and then bring
them healing; and when they turn back to him,
he'll, to their prayers, respond, and he'll heal them.

On that day, how a highway there will be,
Assyria and Egypt, them, between,
and the Assyrian, to Egypt, will
come, the Egyptian to Assyria,

Egyptians and Assyrians as well
will both, together, worship on that day.

With them will Is'rael, as a third, be placed,
with Egypt and Assyria, arrayed,
a blessing there in, of the earth, its midst,
who has, by him, the LORD of Hosts, been blessed,
declaring, "Blessed be Egypt, people, my,
Assyria, too, what my hands designed,
and Is'rael, as my heritage, defined.

Chapter 20

The general, in the year that he was sent,
King Sargon of Assyria, by him,
to Ashdod, which he stormed, and captured it--
at that time, whom the LORD had spoken to,
Isaiah, Son of Amoz: "Go, and loose
the sackcloth from your loins and also take
them off, remove the sandals from your feet,"
and he had done so, walking barefoot, nak'd.
The LORD then said, "These years that numbered three,
just as Isaiah, who, my servant, is,
walked naked and barefoot, that time, he has,
to be both portent, also as a sign,
to Egypt, Ethiopia, decry.
Away, so shall Assyria's, its king,
as captives, all of the Egyptians, lead,
the Ethiopians, to, exiles, be,
the young and old, both naked and barefoot,
their buttocks bared, to Egypt's disrepute.
Confoundment and dismay, they both will know,
because of Ethiopia, her hope,
because of Egypt, which has been her boast.
In that day, those who live along the coast
will say, 'See this, what happened, has, to those
in whom we placed our hope and fled for help,
deliverance is what we sought as well,
Assyria, from him, its threat'ning king.
To whom now can we make escape or flee?'"

Chapter 21

An oracle, the desert by the sea,
about. As whirlwinds, through the Negeb, sweep,
it, from the desert, comes. It's told to me,
a vision, stern; the traitor is betrayed,
he, the destroyer, coming to destroy.
Advance, you, Elam, Media, lay siege;
the sighing she has caused, I'll make it cease.
Therefore my loins are filled with anguishing,
pain's pangs have seized me like the pangs of her,
a woman who's in labor; I can't hear,
because I am bowed down, I cannot see
because I am dismayed. My mind, it reels,
appalled, me, horror has; what I longed for,
the twilight, into trembling, it's transformed
for me. The table, that has been prepared,
they spread the rugs, they also drink, they eat.
Rise up, commanders, put oil on the shield!
For this is what the Lord has said to me:
"Go, post a lookout, and let him announce
all that he sees. When he sees them ride out,
paired horsemen and those who, on donkeys, mount,
the camel-riders, diligently let
him listen, very diligently, then."
The lookout watchman, this, what he proclaimed:
"On the watchtower, Lord, I stay all day,
I'm stationed through the watches of the night.
Look, there they come, paired horsemen, how they ride!"
Then he responded, "Fallen, fallen, is,
how, Babylon, and too, the images
of all her gods lie shattered on the ground."
My people, threshed, you are my winnowed one,

what I have heard, the LORD of Hosts, him, from,
announce to you, I, the God of Is'rael."

Concerning Dumah is this oracle:

From Seir, someone, out to me has cried,
"O Watchman, tell me, what is left of night?
O sentinel, what of the night remains?"
The watchman says, "It's coming, morning time,
and then it soon will be night once again.
If you'll inquire, ask; come back later, then."

The oracle about the desert plain.

That of the desert plain, you'll live amidst
its scrub, of Dedanites, O caravans.
Bring water to the men who have great thirst,
and meet the fugitive with loaves of bread,
O you inhabitants of Tema's land.
For they have, from the sword, the drawn sword, fled,
from the bent bow, and from the battle's stress.

"Within a year," thus, to me, said the LORD,
"the way he counts, a worker who's been hired,
the years exactly, all that of Kedar,
its glory suddenly, how it will cease;
few bows are left for Kedar's warriors,"
for Is'rael's God, the LORD, this, spoken, has.

Chapter 22

This oracle, 'bout "Vision's Valley," is.

Tell me, what with you now has gone amiss,
to be up on the rooftops, for you all,
you city, full of tumult, it exults,
you town? It wasn't by the sword they fell,
your slain, nor were your dead, in battle, killed.
Your rulers all together, they have fled;
they, captured, were, without a bow, its use.
Those who were found were captured, all of you,
though you, in all directions, had dispersed.
At this I ask you, From me, your eyes, turn
away, and let me weep in misery
and do not, consolation, press on me,
for how my people's ruin is complete.

For the Lord God of Hosts, what he ordained,
confusion, tumult, tram'pling, of, a day,
in "Vision's Valley," how the walls crash down,
and cries for help, they lift up to the mount.
Both chariots and quiver, Elam bore,
with cavalry, and Kir, his shield is bared.
Your valleys, choice, are filled with chariots,
and you have horsemen posted at the gates.
The heart of Judah's defense, open, lays.

In the House of the Forest, on that day,
you, to the weapons stored there, turned, your gaze.
In David's city, what it is you knew,
how many breaches in its walls you saw,
and waters you collected in the pool,

the lower one. Surveyed them all, how you,
the houses of Jerusalem, and some,
to fortify the wall, down, you broke them.
You made a reservoir 'tween the two walls
so that it filled with water, the old pool.
But to the city's maker you did not
look to him who had long ago built it.

The Lord, the GOD of Hosts, in that day called
on you to weep and mourn and shave your heads
and put on sackcloth; but there was instead,
joy and festivity, and butchering
of cattle, sheep, was, of them, slaughtering,
they're eating meat and also drinking wine.
"Let's eat and drink, tomorrow, for, we die."
The LORD of Hosts, himself, he has revealed,
in my ears: Surely this iniquity
till you die never will, forgiven, be.
This is the Lord's word, his, the LORD of Hosts.

The GOD of Hosts, the Lord, says thus: Come, go
and find that steward who's, as Shebna, known,
the palace master, him, of this apprise:
What do you own here, who gave you the right
to, for yourself, a tomb, cut, in the height,
to carve a habitation in the rock
yourself, for? How the LORD's about to shake
you out just as you would lice from a coat.
He, tightly up, you, is about to roll,
and to a land of vast expanse, he will
throw you just like a ball. There you will die
and there your splendid chariots shall lie,
O you who have disgraced your master's house!

I from your office will, you, outwards thrust,
and you will be pulled downwards from your post.

My servant, I'll send for, that day, upon,
Eliakim, of Hilkiah, the son
and with your robe, I'll cloth him in that way,
and I will tie your sash around his waist.
With your authority, I'll, him, invest,
and he shall be a father to all them,
inhabitants, those of Jerusalem,
and to the house of Judah. I will place,
his shoulder, on, the key to David's house.
Just like a peg, in place, I will drive him
securely, and, of honor, he, a throne,
to his ancestral house, what he'll become.
And, his ancestral house, of, the weight, whole,
descendants, offspring, on him, both, they'll hang,
all of the little dishes, bowls to jugs.
On that day, says the LORD of Hosts, the peg
that was securely drove in place, that way,
will be removed; cut off, how it will fail,
destroyed, that what was hung on it, the load,
for all these words were spoken by the LORD.

Chapter 23

An oracle concerning Tyre, this.

Wail for your harbor, O ships of Tarshish,
has been destroyed; the time they, of it, learned,
when they had from the Cypress isle returned.
Be still, inhabitants, O, of the coast,
O merchants of Sidon, how they have crossed,
your messengers, have, o'er the deepest sea,
upon the mighty waters of the deep.
The grain of Shihor was your revenue,
the harvest of the Nile, the merchant, you,
the nations', were. O Sidon, be ashamed,
for, spoken, has, the sea's, its fortress says,
"I've neither labored nor have I giv'n birth.
I've neither reared young men nor brought up girls."
When the report, to Egypt, comes, will, they,
in anguish, be, about, of Tyre, the fate.
Cross over to Tarshish--all of you, wail,
O you inhabitants along the coast!
Is this your ancient city that exults,
whose origin is from the days of old,
whose steps had lead her to roam far afield
so that she could, her colonies, there, found?
Who has made this decision, Tyre, against,
to hand out crowns, what she did in the past,
whose merchants, princes, were, and of the earth,
those honored ones is what her traders were?
The LORD of hosts has planned it--to disgrace
all pride of majesty and to degrade
all those who walk on earth, her honored men.
O ships of Tarshish, cross to your own land,

your harbor is no more. His outstretched hand
is o'er the sea so he can, kingdoms, shake.
It's their destruction that the LORD ordained,
all Canaan's strongholds. This is what he says,
You shall exult no more, you who're oppressed.
O virgin, daughter, Sidon, rise, o'er, cross--
to Cypress, even there you'll have no rest.

Look out, the land of the Chaldeans, at!
A people who used to exist, did not.
Assyria, the destined fate for Tyre:
to be consumed by animals who're wild.
Erected, they, all of their sieging tow'rs,
all of her palaces, they downwards tore,
into a ruin, how they, her, transformed.

Wail for your harbor, O ships of Tarshish,
has been destroyed. From that day Tyre will be,
forgotten, for those long years, seventy,
which is the lifetime of a single king.
When those years, seventy, someday conclude,
just as in the song 'bout the prostitute,
to Tyre, how it will happen, this is true:

A harp, take, and the city, go, throughout,
you prostitute that everyone forgot!
The sweetest melody, what you should make
so that one day remembered, be, you may.

At the end of years, seventy, the LORD
will visit Tyre, and she'll return to her
trade, and will prostitute with, of the world,
all of its kingdoms, on its face, dispersed.

Her merchandise and wages, to the LORD,
will dedicated, be; they won't be stored,
her profits, neither something they will hoard,
but, merchandise, her, will, abundant food,
supply, and clothing, fine, all of those, for,
who're living in the presence of the LORD.

Chapter 24

The LORD's about, now, to, the earth, lay waste,
to twist its surface, make it desolate,
and scatter all of its inhabitants.

For both the priest and people, the same fate;
as with his master, so it's with the slave;
as with her mistress, so it's with her maid;
as with the lender, so the borrower;
just like the one who sells, the purchaser;
so with the debtor, too, the creditor.
To waste, completely, how the earth is laid,
and how it will be utterly despoiled,
for he, the LORD, has spoken this, his word.

How it both withers and dries up, the earth;
how it both withers, languishes, the world,
together, earth and heaven, languish, sure.
Polluted under its inhabitants,
the earth lies; for how they have, laws, transgressed,
the statutes, broken, and the covenant,
the everlasting one is not observed.
For that is why a curse consumes the earth,
and its inhabitants, their punishment,
will suffer; therefore, the inhabitants
of earth have dwindled, and few people left.
The wine dries up, the vine, it languishes
and all those who are merry-hearted sigh.
The merry beat of tambourines is hushed,
and silenced, joyful music of the lyre.
It's songs, without, the way they drink their wine.
It's bitter, liquor, tastes to him, is how
who drinks it. Chaos, how, it's broken down,

its city, every house's gate is barred
so none may enter. In the streets there's heard
the people crying out for wine, its dearth.
All joy has vanished and how happiness
is banished from the land, all merriment.
In desolation, how the city's left
and battered into ruins are its gates.
For, on the earth, then, thus, how it shall be
among its peoples, as an olive tree,
at gleaning time, it's beaten in that way,
when ended, is, the harvest of the grapes.

They lift their voices up, they sing for joy;
it's from the west, they, o'er the majesty,
shout for the LORD's. Therefore, you, in the east,
give glory to the LORD, and of the sea,
its coastlands, through, the glory, you proclaim,
the LORD's, the God of Is'rael, to his name.
Earth's ends, from there we're hearing songs of praise,
of glory, to the Righteous One, conveyed.
But I say, "This ordeal is so depraved!
I pine away. The traitors have betrayed,
the treacherous deal treach'rously, that way.

"The hunter's snare, both terror and the pit
that face you, all of earth's inhabitants.
Whoever, at the sound of terror, flees,
shall fall into the pit undoubtedly,
and whosoever climbs out of the pit,
will, in the hunter's snare, how they'll be caught.
Yes, opened wide are heaven's sluice-gates,
and the foundations of the earth will shake.
The earth is cracking, open, how it breaks,

it's vi'lently, the way the earth will quake.
The earth will lurch like someone who is drunk,
it, to-and-fro, sways like a shanty hut.
Upon it, its transgressions, heavy, lie,
it falls, and, e'er again, it will not rise."

When that day comes, the LORD will punish them,
all heaven's hosts, he will, up there in heav'n,
and, on the earth, the kings of earth, them, all.
How all together, gathered, be, they will,
like prisoners locked in a dungeon's cell.
They'll, in a prison, be shut upwardly,
and after many days, they'll, punished, be.
The moon will be abashed, the sun, ashamed,
for, how it is, the LORD of Hosts will reign
on Zion's Mount and in Jerusalem,
and there, the place where he will manifest
within his elders' sight, he's glorious.

Chapter 25

O LORD, you are my God, I'll, you, extol
and praise your name; for how you have fulfilled
your plans, most wonderful, that are of old,
both faithful, sure. For how it is you've turned
the town, into a heap of stones, transformed
to ruin, is the city, fortified;
the palace of the foreigners, no more,
a city, is; again, it ne'er shall rise.
They'll glorify you, peoples, strong, therefore,
the ruthless nations' cities, you, they'll fear.
A refuge to those who're distressed, with need,
a shelter from the storm, a shade from heat.
When, like a winter rainstorm was the blast
the ruthless made, that of the aliens,
their noise was like the heat in a dry place,
you cooled the heat with shadows of the clouds,
the songs the ruthless sing have all been stilled.

Upon this mountain, will, the LORD of hosts
provide for, peoples, all, a luscious feast,
of food that's rich, that is, with marrow, filled,
of wines, strained so they will be clear, aged well.
And on this mountain he'll destroy the shroud
that over them, the peoples, has been pulled,
the sheet that, nations, over all, is spread,
forever death, what he will swallow up.
Then the LORD God, away, the tears will wipe,
from all their faces, and, too, their disgrace,
away, from all the earth, what he will take,
for spoken has the LORD. It, on that day,
said, will be, "Look, in whom, this is the LORD,

we put our hope so that, save us, he should.
This is the LORD, our God we've waited for;
let us be glad and in it, let's rejoice,
the LORD's salvation, make a joyful noise.
For the LORD's hand will rest assuredly
upon this mountain. Moab, it shall be
down-trodden in their place beneath his feet,
as straw is trodden down in a dung-heap.
Though Moab spreads their hands out in the midst
of it as swimmers outwards will, to swim,
their hands, spread, their pride will be sunk and drown,
despite their hands that struggle all around.
Your fortress with its walls he's overthrown,
the dust, in, of the ground, he's flung it down.

Chapter 26

In Judah, on that day, will it be sung,
this song: We have a city that is strong,
the walls and ramparts, safety, they provide.
The gates, up, open! Let that one upright,
the nation, enter, that one that keeps faith!
A nation of firm purpose, you maintain,
in peace, it puts its trust in you, because.
Trust in the LORD forever, for in the
LORD God, an everlasting rock, you have.
For he has brought low its inhabitants,
all them, the lofty city's occupants;
he levels it and brings it to the ground
and to the dust he flings it, that way, down.
It will be trodden underneath their feet,
the steps they take, the needy and the weak.

The Upright One, his path is honesty,
and level is the path where he proceeds,
you make it so. The place where we will wait
for you, O LORD, the path your judgments take.
Our souls' desire is your renown, your name.
At night my soul yearns for you ceaselessly,
my spirit in me seeks you earnestly.
For when your judgments permeate the earth
the world's inhabitants will, justice, learn.
If to the wicked, favor, what is shown,
they never, righteousness, about, will learn.
In this land of ways, honest, they're perverse
in all they do, and what they do not see:
the LORD's, it's manifest, his majesty.
O LORD, your hand is lifted high but they

don't see it. Let them see, and be ashamed
when, for your people, they see your great zeal.
Let that which you have for your enemies
reserved, the fire, consume them. For us, peace,
O LORD, you will ordain, for all we do,
indeed is only what you've done for us.
O LORD our God, those other lords than you,
they have ruled over us, but ne'ertheless,
it's you alone whom we invoke by name.

The dead do not live, neither will the shades
again rise for you've punished and destroyed
them and, of them, wiped out all memory.
But you, O LORD, the nation, have increased,
the nation, you've increased; and glorified
yourself; and you made them expand in size,
the nation's borders, boundaries revised.

In our distress, LORD, you, we tried to find,
beneath your chastening, in prayer we cried
out in our anguish. Like one with a child,
a woman who in labor's pangs will writhe,
she cries in pain when she is near her time.
Because of you, it's how, O LORD, we were;
we were with child, we writhed, but we gave birth
to only wind. No victories on earth
that we have won and no one is, the world,
born to inhabit it. They're disinterred,
the corpses, and the dead will live again!
O dwellers of the dust, awake and sing
for joy! For your dew is dew, radiant,
and the earth will give birth to those long dead.

My people, come, your chambers, enter them,
and shut your doors behind you; hide yourselves
for a while, little, past, the wrath, is, till.
The LORD is coming from the place he dwells,
the earth's inhabitants, to punish all,
for their iniquity, for all their guilt;
the earth, the blood shed on it, will reveal,
and it, its slain, no longer will conceal.

Chapter 27

The LORD, on that day, with his sword that's cruel,
his sword that's mighty, strong, he, punish, will,
Leviathan, the serpent that is coiled,
Leviathan, the dragon, as he flees.
Yes, he will slay the monster of the sea.

On that day: of the splendid vineyard, sing!
It's I, the LORD, this place is what I keep,
and every moment, I'm, it, watering,
to care for it so they don't wilt, its leaves;
I have no wrath against it, what I feel.
I tend it daily, but I get no wine.
I would as soon have only thorns and bri'rs.
Then as if in a battle, how I'd, down,
it, trample, and, it, I would also burn.
Or else, so that, it will, protected, be,
let it cling to me, make its peace with me--
unless, with me, how it will make its peace.

In days to come, how Jacob shall take root,
shall Is'rael blossom and put forth its shoots,
and how it will fill up the world with fruit.

Has he struck them down as he has struck down
those who struck them? Or is that they've been
killed just the way their killers have been killed?
Exiling them, and them, you have expelled,
that sentence, executed, them, against,
away he has blown them with his fierce blast
just as the east wind. For then Jacob's guilt
will be forgiven, this is the result

of his sin, him, renouncing it, the fruit:
when, into pieces, he, the altar stones
will smash like bits of chalk. The sacred poles
and incense altars, they'll no longer stand.
For how the city, fortified, is found?
It's desolate, a homestead that's bereft
of foliage, forsaken wilderness.
The calves graze there, and there, they downwards lie,
and they will, all the branches' twigs, destroy.
They're broken off when all their boughs grow dry,
the women come and, of them, make a fire.
This is a people, sense is what they lack;
therefore he, that made them, on them won't have
compassion; he who formed them will show them
no favor. On that day the LORD will thresh
the grain that grows, from the Euphrates' streams
to Egypt's wadi, one by one, you'll be,
up, gathered, all the people of Is'rael.
A trumpet, great, on that day, blown, be, will,
and who were, in Assyria, lost, those,
and those who, out to Egypt, had been drove,
the LORD, they'll come and worship, all of them,
its holy mountain, on, Jerusalem's.

Chapter 28

Woe to them, Ephraim's crowns of arrogance,
how they will fade, its drunkards' garlands' blooms,
the flowers of its beauty, glorious,
they're dripping from their heads just like perfume,
of those who gorged on food, luxurious,
of those who have been overcome with wine!

The LORD has one who has both strength and might,
a servant, who, a sweeping storm, is like,
of hail, a downpour, water torrenting
from flood, the way his hand is levelling
the earth, where he is downwards hurling them.
The drunkards' garlands, proud, of Ephraim,
how they, beneath the feet will be, down, trod.
And of its beauty that was glorious,
its fading flowers which were on the heads
of those who gorged on food, luxurious,
of those who, from their heads, perfume will drip.
An early fig, the moment when it's ripe
before the summer, that is what they're like;
whoever sees it, from the branch will pluck
it off, and he at once will eat it up.

That day, the Lord of Hosts will be a crown
that's glorious, a diadem that's proud,
how, to his people's remnant, he is found;
of justice, he's the spirit that abounds
to him who sits in judgment; and he will
with strength, those warriors at the gate, up, fill,
who're fighting to, their enemies, repel.

These also, wine, with, stagger, and they reel
with drink that's strong, the priest and prophet will
both reel with liquor and their reasoning
is stifled, with strong wine, they're staggering,
they err in vision and how they have strayed
in how they will, all their decisions, make.
Each table is, with vomit, covered o'er,
and no place clean when filth is everywhere.

"To whom will he teach knowledge and to whom
will he explain the message? It is to
those infants who were just weaned off of milk
and those who have, just from the breast, been pulled.
For every precept, on another, built,
command upon command and rule on rule,
from here a little, and from there, a li'l'."

So, truly with a lip that's stammering,
and with a tongue, both strange and alien,
he'll, to this people, speak, to whom he's said,
"This rest is true, let those now have their rest
who are exhausted; and this is repose";
yet they, to listen to my words, refused.
Therefore to them, the word, that of the LORD,
will be a thing that's easy to ignore.
"For every precept, on another, built,
command upon command and rule on rule,
from here a little, and from there, a li'l'."
So when they walk, they always, backwards, fall,
and, injured, captured, caught, how, be, they will,

Therefore now listen to that, of the LORD,
you rulers who are arrogant, his word,

who rule this people in Jerusalem.
Because you've said, "We've made a covenant
with Death, with Sheol, entered, we've, a pact;
The scourging flood will not, when it sweeps past,
reach us, for as our refuge, we've made lies;
in falsehood, we have found a place to hide.
Therefore the Lord God, this, what he intones,
See, a foundation stone, I'm laying down
in Zion, as a precious cornerstone,
a sure foundation, as a tested stone.
No one will stumble who relies on this.
I, justice, as a meas'ring line shall use,
and, as a lev'ling line, use righteousness.
Hail sweeps away the refuge of your lies,
and waters will, your shelter, undermine.
Then, how your covenant with Death will be
annulled, and it won't stand, what you agreed
with Sheol. When the scourging flood sweeps by
you will be trampled down by it each time
it passes through, it always will take you
for every morning it is passing through,
by day and night. With terror, sheer, imbued
you'll understand this message, all its truth.
For too short is the bed to outwards stretch
oneself and narrow, too, how is the spread,
to wrap oneself in it, upon the bed.
As on Mount Perazim, how he will rise,
the LORD, and there, his rage, he will reprise
as in the valley found in Gibeon;
to do his deeds, described as alien,
and too, so he can work his works, so strange!
Stop scoffing or else, tighter, they'll be made,
your bonds; for a decree is what I've heard,

one of destruction that has been declared
by the Lord God of hosts, the whole land, o'er.

To all my speech, now hear, attention, pay,
and listen to the words I have to say.
Do those who plow, for sowing, endlessly
plow, breaking up the ground for harrowing?
When they have, all its surface, carefully hoed,
do they not scatter dill and, cummin, sow
and plant the wheat so carefully in rows,
and barley planted in its proper place,
and spelt used for the border that they make?
For they are well-instructed in this way
because their God, the manner, them, he trained.

Dill isn't threshed beneath a threshing sledge
nor is a cart wheel, over cummin, rolled;
but dill is beaten with a stick to thresh,
and cummin with a rod, the proper tool.
For bread, the grain is crushed, but not too fine,
one drives the cart wheel and the pulling horse,
but not too long or else it's pulverized.
This knowledge comes from him, the LORD of hosts;
how, in his counsel, he is wonderful
and how his wisdom, everything, excels.

Chapter 29

To Ariel, woe, woe to Ariel,
this city is where David had encamped!
Add year to year; let all the festivals,
their courses run. When one more year has passed,
then trouble, I'll inflict on Ariel.
Both moaning, lamentation, there shall be,
and shall Jerusalem be like to me
an Ariel. Like David, sim'larly,
I will encamp against you; I will raise
up siegeworks 'gainst you, towers, with, that way,
I will besiege you. Then, deep from the earth,
you'll speak, and, low down in the dust, they're heard,
from there, their very origin, your words;
the way your voice sounds, likened to a ghost's,
your speech, a whisper coming from the dust.

But like fine dust, that of my enemies,
their multitude, reduced, how they shall be,
that horde of ruthless foes, like chaff, will fly.
And in an instant, it is suddenly,
the way the LORD of hosts will visit you
with thunder, earthquake, and a great noise too,
with whirlwind, tempest, and devouring flame
then how it will be to you like a dream,
a vision in the night how it will seem,
the horde of nations, all, who are at war
with Ariel, all those who fight 'gainst her,
and 'gainst her stronghold, those distressing her.
Like one who's hungry dreams of food to eat,
but wakes up hungry, still, or yet, like he
who has great thirst, of drinking, he will dream,

but when he wakes, with thirst, he still is weak.
How it will be with all the nations' hordes
who are, against Mount Zion, making war.

Be stupified and stunned, unseeing, blind,
be drunk, but know: it's not from drinking wine!
You stagger, but not from strong drink, consumed!
For what it is the LORD has poured on you?
A spirit of deep sleep, and he has closed
your eyes, you prophets, and he has, your heads,
o'er covered them, you seers, muffled them.

For how this vision has become for you
like words of a sealed document or book.
When it is given to one who can read,
with a command to read it, this, says he,
"I cannot read it since the book is sealed."
And when it's given to one who can't read,
he says, "I cannot read," similarly.

The LORD then said: Because these people draw
near with their mouths and, honor me, they, how:
it's with their lips, while they are in their hearts
so far from me, and how their worship's learnt?
On human precepts, based, it's all by rote.
Therefore what I will have to do again,
this people, for: perform amazing things,
astounding wonders, also prodigies.
Their wise men's wisdom now is perishing,
the understanding of their prudent men
is something that, from them, is vanishing.

Woe to those who would burrow in the deep

so that their plans, they'd, from the LORD, conceal,
who say this while they in the dark will scheme,
"Who sees us, or who knows that we are here?"
How is it that you can be so perverse?
As if the potter were no more revered
than was the clay? Or something that was made,
how can it, to its maker, these words, say:
"He did not make me"? Or how can the pot
say to the potter, "You don't know your job"?

Shall Lebanon, not, in a little while
become a fruitful field, and how it will
be so productive? Of it, they will say:
"It's an abundant forest"? On that day,
the deaf will hear the words writ on a scroll,
and from their gloom and darkness, of the blind,
their eyes will see. The lowly will obtain
fresh joy found in the LORD, and the poor, in,
exult, shall, Is'rael, of, the Holy One.
For no more, how the tyrant, he shall be,
and he, the scoffer, too, to be, shall cease;
all those who are alert, to, evil, do,
shall be cut off--a lawsuit, him, to lose,
those who would cause a person, and, he who
would set a trap for him who's at the gate,
the arbiter, and, to one in the right,
who, justice, groundlessly, him, would deny.

Therefore, thus says the LORD, who, Abraham
redeemed, the house of Jacob, about them:

Now Jacob shall no longer be ashamed
and too, no longer, shall his face grow pale.

For when, his children, in his midst, he eyes,
the work of my hands, they will sanctify
my name; the Holy One of Israel,
they'll sanctify, and they, in awe, stand, will,
of him, the God of Is'rael. And those who
err in their spirit, understanding, to,
they will come there, and, grumbling, all those who're,
instruction is what they'll accept for sure.

Chapter 30

Oh children, you, who're in rebellion,
the LORD says, you who carry out a plan
that isn't mine; one that you make against
my will, it's an alliance, sin to sin
is what you add; who set out to go down
to Egypt without asking what I think,
of Pharaoh, his protection, what you take,
your refuge, there, unfaithfully, you seek,
in Egypt's shadow, you, your shelter make.
Therefore, how Pharaoh's shall become your shame,
protection, his, and too, your sheltering
in Egypt's shadow, to you it will bring
humiliation, your. They're at Zoan,
all his officials, and though they reach Hanes,
his envoys, everyone will come to shame,
a people, through, who cannot profit them,
that neither brings them profit nor brings help,
but bringing only shame, disgrace as well.

An oracle about the animals,
the Negeb, of: Through trouble and distress,
a land of, it is, of the lioness,
and of the roaring lion, of them too,
the flying serpent, and the viper, shrewd,
their riches, how on donkey's backs they shunt
them, and, of camels, treasures on their humps,
they carry to a people that cannot,
them, profit. For, how worthless, Egypt's help,
and empty, therefore, what her, I have called:
"The strength of Rahab's: simply to sit still."

Go now before them, on a tablet, write
it, and it, in a book, you should inscribe,
so that it may be for, to come, the time,
a witness, as, forever. For they are,
a people who're rebell'ious, they don't hear,
like faithless children, children who ignore
the wisdom and instruction of the LORD;
it's to the seers they say, "Do not see,"
and to the prophets, "Cease your prophecies
about what's right, and to us, only speak
of smooth things, just illusions, prophesy,
now leave the way, the path from, turn aside,
let us hear no more of the Holy One
of Is'rael." Therefore this, what he intones,
the Holy One of Is'rael: Because you
reject this word, and where, your trust, you place,
in fraud and in disloyalty, there, too,
and how you have relied on these two traits,
for you this guilt will prove to be a breach,
like, up, at a wall's top, it's opening,
a bulge, how all at once it suddenly
collapses. How he'll throw it to the ground,
like earthenware, a pot, smashed ruthlessly
to pieces, so that 'mongst them, there's not found,
the tiny fragments, not a single sherd,
not one to carry, from the hearth, some fire,
for cistern-dipping, water, out of there.

For thus the Holy One of Israel,
the LORD God says: Be saved, this, how you will,
in both returning, rest, in quietness,
and too, where you will find your strength, in trust.
But you refused and said, "No! We will flee.

How we will go? We'll ride upon swift steeds."
Therefore, how your pursuers, swift, shall be.
A thousand shall flee at the threat of one
and at the threat of five when you will flee,
there you'll be left, a flagstaff, all alone,
upon a mountain top, upon a hill,
just like a signal post, how, be, you will.

Therefore, the LORD, this, what he wants to do:
he's waiting to be gracious, most, to you,
and rises up to, mercy, show on you.
A God of justice, for, what the LORD is,
and all of those who wait on him are blessed.

Of Zion, people, in Jerusalem,
all its inhabitants, no more you'll weep.
He surely will be gracious to you when
you cry out, and as soon as, hears you, he,
he'll answer you. Though the LORD may dispense
to you the bread of suffering, distress,
the water of, yet, he'll no longer hide,
your Teacher won't, himself, out from your sight,
but see your Teacher, shall they, your own eyes.
If you stray from the path, if to the right
or whether to the left, you, from behind
will hear a voice that's sounding in your ears
that says, "This is the way, to it adhere."
Then you will treat them as an unclean thing,
your images with silver coverings,
the idols that you plated o'er with gold,
them, like a discharge, foul, how you will loathe.
You'll say, "Good riddance," when, away, they're thrown.

The LORD will give rain for the seed you sow,
the ground, in, and what will the ground provide?
A harvest that is rich, that satisfies.
That day, your cattle will, in pastures wide,
graze; both those beasts that work to plough the land,
the oxen, donkeys, fodder, rich, they're fed
that, with the pitch fork, shovel, how it's spread.
On every mountain, high, and lofty hill,
be water streams and running brooks, there will--
of the great slaughter, on that day, they fall,
the towers, strongholds, they're destroyed, them all.
The moonlight will be as bright as sunlight,
and sunlight, brighter still by seven times--
just like the light of seven days in one--
that day, the LORD binds up his people's wound,
and heals the wounds that, by his blows, were made.

See, of the LORD, the name, from far away,
comes, in thick rising smoke, and in his rage,
his anger burns, his lips are charged with wrath,
and his tongue, a devouring fire, just as.
His breath is like a flood in a ravine
that rises up, the neck, to be as deep,
to sift the nations with destruction's sieve,
and on their jaws, the people's, he will place,
a bridle that will lead them all astray.

Your song will be like on a festal night
and there will be joy felt, your hearts, inside,
a flute's, as when one sets out to its sounds,
to go up to, that of the LORD, his mount,
to Israel's rock. The LORD will make it heard,
his voice, majestic, and make it observed,

the blow, descending, of his weighty arm.
In anger furious and in a flame
of fire, devouring, with the thunderbolt,
with downpour and the hailstones' show'ring pelts.
Yes, the Assyrian will be forlorn,
with terror at his voice, that of the LORD,
when he strikes at him with his vengeful rod.
And every stroke of punishment that's laid
upon him by the LORD is to the sound
of timbrels, lyres; how he is battling
with them, his mighty arm, he's brandishing.
Yes, Topheth's burning place has been prepared
for a long time, and for the king, it's made.
It's pyre has been constructed, deep and wide,
they're in abundance, both, the wood and fire,
the LORD's breath, like a sulphur stream, ignites
the fuel, ablaze, the way, the fire, he lights.

Chapter 31

Who go to Egypt, down, for help, to those,
and, on their horses, who rely, this woe.
In chariots, security, they find,
because of their great number, who rely
on horsemen since their strength has been combined,
but, to the Holy One, they do not look,
of Is'rael, from the LORD, nor guidance, seek!
Yet how he, in his wisdom, too, can bring
disaster and he won't, his threatenings,
turn back, but he, the house, will rise against,
of evildoers, and those who assist
those who work to, iniquity, produce.
Are human, the Egyptians, and not God;
are flesh, their horses, and are, spirit, not.
His hand, the LORD's, when, stretch it out, he will,
the helper, stumble, will, and the one helped
will fall, and they'll, together, perish, all.

The LORD has said these words to me, for thus:
Just as a lion or a lion's cub
growls o'er its prey, and they're called out in force,
the shepherds are, against it, in their scores--
it isn't, by their shouting, terrified,
nor, with the noise they make, preoccupied--
so will the LORD of hosts come down to fight
upon Mount Zion, and upon its heights.
The LORD of hosts, like hov'ring birds that fly
shall shield Jerusalem to, it, protect,
he'll spare it and he'll also rescue it.

Turn back to him, the one whom you betrayed,

you Israelites. For you will, on that day,
all of your idols, them, you'll throw away,
the ones of silver and of gold, assayed,
which sinfully, for you, your hands had made.

“Then the Assyrian shall, by the sword,
fall, but it wasn't by a mortal forged;
and, from that sword, away, he'll flee, not toward,
and his young men, to labor, will be forced.
His rock, in terror, it will pass away,
and officers, his, from his standard, stray,
in panic they desert him,” says the LORD,
whose fire, in Zion, there, where he, it, placed,
and in Jerusalem, his burning forge.

Chapter 32

In righteousness, see, how a king will reign,
and princes rule with justice just the same.
Each will be like a shelter from the wind
and will be like a refuge from the rain,
like running streams of water on dry ground,
like a great rock that's each day giving shade
upon it, dry and desolate, the land.
Those ones possessing sight, they won't be closed,
their eyes, and neither will the ears of those
who listen, they will hear and they will know.
The flighty will be wise and capable,
of stutterers, both clear and audible,
will be the speech. The fool no more is deemed
among the class of the nobility,
nor will the villain, held in honor, be.
For foolishly the ways that fools will speak.
Their hearts are set on ways of villainary
and in their conduct is ungodliness.
The LORD, they speak perversely, him, against,
ignore the hungry with the food they lack,
and, to the thirsty, they refuse all drink.
The villains' tactics all are villainous,
and all the crimes they plan are infamous,
to bring the poor to ruin with their lies,
and to the needy, justice, they deny.
But those who're gifted with a noble mind,
they're noble, all the things that that they design.
Rise up you women, you who are at ease,
complacent daughters listen to my speech.
Within a year and then a couple days,
you carefree women, then, when you will quake.

Then it will fail, the harvesting of grapes,
the gathering of fruit fore'er delayed.
Now tremble women you who are at ease,
be terrified when you, complacent, feel.
Strip down and, bare, yourselves, how you should make,
and sackcloth you should wrap around your waists.
In mourning, beat your breasts for pleasant fields,
and for the fruitful vine, desire, you'll feel,
my people's soil is overgrown with weeds.
Mourn for the houses where joy is extant
inside the city that is jubilant.
For how the palace will, forsaken, be.
Deserted is the city and her streets.
They're barren, Ophel, and as well The Keep
(it's Zion's Hill; a tower that is steep),
a place for donkeys wild, their frolicking,
for flocks, a pasture, find, to eat, a thing.
Until a spirit is poured out on us
that's from on high, then how the wilderness
will be transformed into a fruitful field,
an orchard that will, like a forest, seem.
Will justice dwell, then, in the wilderness
and in the fruitful field is righteousness.
How righteousness has an effect? It's peace,
and how uprightness brings security,
both quietness and trust eternally.
In habitations, peaceful, they'd abide,
my people will, their peaceful houses, find.
And should the forest ever be, down, mowed,
and if the city's utterly laid low,
it's happiness you'll have if this you know,
that where there's water you can freely sow
and let the ox and donkey freely roam.

Chapter 33

Woe, you destroyer, who's not been destroyed,
you traitor who has never been betrayed!
Whenever, to destroy, that time, you cease,
it's then when you, yourself, destroyed, will be,
and when it is that you no more betray,
then you will be betrayed that very day.

O LORD, be gracious to us; how we wait
for you. Please, every morning be our arm,
and our salvation when our troubles come.
At tumult's sound is when the peoples fled;
the nations scatter when you upward stand.
They strip like locusts, spoil, they gather in,
like locusts swarm, how they, on them, descend.
The LORD's exalted, he on high who dwells;
with righteousness and justice he has filled
up Zion, of your times, how he will be
to you, the source of your stability,
abundance of salvation, knowledge, pure,
and wisdom, how it's Zion's treasure sure,
the source of wisdom: of the LORD, the fear.

Now listen how they cry out in the streets,
the valiant, and envoys, those of peace,
it's bitterly, the way they're said to weep.
The highways are deserted, how they've quit
the road, the travelers. The covenants
have all been broken and the treaties' terms
are disregarded. All the country mourns,
and languishes, the land; how Lebanon,
with shame, it withers. Sharon has become

just like a wasteland; Carmel and Bashan
have, from their leaves, completely been stripped down.

“Now,” says the LORD, “the time when, rise, I will.
Now I shall rise and upwards draw myself.
Conceive, you, chaff, and stubble, you bring forth;
a fire that will consume you is your breath.
The peoples will be burned as if to lime,
like thorns cut down, they're burned up in the fire.”

Hear, you who are, away, far, what I've done,
and you who are nearby, acknowledgment,
give to my might. The sinners are afraid,
in Zion; trembling has, the godless, seized:
“Who 'mongst us here can live with, that devours,
the fire? Who can, the everlasting fire
survive?” The one who acts with righteousness
and speaks uprightly, those who are oppressed,
the gain derived from them, what they despise,
it's those who always wave away the bribe
instead of taking it. Who stopped their ears
when news of bloodshed, spoken, is, them, near,
and shut their eyes, on evil, they ne'er peer,
it's on the heights, the place where they will live;
their fortress is a stronghold in the cliffs;
their food will be supplied and it's assured,
their water source will never be disturbed.

Your eyes will see the king, his beauty, in,
that stretches far away, they'll see a land.
You'll call to mind the thing that you once feared:
“Where is the one who counted and who weighed
the tribute? Where's the one, the count, he made,

of all the treasure, what we had to pay?"
The people who you will no longer see,
the ones who always, insolent, will be,
the ones who you can't understand their speech,
their language sounds like senseless stammering.
On Zion, look, the city of our feasts!
Upon Jerusalem, let your eyes rest,
a home that is secure, just like a tent,
immovable, whose pegs will ne'er relent,
whose ropes are never severed nor are split.
But there, the LORD, in majesty will be
for us a place of rivers, broad, and streams
where no majestic galley ship can pass,
no rowing ships with sails spread from their masts.
For how the LORD is, o'er his people, judge,
the LORD, he is our king, and he'll save us,
the LORD is our lawgiver from above.

It's obvious your rigging's hanging loose,
and in its place, firm, it can't hold the mast,
or sails, against the wind's pull, hold them fast.

Then, of the spoil, the blind will have their share,
and even will the lame, some pillage, bear.
Nobody living there, say, ever will,
"I'm sick"; the people, in that place, who dwell,
they'll be forgiven, all their sins and guilt.

Chapter 34

Draw near, you nations, so this can be heard;
attention, pay, you peoples, to my words.
The earth hear, let, and all that fills it up,
the world and everything that from it comes.
'Gainst all the nations, he's enraged, the LORD,
and furious against their teeming hordes.
He's doomed them all and them, he's given o'er
for slaughter. All the slain have been, not toward,
but cast away, and from each rotting corpse,
the stench of putrid flesh is what's abhorred.
Be flowing with their blood, the mountains will.
The host of heaven all will rot away,
the heavens will be rolled up like a scroll,
they'll fade away, all heaven's hosts arrayed,
just like leaves wither on the vine and fall,
or, dry upon the fig tree, the fruit will.

When, in the heavens, it has drunk its fill,
my sword, lo, it, on Edom, will descend,
in judgment on a people I've condemned.
The LORD, a sword, has; it, with blood, is gorged,
with fat, how it has all been covered o'er.
It's covered with the blood of goats and lambs.
Of rams, their kidneys', covered with their fat.
A sacrifice in Bozrah, for the LORD,
has, a great slaughter there in Edom's land.
The oxen, wild, will, too, fall by his sword,
both them, young steers and also bulls that gore.
Shall be, with blood, completely soaked, their land,
and how their soil shall be made rich with fat.

A day of vengeance, that, what the LORD has,
it's vindication's year for Zion's cause.
To pitch, all Edom's streams, they shall be turned,
and, into sulfur, it will be transformed,
her soil. Her land will be like burning pitch.
Not night nor day shall, ever, it, be quenched.
Its smoke, forever, how long it will rise.
From age to age, in waste, how it will lie;
it, never, no one, will pass through again,
But, roosts, the hawk, there, and it has its den,
the hedgehog. Both of them have their domain
there, both the owl and raven have their nests.
And over it, the LORD, what he will stretch:
a line of chaos and, of emptiness,
the plumb line, making it a land of waste.
There'll be an absence of nobility
to recognize the king's authority.
By thistles and by brier's, totally,
o'er grown with thorns, will be, its palaces,
and they'll be covered o'er, its fortresses,
by thistles and by briars. Ostriches
and jackals, they will make it their abode.
The wild cats there will, the hyenas, know,
and satyrs beckon other demon goats,
and Lilith too will find there a repose.
There is a place there for her, rest, to know.
There, it will nest and lay its eggs, the snake.
Its young it hatches and, beneath the shade,
it gathers them. Each one will have its mate,
the vultures who assemble in that place.
Seek out the LORD's book and from it read this:
not one of these in that place shall be missed;
not one of them will be, a mate there, sans.

For, of the LORD, his mouth, what it commands,
and by his spirit, he has gathered them.

Chapter 35

The desert and the parched land will exult,
it will rejoice and bloom, the wilderness;
with fields of asphodel, will flower, it,
with joy and singing how it will rejoice.
Of Lebanon, to it, will, given, be,
its glory, and to it the majesty
of Sharon and Carmel. What they will see:
the glory of the Lord will be revealed.
They will, God's majesty, fully perceive.

The weak hands, strengthen, and the feeble knees,
make firm, and tell those with anxiety,
"Be strong, fear not! Your God comes to save you
here is your God, his vengeance he will shew,
divine, his retribution, thus, it's true."

Then, opened, how the blinds' shut eyes will be,
unstopped, will be the deaf's ears, how they'll leap,
the lame will just like deer. Those lacking speech,
with tongues of joy, the way that they will sing.
For in the wilderness, the waters will
break forth, and streams, the desert gulches, fill,
the burning sand it will become a pool,
the thirsty ground where watery springs come from;
a swamp, the jackals haunt, it will become,
to reeds and rushes is the grass transformed.

A highway shall be there and it shall be,
the Holy Way, called, and, not, the unclean,
shall travel on it, but it shall be for
God's people and, shall go, no traveler

astray, not even fools. No lion, there,
shall be, nor those who're ravenous, the beasts,
shall come up on it. There, they'll, not, found be,
but who will walk there? It is the redeemed.
And, of the LORD, the ransomed shall return,
they'll shout for joy, to Zion, coming in;
with everlasting joy, their heads are crowned;
it's joy and gladness what they will obtain,
while suffering and mourning flee away.

Chapter 36

King Hezekiah, in the fourteenth year,
his reign, of it, was when their king appeared,
Assyria's, named King Sennacherib,
and, those of Judah, how he captured them,
its cities, fortified, he came against.
The king, Assyrian, from Lachish sent
the Rabshakeh, who was, among them, chief
the cupbearers, to Hezekiah, King,
with a great army. To the Fuller's Field,
the highway, there, upon, was where he stood
nearby its conduit, the upper pool's.
There, Eliakim, son of Hilkiyah,
the master of the palace who he was
with Shebna, secretary of the state,
and Joah, Asaph's son, the herald, named,
met with the Rabshakeh, there, at that place.
The Rabshakeh then said these words to them,

“Tell Hezekiah: Thus says the great king,
Assyria, the king of: On what do
you base this groundless confidence of yours?
As strategy, do you think your mere words
will pass for that, or power, sure, for war?
On whom now is it that you will rely
that you, ‘gainst me, rebelled and, me, defied?
On Egypt? Egypt is a splintered reed
that pierces it, the hand of him who leans
upon it. That is Pharaoh, Egypt's king.
How he is to all who rely on him.
But if you say to me, ‘The LORD, our God,
on him whom we rely,’ that would be odd,

because the places, high, that he removed,
how Hezekiah took the altars too,
and said to Judah and Jerusalem,
‘Before this altar, you shall worship’? Come,
now make a wager with my lord, the king,
Assyrian, if out here you can bring
for them sufficient riders, I will give
two thousand horses to you as I live.
How then, could you repulse a single one
of them, a captain, who's the least among
my master's servants, Egypt, when, on them,
how you, for horsemen, chariots, depend.
Moreover, how is it that I have come?
Is it, without the LORD, that I destroy,
come up against this land, so that I may?
The LORD said to me, ‘Up, against this land,
now go and, it, destroy.’” Eliakim,
then, Shebna and Joah, said this to him,

“Please to us, just, in Aramaic, speak
because, your servants understand it, we.
In Judah's language, please do not at all,
in earshot of the people on the wall,
speak to us,” but the Rabshakeh then said,
“Has not my master, me, to speak, here, sent,
these words, to both your master and to you,
and not as well to all those who are doomed,
all of those people sitting on the wall,
with you, to your own excrement consume,
and your own urine, drink, do that you will.”

Then, from his feet, Rabshakeh upwards stood
and called out in a voice that he made loud

in Judah's language (they knew what he said),
“Now listen to the words of the great king,
Assyria, the king of, I, you, bring.
Do not let Hezekiah, you, deceive,
for powerless to save you, he will be.
Do not let Hezekiah, you, persuade
to, on the LORD, rely; this, what he'll say:
‘The LORD, deliver us, will certainly,
the city won't be given to the king,
Assyria, of, to his hand, you'll see.’
To Hezekiah, give no listening,
for this, says, of Assyria, the king:
Make your peace with me and come out to me
then everyone of you, how you will eat?
From your own vine and from your own fig tree,
and water from your cistern, own, to drink
until I come and, you, away, I'll take,
a land, to, that is just like your own land,
a land of grain and wine, a land of bread
and vineyards. Do not let him, you, mislead,
when Hezekiah tells you that, ‘The LORD
will save us.’ Of the other nations’ gods,
has any ever saved from the king's hands,
those of Assyria? Where are the gods
of Hammath, missing too, those of Arpad?
Where are the gods of Sepharvaim? Have they,
Samaria, from clutches, my, yet saved?
All of the countries’ gods, among them, who
have, from my clutches, saved their countries, doomed?
Then how, the LORD, will, save Jerusalem,
from, clutches, my, now-threatening.”

But they were silent and they answered him,

a single word, not, on the king's command,
which was, "Do not, an answer, give to him."
Eliakim, then, son of Hilkiah,
who, at the palace, where he was in charge,
and Shebna, who, the secretary, was,
and too, the herald, Asaph's son, Joah
came, Hezekiah, to, with their clothes torn
and, of the Rabshakeh, told him the words.

Chapter 37

King Hezekiah, when he heard their words,
his clothes, like his three officers, he tore,
and sackcloth, with it, covered himself o'er,
and went into the temple of the LORD.
And Eliakim, who it was he sent
(he who, the palace, was in charge of it),
with Shebna, secretary of the state,
and with the senior priests, how straight away,
in sack cloth covered, to the prophet's place,
the son of Amoz, him, Isaiah, named.
They said to him, "Thus, Hezekiah says,
this day, we designate, one of distress,
and of rebuke and also of disgrace.
We are just like a woman lacking strength,
to bring to birth the child she's carrying.
It may be that the LORD your God has heard
the Rabshakeh, all that he said, his words,
he whom his master, of Assyria,
the king, has sent him here so he could mock
the living God, and, will give a rebuke
to all the words that he, the LORD, has heard,
your God; therefore, please lift for us a prayer
for all the remnant left that's serving here."

Of Hezekiah, King, when they all came,
his servants, to Isaiah to relay
his message, this is what Isaiah said:
"Say to your master, 'Thus, what says the LORD:
The king, Assyrian, all of his words,
afraid, do not be, those of what you heard,
by which his minions sought to blaspheme me."

A spirit in him, I'll myself insert,
so that he'll, on a rumor, mere, retreat
to his own land; and, it is by the sword,
I'll cause him to fall there in his own land.”

The Rabshakeh returned back to the king,
Assyrian, who decamped from Lachish
to go to Libnah and to, it, besiege,
because, a rumor, to his ears, had reached
about how he advanced, away, from far,
King Tirhakah of Ethiopia:

“To fight against you he set out from here.”

When he had heard it, he sent messengers
to Hezekiah saying: “Thus shall you,
of Judah, Hezekiah, king, speak to:
Him on whom you rely, your God, do not
let him deceive you, promising, by, that,
Jerusalem, into the hand, will not
be given, of the king, Assyrian.

Yourself, you must have heard what they have done,
all of the kings, those ones, Assyrian,
to all lands, utterly destroying them.

Shall you, delivered, be? The nations' gods,
the ones that predecessors, mine, destroyed,
did they deliver them, Rezeph, Coran,
the Edenites in Telassar, Haran?

Where is the king of Hamath, of Arpad,
the king, he of the Sepharvaim who's called
the city's king, of Hena, who is king,
or Ivvah's king, who's named here finally?”

The letter, from the messengers, their hands,
how Hezekiah took it straight from them,

and where he went when after, it, he read,
up to the temple and he, out, it, spread
before the LORD. And Hezekiah prayed
to him, the LORD, this, what he said out loud:

“O LORD of hosts, of Is’rael, you are God,
who, ‘bove the cherubim, you are enthroned.
You are God, you alone, of all the world,
its kingdoms, heaven and the earth, you made.
Incline your ear, O LORD, and hear my plea;
please open them, your eyes, O LORD, and see.
Hear all the words Sennacherib has spoke,
that he has sent, the living God, to mock.
LORD, it is true, those of Assyria,
its kings, all nations, they’ve made desolate
and too, their lands, and have, o’er hurled, their gods
into the fire. They, all of them, destroyed
because they were not gods but, of their hands,
they were the works of men, mere stone and wood.
So now, our God, LORD, save us from his hand
so that all of the kingdoms of the world
may know that you alone, O LORD, are God.”

Isaiah, what the son of Amoz sent,
these words to Hezekiah, saying, then:
“Thus says the LORD, the God of Israel:
Because you’ve prayed to me, against, for help,
Sennacherib, King, of Assyria,
the LORD has spoken this concerning him,
against him, this pronouncement, as his word:

“She both despises you and, you, she scorns--
the virgin daughter, Zion; how her head,

she tosses at you while, retreat, you make,
daughter Jerusalem, behind your back.

“Whom you’ve reviled, as well, whom you have mocked?
Against whom you have upwards raised your voice,
and haughtily, you lifted up your eyes?
The Holy One of Israel, against!
You’ve mocked the LORD, your servants, them, it’s by,
and you said, ‘Many chariots, with my,
up on the mountains heights is where I’ve gone,
to the recesses, far, of Lebanon;
its tallest cedars, I have felled its trees;
I’ve cut them down, its choicest cypresses;
I also came to its remotest height,
its densest forest. Also, wells, dug, I
and drank their waters. I have, up, them, dried,
all Egypt’s streams with the sole of, foot, my.’

“Have you not heard? How all this I prepared
from long ago? From days of old, I planned
what now I bring to pass, that you should make
the cities, fortified, crash into heaps
of ruins, while all their inhabitants,
shorn of their strength, confounded and dismayed,
they have become like plants, those in the field,
and tender like the newly-growing leaves,
just like the grass, the housetops, covering
before it’s grown, the east wind’s withering.

“If you are rising up or sitting down,
if you are coming in or going out,
I know of them, all your activities,
and also how it is you rage ‘gainst me.

Because you've raged against me, and my ears,
the place your arrogance has reached, to there,
my hook into your nose, I will insert,
and in your mouth, a bit, what I will put.
I'll turn you back so that the road you take
on your return, the same on which you came.

"And this will be the portent sign for you:
This year, that, what grows from itself, consume,
and in the second year, what springs from that;
then in the third year sow, reap, vineyards, plant,
and what it is you'll eat, all of their fruit.
The remnant of the house of Judah that
survives shall once again take, downward, root,
and upward, where it is that they'll bear fruit;
for from Jerusalem, shall one go out,
a remnant, and a band, from Zion's Mount,
of those who have survived. The LORD of hosts,
it's by his zeal, what's doing all of this.

"Therefore, thus says the LORD concerning him,
the king who is o'er all Assyria:
Into the city he shall not come e'er,
nor will he ever shoot an arrow there,
nor come before it boldly with a shield,
or cast a ramp against it for a siege.
It's by that way on which he came, the one
on which he shall return; he won't come in
this city, says the LORD. For I'll defend
for my own sake, the city, to, it, save,
and also for my servant David's sake."

Then how the angel of the LORD set out,

one hundred eighty-five, in thousands count
that number in the camp that he struck down,
of the Assyrians; when morning dawned,
they all were bodies, dead. When he left, then,
Sennacherib, king of Assyria
went home and where he lived, at Nineveh.
One day as he was worshipping his god,
he was inside the temple of Miroch,
his sons, Sharezer and Adrammelech,
together with their swords they, down, him, struck,
and to the land of Ararat, away,
they ran. It was his son who, him, replaced
as the new king, he, Esarhaddon, named.

Chapter 38

In those days Hezekiah, sick, became
and he was at the point of death, that place.
Isaiah son of Amoz, to him, came,
the prophet, and said to him, "The LORD says:
Your last instructions, to your household, give
for you are dying, you'll no longer live.
You won't recover from how you are sick."
Then to the wall was where he turned his face
and, to the LORD, how Hezekiah prayed:
"Remember now, O LORD, you, I implore,
how faithfully I've walked, with you, before,
with a whole heart, how I consistently,
what's pleasing to you, did." And bitterly,
how Hezekiah wept specifically.

Then, of the LORD, Isaiah, to him came
the word, "Go, Hezekiah, to, and say,
Thus says the LORD who is the God of your
ancestor David: I have heard your prayer,
I've seen your tears; I will add fifteen years
onto your life. I will deliver you,
and, it's his clutches, I, this city, too,
will save it from the king's, Assyrian.
I'll be a shield, this city, to defend.

("A plaster made of figs," Isaiah said,
"prepare, and then, onto the boil, apply,
so that he'll make a full recovery."
This also, Hezekiah, he had said:
"What is the sign? How is it that I'll know,
up to the LORD's house, where it is I'll go?")

“This is a sign to you that's from the LORD,
that, he, the LORD will do this thing, assured,
that he has promised: See, how I will make
the shadow cast, the setting sun's, turn back
ten steps upon the stairway of Ahaz.”
So then the sun came backwards those ten steps,
the ones the shadow passed as the sun set.

A poem wrote by Hezekiah, King,
from illness, after his recovery:

I said this: In the noontide of my days
I must depart; for how, to Sheol's gates,
I've been consigned, and there, where I'll remain,
eternally, there, I will make my place.
I said, I shall no longer see the LORD
as I did, of the living, in the land;
I shall no longer see my fellow men
as I did, how, in the world, I lived, when.
My dwelling, what has been removed from me,
pulled up just like a tent where shepherds sleep;
I, like a weaver, have rolled up my life;
and, from the loom, he looks to cut me off;
from day to night you bring me to an end;
until the morning, I, for help, cry, then;
just like a lion, he breaks all my bones;
from day to night you bring me to an end.

I clamor like a swallow or a crane,
it's like a dove, the way that I will moan.
My eyes have, weary, grown, from looking up.
LORD, I am overwhelmed. Come to my help!

What can I say to him? How can I speak?
He is the one to act and I must eke,
existence, from my years, which ones are left.
Because of my soul and its bitterness,
all of my nightly sleep, from me, has fled.

Yet, LORD, because of you, my soul will live.
My spirit, rest, I ask you, me, to give;
restore me and life, to me, please now give.
In bitterness and not prosperity,
that place where my lot had been cast indeed,
but your love saved me from destruction's pit.
Behind you, where you have thrust all my sins.
For Sheol cannot thank you, death cannot,
you, praise, for those who go down to the Pit,
hope for your faithfulness, they can't hold that.
The living, it's the living, you, they thank,
as I do this day; fathers, how they make
known to their children of your faithfulness.

The LORD will save me and to instruments
with strings, how we will sing, all of the days
of our lives at the LORD's house as our place.

Chapter 39

The son of Baladan of Babylon,
King Merodach-baladan, it was when,
he heard that Hezekiah, sick, had been,
and had recovered, envoys, to him, sent,
with letters and a gift to, him, present.
Them, Hezekiah welcomed; he showed them
his treasure house, the silver and the gold,
the spices and the armory, its whole,
the precious oil, all that was found within
his storehouses. There wasn't anything
within his house or in his realm, entire,
that Hezekiah, viewing, their, denied.
Isaiah then, to ask, the prophet, came,
“What did these men say? Where did they come from?”
How Hezekiah answered, “From a land
that's distant, they came to me, Babylon,
from there.” Isaiah asked demanding,
“What in your palace is it that they've seen?”
His question, Hezekiah, to, replied:
“They have seen everything, my house, inside;
in my storehouses, there was not a thing
I didn't show or, to their sight, denied.”
Isaiah, then, to Hezekiah, said,
“Hear, of the LORD of hosts, this is the word:
Are coming, days, when all that's in your house
and everything your ancestors amassed
until this day, to Babylon, they'll be,
off, carried; what will be left: not a thing,
the LORD says. Some of your own sons who've been
born, and who bodily, from you, descend,
will be abducted to be eunuchs in

the palace of the King of Babylon.”
Then, to Isaiah, Hezekiah said:
“What you have spoken, the word of the LORD
is good.” For this he thought inside his head,
“There will be both peace and security
within my lifetime, all the years I’ll see.”

Chapter 40

Console my people, comfort, bring to them,
your God says. Tenderly, Jerusalem,
speak to her, and as well, cry out to her,
tell how her term of bondage has been served,
and how it is, her penalty's been paid,
that from the LORD's hand, what she has received:
a double punishment for all her sins.

A voice cries out, "It's through the wilderness,
where, of the LORD, the way, you now prepare!
A highway for our God, make straight through there,
the desert. Ev'ry valley, how they'll be
uplifted, and how ev'ry mountain peak
and hill will be made low; uneven ground,
shall be made level, and how they'll be turned,
the places, rough, into a plain. The LORD,
that moment will his glory be revealed,
and people, it, together, they will see,
for, of the LORD, his mouth, has spake, words, these."

A voice said, "Cry aloud!" and I replied,
"What shall I cry?" "Is grass, all of mankind,
and all their glory like that, of the field,
the flower, it's the time that it will last.
The flower fades, and, withers, all the grass
when, on it, the LORD's breath blows like a blast;
for certainly all people are like grass.
The grass, it withers, and the flower fades,
but it's forever, how long it remains,
the word of our God stands firm in its place.

A mountain, high, get up there, you who bring
good news to Zion, how you should, with strength,
lift up your voice, and tell it without fear,
the good news, to Jerusalem; declare
to Judah's cities, say: "Your God is here!"
See, how, with might, the LORD God comes, his arm,
by it, his rule, what it maintains for him;
with him will his reward fore'er attend,
and him, preceding, is his recompense.
He'll feed his flock just like a shepherd tends
his sheep; his arms, in, gathers all the lambs,
and, in his bosom, he will carry them,
he leads the mother sheep where they'll have rest.

The waters of the sea, who was it that,
them, measured, with the hollow of his hand,
and marked the heavens with a gauging span,
and weighed the earth's dust, how great is its mass,
the mountains' weight, who measured using scales,
and with a balance, who weighed all the hills?
Who has directed his, what is inside,
the spirit of the LORD, or as one wise,
a counselor, who has instructed him?
With whom did he, for his enlightenment,
consult, and who, the path of justice, taught
to him? Who, knowledge, taught him, and showed him
the way of understanding? Even them,
the nations, they are likened to a drop,
a bucket, from, and even on the scales,
they are accounted for like weightless dust;
see, like fine dust, he's taking up the isles.
Would not provide fuel, Lebanon, enough,
for a burnt offering, nor, they enough,

its animals, are. How the nations are
as nothing when they are placed, him, before;
as less than nothing, too, and emptiness,
how he accounts for them: their worthlessness.

Then, will you liken him, our God, to whom?
What likeness, to, do you compare with him?
An idol? Something that a workman casts,
then overlays with gold, that metal's smith,
and casts for it its silver chains. Too, as a gift,
one chooses wood from the mulberry tree,
the type of wood that never will, rot, see--
then out, an artisan, skilled, one will seek,
to set an image up specifically
so no one ever sees its toppling.

Have you not known? Is it that you've not heard?
From the beginning, has it not been told
to you? Is it that you've not understood
since, from the earth's foundations? It is he
who sits above the circle of the earth,
and its inhabitants, like grasshoppers,
are; who stretches them out, like those of heav'n,
its curtains, spreads them out just like a tent,
to live in; who brings princes, all, to naught,
as nothing, makes the rulers of the earth.

They're scarcely planted, are they scarcely sown,
has their stem taken, does the earth, it, know,
its root, when he will on them strongly blow
and then they wither, how the tempest will,
like stubble, carry them off, in the air.

To whom, then, will you liken, me, compare,
or, who's my equal? says the Holy One.
Lift up your eyes on high and you will see:
Who was it that created all of these?
He who brings out their host and numbers them
and, all of them, he's calling each by name;
because he's great in strength, in pow'r, the same,
he's mighty, missing not a single one.

Why do you say, O Jacob, why, intone,
do you, O Is'rael, "Hidden from the LORD,
how my way is, and, disregarded, is,
my right, by my God"? Have you not known it?
Have you not heard? The everlasting God,
the LORD is, the Creator of the earth,
its very ends. He does not, weary, grow,
or ever faint; his understanding is
unsearchable. It's power to the faint,
he gives, and strengthens all the powerless.
Youths, even, them, will faint and, weary, be,
and all the young, how they'll exhausted, fall;
but those who, for the LORD, wait, shall renew
their strength, how they shall mount up certainly,
with wings like eagles. How it is they'll run?
They'll not get weary, and how they shall walk?
They will go forward and, ne'er faint, they will.

Chapter 41

Before me, silence, keep, you, by the sea,
you islands, coastlands; to renew their strength,
let all the peoples draw near me and speak;
for judgment, let us all, as one, convene.

Who has, a champion, roused, from the east
and summoned him to, victory, achieve?
To him, the nations, he's delivering,
and tramples, underneath his feet, their kings;
who, with his sword, them, into dust, he'll cleave,
and, with his bow, chaff to the wind, he'll heave.
He, them, pursues and will, unscathed, proceed,
the path, he's scarcely touching with his feet.
Who did all this and who performed these deeds,
since the beginning, calling, forwardly,
the generations? I, the LORD, am first,
and I will be there with them at the last.
They saw all this and were afraid, the coast,
the islands trembled and shook end to end.
But, Is'rael, you, my servant, whom I chose,
you're Jacob who from Abraham descends,
that patriarch whom I name as a friend;
You, whom I took out of the earth's, its ends,
I summoned you from countries far away.
"You are my servant," that to you I say,
"I've chosen you and haven't, off, you, cast";

Do not fear, for with you, I, present, am.
Afraid? I am your God, you shouldn't be.
I'll strengthen you, and help you actively.
The one victorious, with my right hand,

I will uphold you. Them, you will withstand;
all of them who are, you, against, incensed
themselves shall be ashamed, as well disgraced,
all those who strive against you, how they'll be?
As nothing and they'll perish finally.
Those who contend with you, out, you shall seek,
but you will not find their locality;
to nothing, how it is they'll be reduced,
those ones who war and take up arms, you, 'gainst.
For I, the LORD, your God, hold your right hand;
"Don't fear," I am the one, to you, who says,
"how I shall help you, do not be aghast."

You, Jacob, are a worm, but do not fear,
and Is'rael, just a maggot, all you are.
It's I who help you, what the LORD declares;
the Holy One of Is'rael, he is your
Redeemer. You, to this, I shall transform:
a threshing sledge, both new and sharp, for wheat,
it's one that's fitted out with double teeth.
The mountains, into dust, them, you shall crush,
the hills to chaff, how, all of them, you'll thresh.
You'll winnow them, you'll toss them in the gale
and then the wind will carry them away,
it's how the tempest scatters them, that way.
Then, in the LORD, the manner you'll rejoice,
the Holy One of Is'rael is the source,
you'll glory in his person, that's the place.

For water, what the poor and needy crave,
and there is none, their parched tongue's thirst, to slake,
but I the LORD, their answer, I will say,
the God of Is'rael, I, them, won't forsake.

I'll open rivers on the arid heights,
and fountains in the valley's deepest spike;
the desert, I shall turn into a lake
and dry land into gushing water streams.
The desert, I shall plant with cedar trees,
with olives, myrtle, and acacia;
the cypresses, the desert, in, I'll place,
together with the pine, as well the plane
so that the people, see and know, they may,
they'll once for all observe and understand
that, of the LORD, what's done this is his hand,
the Holy One of Is'rael, who he is,
the one who has created all of this.

Set forth your case, the LORD says; and as well,
your proofs, bring them, the King of Jacob tells.
Let them bring them, tell us all what will be.
Tell us the former things of history,
and to us, then, the outcome, is revealed;
or, to us, all the things, declare, to be.
Tell us what is, hereafter, going to come
so that we can, that you are gods, confirm;
at least do something, whether good or bad
so that you'll make us feel both awe and dread.
Indeed, you're nothing and your work is doomed.
Abomination, is, one choosing you.

I've raised him from the north and he has come,
and from the east, he's summoned by his name.
He tramples all the rulers just like mud,
he stomps them like a potter treading clay.
Who, this, from the beginning, has revealed,
for us to know, and in our history,

to say, 'That's right'? No one in fact disclosed
it, no one, it, proclaimed, no one has known
your speech. First fruits of Zion, here, behold,
he's coming now, a messenger, I send
Jerusalem, to bring you news that's good.
But when I look, there's no one to be found;
among all them, there is no counselor
who, when I ask, can serve as answerer.
Combined together they are nothingness,
their works are mere delusion, meaningless;
their idols are mere wind and emptiness.

Chapter 42

Here is my servant, him, whom I uphold,
my chosen one, he, who delights my soul.
Upon him, I have placed, my Spirit, whole;
forth, to the nations, justice, he will bring.
He will not cry aloud or say a thing,
he won't lift up his voice out in the street;
a reed that's bruised, he will not break, and yet,
a wick that faintly burns, he will not quench;
He, justice, will bring forth, by his great faith.
He'll neither be crushed down nor e'er grow faint
until he, in the earth, has, justice, made;
and for his teaching, how the coastlands wait.
These are the words of the LORD who is God,
the heavens, who created them and spread
them out, who stretched the earth out with its crops,
and, to its people, who is giving breath,
and spirit to those who, upon it, tread.
I am the LORD, and for the victory
of justice I have called you righteously.
I grasped you by the hand and, you, I've shaped.
You, as a covenant, is what I gave
the people, to the nations, you're a light
to open up the eyes of those who're blind,
to free the captives from where they're confined,
the dungeon, where in dark, the pris'ners lie.
I am the LORD and Yahweh is my name.
I will, my glory, give to no one else,
nor any honor to an idol's praise.
The former prophecies have come to pass
and what I now declare to you: new things
before the time, they, into being, spring.

A new song to the LORD what we should sing!
Throughout the earth where we will sing his praise.
Let the sea roar and all that it contains
and those who, on the coasts and islands, stay.
Let both the deserts and its towns, their voice,
lift up, the villages where Kedar dwells.
Let all of its inhabitants rejoice,
of Sela, let them, from the tops of hills
shout out. Let them give glory to the LORD,
and, in the coastlands, glory, his, declare.
It's like a soldier how the LORD goes forth,
his fury, like a warrior, up, he stirs;
he cries aloud and shouts his battle cry
against his enemies, he shows his might.
For a long time, my peace is what I've held.
Myself, I have restrained, and I've kept still;
now like a woman in her labor pains,
I'll gasp and pant, and out is how I cry.
The mountains and the hills I will lay waste
and all their vegetation, I will dry.
The rivers, to firm ground, them, I will change.
and all the pools I'll dry in the same way.
By roads they do not know, I'll lead the blind,
in paths they do not know, them, I will guide.
Before them, darkness, I'll turn into light,
their crooked paths, I will make them aligned.
These are the things I shall do without fail.
They'll be turned back and utterly ashamed,
in carven images, whose trust they place.
"You are our gods," to idols, what they say.
Hear now, you who are deaf, look up and see.
You who are blind! Who's really blind is he
who is my servant, and who's truly deaf,

but it is he, the messenger I send?
Who is so blind as he who, as a friend,
I've taken to myself, who is so deaf,
as he who is a servant of the LORD?
You've seen so much, but little, you've observed.
Your ears are open but you do not hear.
The LORD, for the sake of his righteousness,
was pleased to make his law both glorious
and great, yet how this people was despoiled
and plundered, all of them are trapped in holes,
and in the dungeon, they are hid away.
As booty, they are taken, they are prey,
with no one who will, their return, demand.
Among you, who will, to these words, attend,
and, for the time to come, who listens in.
Who gave up Jacob to the plunderers?
Who handed Is'rael to the pillagers?
Was it not, 'gainst the LORD, whom we have sinned,
in whose ways, walking there, what they have shunned,
and whose law, how against it, they have turned.
So he, on Jacob, poured out all his wrath,
and too, of war, the fury; it, him, wrapped,
in flames, but yet he understood it not,
it burned him but he took it not to heart.

Chapter 43

But Jacob, now, thus says the LORD, he who
created you, O Is'rael, who formed you:
Fear not for it is you whom I've redeemed;
I have called you by name and you are mine.
When you pass through the waters, at that time,
I will be with you and, and the river's streams
will not o'erwhelm you; when you walk through fire,
you won't be burned, and scorched, you will not be
by the hot flames. For I'm your God, said he,
I am the Holy One of Israel,
your Savior, as your ransom, give, I will,
all, Egypt, Seba, Ethiopia,
them in exchange for you. It is because
you're precious in my sight and honored too,
and simply put, that fact, that I love you.
I, people, give them in return for you,
the nations, for your life, giv'n in exchange.
Don't fear for I am with you every day.
Your offspring, I will bring them from the east,
and from the west, I'll gather you; 'Release
them,' this, what I am saying to the north,
and to the south, 'Don't interrupt their course';
bring all my sons from far away, that source,
and daughters, my, from the ends of the earth,
bring all, to whom are, by my name, referred,
all whom I have created, all I've formed,
whom I made, it's my glory, what they're for.
The people who are blind, now bring them here,
the people who are deaf yet still have ears!
Together, all the nations, gather, let,
the peoples, to assemble, them, permit.

Amongst them who declares things in the past,
and who interprets all the former things?
So that the people hear them prove their case,
let them, their witnesses, now, forward, bring
and let them hear and say, "That is the truth."
The LORD declares, 'My witnesses are you,
you are my servant, you, the one I've chos'n,
so that you will believe me and you'll know
and put your trust in me and you'll confirm
I am the LORD. Before me, none was formed,
no other god, nor ever shall there be
another one that might come after me.
I am the LORD and I alone am he
who is your Savior. I declared and saved,
and made it known, it was no god, one strange
among you, and you are my witnesses,
the LORD says. I'm God in the future tense.
I am He. There is no one else who can
deliver anybody from my hand.
I work and no one, me, can countermand.
These are the LORD's words, who's, Redeemer, your,
the Holy One of Is'rael: your sake, for.
I will to Babylon, an army, send,
and I will break down all the prison's bars,
then the Chaldeans' joy at once will end,
and, into lamentation, it will turn.
I am the LORD who is your Holy One
of Is'rael, the Creator, and your King
who makes a way that passes through the sea,
through mighty waters, paths you can walk on,
who leads the chariots and horsemen out
together with an army that's elite,
to their destruction, they lie down in rout

and never will they rise back on their feet,
they were extinguished, like a wick, snuffed out.
Stop dwelling on the past, the former things.
I am about to do a thing that's new,
it will unfold and it will, forward, spring,
is it not something that's within your view?
It's through the wilderness, I'll make a way
and rivers in the land that now is waste.
The animals who're wild will honor me,
the jackals, wolves, the owls, and ostriches,
for I give water in the wilderness
and rivers in the wastes where they can drink.
My chosen people, for myself, I made
so they announce, and can proclaim my praise.
Yet Jacob, you do not upon me call,
but weary, in my service, Israel,
is how you grew. You haven't brought them whole,
your sheep for offerings, you have withheld,
nor, with your sacrifices, honored me.
I have not burdened you with offerings
or wearied you with frankincense demands,
you have not bought me aromatic reeds
or offered me your sacrifices' fat.
But rather, with your sins, you've burdened me.
You've wearied me with your iniquities.
I, I am he, for my sake, who blots out
all your transgressions and, your sins, I'll not
remember them. Accuse me, make your case
at trial; make your pleadings so you may
be proved as innocent. Your ancestor,
your first one sinned, and your interpreters
transgressed against me. Therefore I profaned
the princes at the sanctuary's gates,

why, Jacob, I, to scorn, there, I confined,
and Is'rael, how I left to be reviled.

Chapter 44

My servant, Jacob, listen Israel,
now, whom I've chosen, help you, how I will.
Thus says the LORD, he who created you,
he is the one who formed you in the womb.
O Jacob, do not fear, you, Jeshurun
whom I have chosen. On the thirsty soil,
I will pour water and streams, how I will,
on the dry ground. My spirit, I'll pour out
on your descendants and my blessing on
your offspring, and then they will upwards shoot
like a green tamarisk into the sun,
like willows by the gently flowing streams.
"I am the LORD's," will say, this person, one,
another will be called by Jacob's name.
Another writes the LORD's name on his hand
and, as a surname, "Is'rael," he will add.

Thus says the LORD, he who is Is'rael's King,
"There is no other god except for me.
I'm his redeemer and the LORD of hosts,
I am the first and also am the last.
Who is like me? Let him stand up and speak,
let him declare it, show his proof to me.
Who's, from of old, announced, to come, the things?
Let him foretell events, those yet to be.
Don't fear, take heart, and do not be afraid.
Have I not told you all this from of old
and all these things, to you, I have declared?
You are my witnesses. Apart from me,
identify another deity!
There is no other Rock, I am unique."

All who make idols come to nothingness,
their cherished images are profitless,
and these, against them, are their witnesses:
they, nothing, see, and nothing do they know,
their ignorance, their foolishness, it shows.
Whoever makes a god, or he who casts
an image, all his efforts, what he wastes;
no thing he does will ever come to gain.
All devotees of his are put to shame
and, only human, they're, who, idols, make.
Let them stand up, they will be terrified
and they will all, to shame, there, be confined.

An axe, the blacksmith, o'er the charcoal makes,
and o'er the hot coals, hammers, with them, shapes.
Becoming hungry, how his strength then fails,
he drinks no water, then, becomes, he, faint.
The carpenter, he stretches out a line,
and with a stylus, how it is defined,
the wood, what he will fashion with his planes.
He carves it so it makes a human shape
with human beauty and man's dignity.
A shrine, the place that it will occupy.
He cuts a cedar down, a holm, an oak.
Of other forests' trees, he will lay hold,
those that the LORD plants and the rain made grow.
Some portion serves the man as fuel for fire
and some for roasting meat, that use it has.
He eats his food and he is satisfied.
He warms himself and this what he says,
"Ah, I am warm here with the fire's hot flame."
With half the wood, a god is what he makes.

His idol, he bows down to it and prays.
“Save me, for you, my god, are,” what he says.
They do not know nor do they comprehend.
Their eyes are closed so that they cannot see,
their clouded minds makes them not understand.
They can’t consider nor can they perceive
enough to say, “Half, I have burned for fire
to bake my bread on glowing embers’ fuel.
I roasted meat; my hunger’s now expired.
The other half of wood, for this I’ll use
it: an abomination, what I’ll make.
Before a block of wood, I’ll lie prostrate.”
He feeds on ashes, and it is astray,
that his deluded mind, to there, him, led,
and he can’t save himself, or of it say,
“Is not this thing in my hand just a fraud?”

“O Jacob, all these things, keep them in mind
and Is’rael, for who you are: servant, my.
You are my servant, whom I did create.
O Is’rael, you, I never shall forget.
All your transgressions, how them I have swept
away just like a cloud and all your sins,
I have dispersed them like the morning’s mists.
Return to me, for you, I have redeemed.”

O heavens, for the LORD has done this, sing!
The underworld, cry out with joy, aloud.
You mountain tops, for joy, now, you should shout,
the forests and in them each growing tree!
For Jacob is the one the LORD redeemed
and Is’rael, through, his glory, he’s revealed.

Thus says the LORD, whom your Redeemer is,
who formed you in the womb and ever since:

“I am the LORD, and everything, I made,
who by myself the heavens outwards spread,
alone, the earth, I hammered into shape;
the liars’ omens, all them, I frustrate
and, the diviners, into fools, I make.
What wise men say, those things I will reverse.
Their knowledge, into foolishness, I turn.
My servant’s prophecies, those, I confirm.
My envoy’s plans, successful, I will make.
It’s to Jerusalem, this, what I say,
‘Once more inhabited, how she will be.’
And Judah’s cities, ‘They, rebuilt, will be,’
and I will raise their ruins upwardly.”
‘Be dry,’ is what I say to waters, deep.
I make them dry, where they once flowed, your streams.
Who says of Cyrus, ‘Shepherd, my, he is,
and he shall carry out my purposes.
So that Jerusalem may be rebuilt,
the temple’s, laid, foundations, be, they will.’”

Chapter 45

The LORD, to his anointed one, thus says,
to Cyrus, whose right hand that I have grasped,
so, all the nations, he will downwards tramp
and in his service, he makes the kings run
to open up the gateways before him,
so that their gates won't be closed, not a one.
Before you I will go and level them,
the mountains. I will break down all the doors
of bronze, and those of iron, all the bars.
I shall cut through them. I will give to you
the gifts of darkness that no one has viewed
and hoards of wealth that no one ever knew,
so that you may know that I am the LORD
who calls you by your name, I'm Is'rael's God.
It's for my servant Jacob, his own sake,
and Is'rael who's my chosen one, by name
I've called you, and a title, given you
despite the fact that me, you never knew.
I am the LORD, I'm utterly unique.
There is no other God except for me.
I arm you even though you don't know me
so all may know besides me there is none.
From where it rises, in the east, the sun,
clear to the west. It's I who form the light,
the darkness, I create, and both alike
I make well-being and disaster too.
It's I the LORD, all these things, what I do.

Rain righteousness, you heavens, let the skies
pour justice, so that it may upwards rise,
salvation from the earth, and righteousness

bud forth. The LORD, I, have created this.

Woe to you who will with your Maker strive.
To make the earthenware: the potter's right.
The clay, who fashions it, it ask him, will:
"What do you make to fire inside the kiln?",
or will the pot tell him, "You have no skill"?
Woe to the child who to the father says,
"Begetting, why are you?" or asks her this,
the mother, "What are you in labor with?"
Thus says the LORD, the Holy One is he,
of Is'rael, and its maker, Question me,
will you about my children or command
me in the ways I'm working with my hands?
All by myself, the earth is what I made
and humankind upon it, I create.
With my own hands, the heavens, I outstretched
and all their host, they are what I direct.
It's Cyrus, I aroused in righteousness
and, straight the way, that I've made all his paths
Who will rebuild my city? It is he,
and he is who, my exiles, will set free—
with neither ransom nor indemnity,
thus says the LORD of hosts, all of, words, these.

Thus says the LORD, Of Egypt, what it earns,
of Ethiopia, all of its wares,
and the Sabeans, tall of stature, who're,
shall, over, come, to you and will be yours.
They shall, you, follow and how, they in chains
shall, over, come to you, and fall prostrate.
They'll, supplication, make to you and say,
"God is with you alone and there is not

another, all the other gods are nought.”
You are a God who surely hides himself,
the Savior who’s the God of Israel.
All of them are, to shame, put, and disgraced,
they are confounded, those, who, idols, make.
But by the LORD, it’s Is’rael who is saved,
delivering them for eternity.
Confounded, you won’t be, nor put to shame.
How you are saved? It’s everlastingly.

For thus the LORD says, who, the heavens, made
he, who is God, the earth formed, and it, shaped,
and by himself he fixed it firm in place.
Not chaos, what it was he did create,
but as a place to be inhabited!
I am the LORD, there’s no alternative.
I did not speak in secret in a land
of darkness and this is not what I said
to Jacob’s people, “Where, me, you should seek:
in chaos.” But the truth is what I speak.
It’s I, the LORD, who justice, does declare.

Together, gather, and yourselves, draw near,
survivors of the nations, you, who are!
They have no knowledge, those who, in parade,
their wooden idols, bear, and to them, pray.
They, to a god, pray, who, them, cannot save.
Come forward and declare, present your case,
consult together; let them, counsel, take.
Who told this long ago, and who declared,
of old, it? Was it not I, who’s the LORD?
Besides, there is no other God than me,
no saving God, no Savior but for me.

Turn back to me and then, saved, you will be.
There, from the furthest corners of the earth,
to be saved, you just have, to me, to turn.
For I am God, another, there is not.
I have sworn by myself and from my mouth,
a word of righteousness what has gone forth,
a promise that will never, broken, be,
“To me, will bow down every bending knee,
and ev’ry tongue will swear by, only, me.”

Of me, they’ll say, “They’re only in the LORD,
both righteousness and strength; all those who were
incensed against him shall come, him, before
and be ashamed. Of Is’rael, the offspring,
shall glory in the LORD triumphantly.

Chapter 46

Bel has crouched down and Nebo has stooped low,
their images, upon them, are a load,
on beasts and castle, how they must be borne,
as burdens on the animals, forlorn.
They're stooping and together they bow down,
the burden isn't something that can save.
Themselves, gone to captivity, have, they.

O house of Jacob, hear this, what I say.
All of the house of Is'rael who remain,
whom I have carried since your infancy,
whom I have borne since when you were conceived.
To your old age, e'en then, I am the same.
I'll bear you even when your hair turns gray.
I have made you, it's you whom I shall bear,
to safety, you, whom I shall carry there.

With whom can you compare me, or equate
me with, or match as though we were the same?
Those who, gold, lavish, from the purse and weigh
out silver in the balance of their scales—
to make a god, a goldsmith, they engage;
in worship, they, before it, lie prostrate.
They hoist it shoulder-high and in parade,
they carry it to stand it in its place.
There will it stand, it never moves away.
You may cry out to it in your distress,
but no replies to you will it express,
or any one, from trouble, will it save.

Abandon hope, and then remember this,

you rebels, this, consider, and then train
your mind on what has happened long ago,
for I am God, and, other, there is no;
I am God and there is none that's like me.
The end, from the beginning, I reveal,
and from times, ancient, what is yet to be.
I say, "My purpose stands, with certainty.
I shall accomplish everything I please."
A bird of prey, I summon from the east—
my man, predestined, from a distant land.
He is the one to carry out my plan.
I've spoken and, pass, I shall bring it to,
what I have planned, that is what I will do.

Now listen to me, you, who're hard of heart.
You who're, off from deliverance, afar:
it's my deliverance, what I bring near,
and my salvation will not be delayed;
salvation, my, in Zion, I will place,
my glory, it's to Is'rael, I convey.

Chapter 47

Sit in the dust, there, once you have come down,
you virgin daughter, you, of Babylon.
Sit on the ground, you, there, without a throne,
O daughter of Chaldea! No more shall
you, delicate and tender, both, be called.
Now take your millstones and, with them, grind meal.
Strip off your robe, but first remove your veil,
your legs, uncover, through the rivers, pass.
Uncovered, it will be, your nakedness
and your shame shall be seen. What I will take:
my vengeance, and spare no one, whom I will.
Redeemer, Our-the LORD of hosts, his name
is—he's the Holy One of Israel.

In silence, sit, and into darkness, go,
Chaldea, daughter! For you shall be no
more, as the mistress of the kingdoms, known.
How I was, angry with my people, so,
my heritage, that was what I profaned;
and I surrendered them into your hand.
No mercy, what it was to them you showed,
and, on the aged, you laid a heavy yoke.
You said, "Forever, I shall, mistress, be";
you did not take them to your heart, these things,
nor of their future outcome did you think.

Now hear this, lover, you, of luxury
who, on your throne, sits with security,
who says this to yourself in secrecy,
"I am and there is no one besides me;
a widow's nothing that I'll ever be,

or know the loss of children.” Suddenly,
yet, in a single day, will both these things
befall you: widowhood, you’ll be bereaved,
them both, despite your many sorceries.
How your enchantments will lack potency.

You, in your wickedness, security,
felt, and said to yourself, “No one sees me.”
Your wisdom and your knowledge, where they led,
you, there, astray, and in your heart you said,
“I am and, me, besides, there is no one.”
Hence, how disaster, will, upon you, come
which, able to avert, you will not be,
and evil shall come on your suddenly.
It’s from a place that you did not foresee.

Up with, all your enchantments, you should keep
and also will all of your sorceries
with which you’ve labored since your infancy;
with them, inspire, you, terror, possibly!
With all your consultations, how you feel:
so weary; let all your astrologers
stand up and save you, those who gaze at stars,
let them predict with ev’ry passing moon
all the events that, happen, will, to you.

See, they’re like stubble, them, the fire consumes:
they cannot save themselves from, of the flames,
the power. It’s not that which, them, will warm,
a glowing coal, no fire to sit before!
Such will your wizards, to be for you, prove
with whom you worked together from your youth.
In their own paths, where all of them peruse,

and not a one of them can e'er save you.

Chapter 48

Hear this, O House of Jacob, who are called
by Is'rael's name, and who came forth from them,
from Judah's loins; you who swear by the name,
that of the LORD, and who invoke the God
of Is'rael, but it's not with honesty
or justice. For you call yourselves, that way,
as, of the Holy City, citizens,
and, on the God of Is'rael, you depend;
the LORD of hosts, the way that he is named.

The former things, declared, I, long ago;
my mouth, they went from there, them, known, I made;
then suddenly, I did them and they came
to pass. Because, about you, this I know,
that you are obstinate, your stubbornness,
how iron forms the sinews of your neck,
and that your forehead has been made of brass,
these things that I declared in former days,
I told you them before they came to pass,
I did this so you couldn't make this claim,
“My idol did them, all them, it ordained,
the image that I carved, the one I cast.”
Now that you've heard, now that you see all this,
must you, the truth of it, now, not admit?
From now on I announce new things to you,
things hidden that, before, you never knew.
They are created now, not long ago,
before today, your ears, them, ne'er construed.
You cannot claim, “Them, I already know.”
These things, you neither knew nor ever heard,
because from long ago, were closed, your ears.

For I knew, utterly, you're treacherous
and from your birth, you've been rebellious.

For my name's sake, my anger, I restrain.
I won't destroy you so I will be praised.
Look, purchased, you, I've, but for silver, not;
how, from affliction's cauldron, I have out,
you, chosen, for my sake, for my own sake.
I do it so my name won't be profaned,
or to another god, my glory, yield.

O Jacob, listen to me, Israel,
whom I have called. It's I and no one else.
I am the first, I also am the last.
The earth's foundations were laid by my hand.
When I call them, they, at attention, stand.

Assemble, all of you, and listen close!
Who has, amongst you, all of these things, told?
The one the LORD loves, what he shall perform,
on Babylon, his purpose, and his arm
shall be 'gainst the Chaldeans. I myself
have spoken, I have called him, and as well,
I've brought him, and his mission will succeed.
Hear what I have to say, draw near to me!
The first, from, I've not spake with secrecy.
I have been present 'till it came to be.
The LORD God sent his spirit and sent me.

The Holy One of Is'rael, thus, the LORD
says, your Redeemer, I, who am your God,
the LORD, who teaches you for your own good,
who leads you in the way, that, go, you should.

O that, to my commandments, you gave heed
then how it would have, your prosperity,
been like a river, forward it proceeds,
and your success, just like the seas, their waves.
your offspring would have been just like the sand
and your descendants countless like its grains;
their name, it never would have been erased
or, from my presence, blotted out, ne'er be.

Go out from Babylon and, from there, flee,
Chaldea; this, declare with shouts of joy,
it, publish, to the ends of earth and say,
“The LORD, his servant, Jacob, has redeemed!”
They did not thirst though through there, them, he lead,
the desert wastes. Out from the rock, how he,
the water, made it flow, how it, in streams,
gushed forth once he, the rock, in two, had cleaved.
The LORD says, “For the wicked, there’s no peace.”

Chapter 49

O coastlands, listen to me and now pay attention, peoples, you, from far away!
The LORD called me before when I was born,
while I was in my mother's womb, how he,
me, named. My mouth, he made like a sharp sword,
and in the shadow of his hand concealed me;
like a polished arrow, he, me, made,
and in his quiver, he, away, me, hid.
“You are my servant,” and, to me, he said,
“you're Is'rael, in whom I'll be glorified.”
But I said, “Futile, has my toiling been,
for vanity and nothing, have I spent
my strength; yet surely, it is with the LORD,
my cause, and, with my God, is my reward.”

And now the LORD has spoken, who formed me
inside the womb, his servant, so, to be,
that, Jacob back to him, I'd somehow bring,
and, gathered to him, Is'rael, that, might be,
so I might rise to honor in his sight,
the LORD's, and, be my strength, how my God might—
the LORD says, “It is something that's too light,
that you should be my servant so to raise
the tribes of Jacob, up, and to restore,
of Is'rael, the survivors. You, I'll make
a light unto the nations of the world,
that my salvation may, throughout the earth
reach there, its furthest bounds. Thus says the LORD
of Is'rael, the Redeemer, all these words,
the Holy One, to one who is abhorred,
to one deeply despised, the rulers' slave:

“When kings see you, this, how they will behave,
they’ll stand up, and the princes fall prostrate
because of how, the LORD, who’s full of faith,
has chosen you, he’s Is’rael’s Holy One.”

Thus says the LORD: It was, of favor, when,
a time, I answered you, and it was on
salvation’s day, was when I have helped you.
I have formed you and destined you to be
a light for peoples, making it anew,
the land, returning ravaged properties;
to say to all the prisoners, “Go free,”
to those in darkness, “Come, yourselves, reveal.”
Along the roadway, they will graze and feed,
on all the bare heights shall their pasture be.
They will not hunger, neither shall they thirst;
not scorching heat nor sun will, them, distress,
for he who pities them will be their lead,
and, springs of water, them, beside, he’ll guide.
Straight through my mountains, I’ll, a road, divide,
and upwards, all my highways will be raised.
See, some of them will come from far away.
Look, these are from the north and from the west,
and some, from Syene’s land, where they’ve progressed.

You heavens, shout for joy, rejoice, O earth;
you mountains, into song, you should break forth!
For how the LORD, his people, has consoled
and, on his suff’ring ones, compassion, shows.
But Zion said, “The LORD’s forgotten me,
my Lord, no longer, in his mind, me, keeps.”
How can a woman ever, him, forget,
her nursing child, or feel no tenderness

for, of her womb, the child that she begets.
Yet even if she would, these ones, forget,
I never shall forget you. I've inscribed
upon the palms of my two hands, your name,
so that your walls are always in my sight.
Those who rebuild you, better speed, they make
than those who tore you down and laid you waste.
Now they, from you, flee, and they go away.
Around you, look, and your eyes, upwards, raise;
they are assembling, flocking back to you.
It's by my life, the LORD's, how I now swear,
you'll put them on like they were glitt'ring jewels
and like a bride's adornments, them, you'll wear.

Indeed, I made you desolate and waste.
It's to the ground, the place where I, you, razed,
but now the land is too small of a place
for its inhabitants while they who made
you to a ruin are now far away.
Once more, within your hearing, they will say,
the children, those who were born in the days
of your bereavement, "Too cramped is this place
for me; so I can live, room, for me, make."
Then to yourself, this is what you will say,
"Who has, me, borne these? Barren, how I felt,
and too, bereaved, was exiled, put away—
so who's reared these—I, all alone, was left—
where then did these come from, where is the place?"

Thus says the LORD God: I will beckon soon,
the nations, and my signal, I'll make known
to all the peoples. They shall bring your sons
within their bosom, and their shoulders, on,

your daughters will be carried, every one.
Then, kings, your foster fathers, what they'll be,
and, as your nursing mothers, are their queens.
They'll bow down to you with humility,
their faces to the ground, and from your feet,
they'll lick the dust. Then, you, with certainty,
will know that I'm the LORD, and who, in me,
will place their hope, to shame, put, will not be.

Can booty, taken, from a warrior, be,
or can the tyrant's captives be set free?
But thus the LORD says, Captives will indeed
be, from the tyrant warrior, snatched away
and, rescued from the ruthless, is, the prey;
for I myself will be he who contends
with those who are contending, you, against,
and I'll deliver, children, your, from them.
Those ones who in the past have, you, oppressed,
what I'll make them consume: it's their own flesh,
and they will be as drunk on, blood, their own
as if with wine, and all mankind will know
that I'm the LORD who is your Savior sure,
and Jacob's Mighty One, Redeemer, your.

Chapter 50

These are his words, those spoken by the LORD:
Where is your mother's bill, that of divorce
by which, away, I put her in that place,
or, to which creditor have I conveyed
you? No, it was because of all your sins,
why you were sold, and why she was dismissed
was for your crimes. Why was nobody there
when I came? Why did no one answer me
when I called? Is it too short to redeem,
my hand? Or has my power been impaired
to save? How it is by this, my rebuke,
I dry the sea up. How, them, all, I make,
the rivers into deserts. Their fish stink,
because they die of thirst for water's lack.
I clothed the heavens totally in black,
and made their covering from cloth for sacks.

A well-trained tongue, the Lord God's given me
so that I'd know how, to the weary, speak,
of consolation, words, and in a timely way.
Each morning, sharp, how he's, my hearing, made,
like a disciple, so I, listen, may.
The LORD God, he has opened up my ear
and I, rebellious, was, neither, nor
did I turn backwards, how: defiantly.
My back, I offered, to those who struck me,
to those who plucked my beard, I gave my cheeks;
from insult, spitting, and, I did not shield
my face. But he, the LORD God will help me;
therefore, how I will never be disgraced;
therefore, like flint, the way I've set my face,

and I know I shall not be put to shame.
The one who's at my side, he clears my name.
Who is it that will 'gainst me bring a case?
Let us appear together in the court.
Whoever will 'gainst me, my cause, dispute?
Let him approach so he can, me, confront.
Look, it's the Lord GOD, to my help, he comes.
Who will declare me guilty? All of them
will be devoured like clothes a moth consumes.

Whoever that's among you fears the LORD
and listens to his servant's voice you heard?
Which of you walks in darkness but does not
see anything because there is no light?
Let him put, in the LORD's name, all his trust,
and on his God, rely until the last.
But all of you are kindlers of the fire,
and firebrands, those that you have set alight,
walk in the flames, the ones your fires ignite,
and by the light made by the flares you burnt!
At my hands, recompense, this is your fate:
in torment, you will lie down in that place.

Chapter 51

All you who, saving righteousness, pursue,
me, listen to, and, who, the LORD, seek, you.
The rock, consider, from which you were hewn,
and, from which you were dug, the quarry's pit.
To Abraham, your father, look to him,
and Sarah, too, who, birth to you, she gave.
He was the only one when him I bade,
I blessed him and, him, numerous, I made.
For Zion, to, the LORD will comfort give,
and on her ruins he will, pity, have;
he, into Eden, will transform her wastes,
the garden of the LORD, her deserts, make;
both joy and gladness, in her, will be found,
thanksgiving, music, and of song, the sound.

My people, listen to me and give heed
to me, my nation, what goes forth from me:
instruction, and the way that it's defined,
my judgment will shine forth just like a light.
My justice suddenly approaches near,
and my deliverance has now appeared.
It's judgments of the nations, my arm makes;
the islands, coasts, their hope in me, will place,
for the protection of my arm, they'll wait.
Your eyes, raise to the heavens, and, there, look,
down on the earth; how, they disperse like smoke,
the heavens, and the earth, how it wears out
like clothing, and all its inhabitants
who dwell there, they, like vermin, die with gnats;
but ever, my salvation will remain,
and, shall, my justice, never be dismayed.

To me, now listen, you, who know what's right,
my people, you, who have it in your hearts,
my teaching: never fear the people's taunts,
don't be dismayed when they're reviling you
for like a garment, moths will, them, consume,
like how the grubs and worms will eat the wool;
but my deliverance, forever, will
be, and salvation, my, is to them all,
the generations, it will never fail.

Now clothe yourself in strength! Awake, awake!
Arm of the LORD, awake as in the days
of old, the generations, we once knew!
Was it not you, who, Rahab, split in two,
who pierced the dragon, you who ran him through?
Was it not you who dried up all the seas,
the waters of the great abyss, so deep;
who made a way, out of the sea, its depths
for the redeemed to pass through on a path?
Those whom the LORD has ransomed, that is why
they will return and enter in with joy
to Zion with their songs; their heads are crowned
with everlasting joy, how they're endowed
with joy and gladness, they both flee away,
their sorrow and their sighing, they're allayed.

I, it is I who comforts you, then why
are you afraid of one who soon must die,
a mortal man whose fate, what it is like,
the grass that fades. You have forgotten him,
the LORD, your maker, who has outstretched them,
the heavens, and the earth's foundations laid.

Continually, you fear throughout the day,
because of the oppressor's fur'ious way,
who, on destruction, he is bent. But where
is the oppressor's fury now? From there,
those who're oppressed, how they shall be released.
They shall not die, the Pit, they shall not see,
nor shall they die there lacking food to eat.
For I'm the LORD your God who stirs the sea
up so that its waves roar—what is his name?
The LORD of hosts, and in your mouth I placed
my words and hid you underneath its shade,
the shadow of my hand; them, I out-splayed,
the heavens, and how all of those I laid,
the earth's foundations, and to Zion said,
“You are my people,” you, whom I have claimed.

Arouse yourself, Jerusalem, rise up!
It's you who have, it, at the LORD's hand, drunk,
the bowl of staggering, down, you have supped
its bottom dregs, that of his wrath, the cup.
Among all of the children she has born,
to guide her, there is not a single one;
there is no one to, by the hand, her, steer,
among all of the children she has reared.
Disaster, double, has befallen you.
There is no one to sympathize with you.
It's pillage, ruin, famine, that you knew,
and too the sword, who's there to comfort you?
Your children all have fainted and they lie,
there at the head of ev'ry street just like
an antelope caught in a hunter's net.
They have, of the LORD's wrath, received a glut,
of your God, they received his full rebuke.

Therefore, hear this, you who are wounded, drunk,
it's what you are, but not with wine. Thus says
your sovereign LORD, your God who pleads their cause,
that of his people: I have, from your hand,
the cup of staggering, removed it, and
you'll no more drink from, of, the bowl, my wrath.
The hands of those, I will put it into,
tormentors, your, commanded you, those who,
"Bow down so that we may walk over you";
your back, you flattened, to be like the ground,
just like a street for them to walk upon.

Chapter 52

O Zion, clothe yourself, awake, awake!
Put on your strength, O Zion! Now array
yourself in garments, beautiful, today,
O Holy City, you, Jerusalem;
for the uncircumcised and the unclean
shall never come into your place again.
Shake off the dust and to the throne, ascend,
Jerusalem; the ropes around your neck,
O captive daughter, Zion, loosen them.

For thus the LORD says, It's like you were free
when you were sold, and how you'll be redeemed?
It's without payment—money, there's no need.
My people long ago, the Lord GOD says,
went down to Egypt and, as aliens,
to, there, reside; too, the Assyrians,
for nought, oppressed them. But now what do I
find here? the LORD says. Paid, there was no price,
when they, my people carried off? They wailed,
their rulers, and all day, my name, reviled
increasingly, what the LORD says.
Therefore, my people, they shall know my name;
it's therefore, this, what they'll know in that day
that it is I who speak; and here I am.

How, on the mountains, beautiful, the feet
are, of the messenger announcing peace,
who brings good news and who announces this,
salvation, and, to Zion, these words, says,
“Your God is king.” Hark! How they raise a cry,
your watchmen, they, together, shout for joy.

For into Zion, in their sight that's plain,
they see the LORD's return. Together, break
forth into singing, of Jerusalem,
you ruins; for the LORD comforted them,
his people. Bared, the LORD, his holy arm,
before all of their eyes; and the earths' ends
shall see our God's salvation, even then.

Depart, depart, go out from Babylon,
leave it behind. Touch no thing that's unclean.
Go from its midst and then, yourselves, keep pure,
the vessels of the LORD, you who, them, bear.

For you shall not come out in urgent haste,
or will you leave like fugitives who're chased;
for how the LORD is marching at your head
and Israel's God will serve as your rear guard.

See how my servant will achieve success,
he will grow great and, to great heights, ascend.
As many people, at him, were aghast—
he was disfigured so inhumanly
that he was not, as mortal man, perceived—
so many nations will, astonished, be,
and kings shall curl their lips up in disgust;
for they shall see that which they'd not been told,
and they will contemplate what they'd not heard.

Chapter 53

Who has believed the things that we have heard
and to whom has the LORD's arm been revealed?
For he grew up, it was before the LORD,
like a young plant, a root, in arid ground,
possessing neither form nor majesty
that we should look at him, there was no thing
in his appearance that, our hearts, might win.
He was despised and he was shunned by all;
a man of sorrows, sufferings, their thrall,
he knew, and as one, from whom, they would hide
their faces. How he was, as one despised,
and we held him of no account, as poor.

Yet it was our afflictions that he bore
and it was too, our pain that he endured.
While we thought of him as a smitten one
whom God afflicted, with disease, struck down,
whereas for our offenses, he was pierced,
for our iniquities, why he was crushed;
upon him, there, the punishment was placed
that made us whole, and, by them, we are healed,
his bruises. We had all strayed just like sheep,
each of us, how we followed our own way,
and on him, this is what the LORD has laid,
of us all, the iniquity, its weight.

He was afflicted and he was oppressed
but did not, up, it, open, to protest,
his mouth, just like a sheep, to slaughter, led,
and like a ewe is silent, them, before,
the shearers, he, his mouth, up, opened, ne'er.

He was oppressed, too, sentenced and condemned,
and he, away, was taken. Yet who gave
a thought about his destiny, his fate?
For from the living's land, off, he was cut,
for their transgressions, how he, dead, was struck,
his people's. There, with them, they made his grave,
the wicked; with the rich, his tomb was placed,
although he never, violence, had done,
and in his mouth, there, no deceit was found.

Yet, the will of the LORD, it was, with pain,
to crush him. What he'll see, as it, for sin,
an offering, when he makes his life one?
His offspring, and how he'll prolong his days;
through him, the LORD's will, prosper, he will make.
Out of his anguish, how he shall see light,
how satisfaction, that, what he shall find,
it's through his knowledge. How, the one who's right,
my servant, he, shall many, righteous, make,
and, their iniquities, he'll bear them all.
Therefore, I will allot him, with the great,
a portion, and how he'll divide the spoil,
with them, the strong, because, how he, out, has,
to death, himself, poured, how he, numbered, was
with the transgressors, yet on him was placed
the sin of many, and he, on that day,
for the transgressors, intercession, made.

Chapter 54

O barren one, who has not borne, sing now;
burst into song, today, and you should shout,
sing praises, you, who've been in labor, not.
If the deserted wife's, all them, you count,
the number of her children, their amount,
they're more than all the children that she has,
the woman who is married, the LORD says.
You should enlarge the situs of your tent
and out, your habitation's curtains, stretch;
do not hold back, but give the cords some length,
and, to your tent-pegs, give some greater strength.
For you'll spread from your confines, right and left,
those who from you, descend, they'll dispossess
the nations, and the towns, those desolate,
your offspring, they are who will settle them.

Do not fear for you will not be ashamed,
don't be discouraged for there's no disgrace
you'll suffer; from your memory, no trace,
the shame you suffered in your younger days,
and, of your widowhood, its sad reproach,
that won't, your recollection, e'er approach.
For your Creator is your husband sure,
the LORD of hosts, by that name, he's referred,
the Holy One of Is'rael, he is your
Redeemer, he's called God of all the earth.
For he, the LORD has, like a wife, one who's
forsaken and in spirit, grieved, called you,
like when she's cast off, her, of a man's youth,
a wife whose marriage now has been renewed,
thus says your God. How I did, you, forsake

for a brief moment, but I take you back
with great compassion. Overflowing wrath,
in my, just for a moment, how I hid
my face from you, but now, how it is with
love, everlasting, to you, I'll inure
compassion, says the LORD, Redeemer, your.

The days of Noah, this is like, to me:
Just as I swore how Noah's flood would be,
the waters ne'er again would cover o'er
the earth, so that I will not, I have sworn,
be angry with you, and, you, won't rebuke.
Though, move, the mountains, may, and the hills shake,
my steadfast love, how it will never fail,
and too, my covenant of peace, won't be removed,
the LORD says, who, compassion, has, on you.

Storm-battered city, you who are distressed
and desolate, now I, your stones, shall set
in mortar of the quality that's best,
and your foundations, sapphires, with, I'll lay.
Your battlements, of jasper, red, I'll make,
and garnets, they will constitute your gates,
and for your walls, how precious jewels are brought.
Your children, all, shall, by the LORD, be taught,
and they'll enjoy prosperity that's great.
In righteousness, you shall, established, be,
far from oppression, there, you will be free,
and nothing, what it is you'll have to fear
for that emotion won't come, to you, near.
If anyone against you stirs up strife,
it's not from me; and for whate'er they try,
how the aggressors, they shall fall and die.

See, who, the smith, created: it was I,
to fan the coals, and also blow the fire,
to weapons, forge for their intended use.
The ravager, created him, I, too,
to deal out havoc. But, it's not been made,
the weapon that will, you, against, prevail,
and who in court will rise, and you, accuse,
how their false words against you, you'll refute.
This is the blessed heritage of them,
the servants of the LORD. From whence it comes?
Their vindication, says the LORD, me, from.

Chapter 55

Whoe'er is thirsty, you, I now invite
to come, the water, to, and come and buy,
you who are lacking money, food to eat.
Come now, and you can buy both milk and wine,
but without money, buy them without price.
Why pay your money for what isn't bread,
and, for what does not satisfy, expend
your labor? Listen to me carefully,
and eat that which is good and too, delight
yourselves in rich food. Now, your ear, incline,
come listen to me so that, live, you may.
With you, a covenant that lasts, I'll make,
forever, to fulfill my promises
to David, that will bring you benefits.
To peoples, as a witness, I made him,
a ruler for the people and a prince.
See, nations you don't know, them, you will call,
and nations you don't know, run to you, shall,
because the LORD, of Israel, your God,
the Holy One, for he's, you, glorified.

The LORD, seek him, then, while he may be found,
upon him, call, the time while he's close 'round.
Their way, now, let the wicked, that, forsake,
and the unrighteous, too, their thoughts, betray.
For my thoughts aren't your thoughts, nor are your ways
my ways, this is what he, the LORD, now says.
For as the heavens, high above, are they,
the earth, so are my ways above your ways,
and too my thoughts, your thoughts, are higher than.

For as the rain and too the snow come down
from heaven and do not return again
until the earth, they've watered, and the land,
makes it bring forth and sprout, thus giving seed,
that to the sower, and that brings forth bread
that for the eater, so too shall my word
that goes forth from my mouth, it never shall
to me, return, both empty, unfulfilled,
but, all my purposes, it will achieve,
and that for which I sent it, it succeeds.

For you'll go out, and you'll with joy, proceed,
and you will be brought back in peace as well;
the mountains and the hills before you shall
burst into song, and also all the trees,
how they will clap their hands, those of the field.
Instead of thorns shall grow the cypresses,
no briars, but the myrtle flourishes,
and it shall all be a memorial,
one to the LORD, a sign, perpetual,
imperishable, also, durable.

Chapter 56

Thus says the LORD, Observe all that is right,
and do what's just, for soon it will arrive,
salvation, my, and it will be revealed,
my justice. Happy, how each man will be,
who will adhere to all of, precepts, these,
who keeps the sabbath, and won't, it, profane,
who from wrongdoing, his hand, will abstain.

The foreigner joined to the LORD, don't let
him say, "Me from, the LORD will separate,
the people." Don't, the eunuch, let, believe,
and say, "How I am just a dried up tree."
For says the LORD, thus: "To all eunuchs who,
my sabbaths, keep, and all of those who choose
the things that please me, and who won't turn loose,
my covenant, of, in my house, I'll grant,
and too within my walls, a monument,
and, I, a name, to them will designate,
that's better than, I, sons and daughters, gave.
A name, I'll give them, that will last fore'er.
The name I give them will, effaced, be, ne'er.

And those who join themselves, the foreigners,
unto the LORD, to him, to minister,
to love my name and also, me, to serve,
and those who will, the sabbath, e'er observe,
these, to my holy mountain, I will bear,
and make them joyful in my house of prayer;
their offerings, burnt, sacrifices, their,
upon my altar, are accepted there;
for my house shall be called a house of prayer

for peoples, all. Thus, the Lord GOD declares,
who, the outcasts of Is'rael, gathers there,
to them, how I shall, others, gather, 'round,
besides those who're already, gathered, found.

All animals who're wild, and all you beasts,
you of the forest and those in the field,
come to devour! All Israel's cannot see,
they're blind, their sentinels, they, knowledge, lack;
they all are silent dogs that cannot bark;
they're dreaming, lying down, they love to sleep.
The dogs, they never have enough to eat,
their mighty appetites. The shepherds spurn
all understanding and they all have turned
to their own way and to their selfish gain,
it's all of them. "Come," this is what they say,
"Let us get wine, and let, ourselves, us, fill
with drink that's strong. And how tomorrow will
be like today or maybe better still!"

Chapter 57

The righteous perish and nobody cares;
how the devout, away, are taken there,
and no one will give it a second thought.
Far from calamity are the upright,
away, swept, and it's peace that they will find;
but those who walk uprightly, they will rest
when they are fin'lly laid on their deathbeds.
But you are children of a sorceress,
come here, you wanton race, adulterous,
you offspring of a prostitute, no less!
Who is it that you target with your jests?
Against whom do you open your mouths wide
and stick your tongues out? You spawn of a lie,
the offspring of deceit—the oaks beneath,
those sacred ones, how there, you are in heat,
with lust you're underneath each spreading tree;
you, children, sacrifice in the ravines,
the rocky cliffs, the place that's, them, beneath.
The smooth stones of the valley, they will be
your portion, yes, your lot is all of these.
To these, libations, you have poured them out
and, offerings of cereal, you brought.
In spite of this, am I still to relent?
On a high mountaintop, you've made your bed,
there too, you've climbed to offer sacrifice.
Behind the doorpost to your living space,
your secret symbol, sign, there you have placed
Deserting me, you've stripped, and, down, you've lain,
on the wide bed, the one that you have made
with men, your bargains, for which they have paid,
to have the pleasure of a shared embrace,

and making love, while on your sign, you gaze.
With oil, your tresses, how them you suffused,
you're lavish in your use of sweet perfumes.
You sent out your procurers far and wide,
down even into Sheol, its confines.
From all your wanderings, you, weary, grew
but never thought, was desperate, your plight.
You found that your desire had been renewed
and so it never weakened, that, your drive.

Of whom were you afraid so that you lied,
that you became false, and you, me, forgot
or never gave to me a second thought?
Did I not, silent, keep, and look away
so that, of me, you would not be afraid?
Now I'll expose this righteousness of yours,
what little good for you has it ensured.
Your idols will not help you when you cry.
A puff of wind, their place, to them, denies;
it's just a breath that will blow them away.
But he who will, his refuge, in me, place
shall see the land be his inheritance
and he, my holy mountain, shall possess.

Build up, build up, then how the LORD will say,
remove each obstacle, prepare their way,
my people's path. Thus, the Exalted One,
and he who's High, all of these words intones,
he who inhabits it, eternity,
whose name is Holy: Where I dwell will be
on high, in holiness, and too, with those
who're humble, and, have been crushed, spirits, whose
so that, the humble's spirits, I'll revive,

and too, revive the hearts of the contrite.
For I will not accuse continually
and neither will I, always, angry, be,
or else the creatures' spirits whom I made,
how underneath my onslaught, they would fail.
Their wicked avarice, of that, because,
I, angry, was; it's down, where I struck them.
I hid myself in wrath while where they went,
in their own way that was rebellious.
Still, I will heal them though I've seen their ways.
I will lead them and, them, I will repay
with comfort, and upon their lips, I'll place,
those ones who mourn, they will speak words of praise.
For all of them, both far and near, Peace, peace,
the LORD says, and it's them whom I will heal.
The wicked are, but, like a storm-tossed sea,
like one that can't, its stillness, ever keep;
its waters, mud and mire, toss from the deep.
My God says, for the wicked, there's no peace.

Chapter 58

"Shout it aloud, do not hold back. Make noise.
Just like a trumpet, upwards, lift your voice.
My people, tell, transgressions, their, to them,
and to the house of Jacob all their sins.
For when they seek me, it is every day,
and they seem eager to know of my ways,
just as a nation that did righteousness
and who would ne'er forsake God's ordinance.
For just decisions, they express desire,
and, in approaching God, seem to delight.
'Why have we fasted and you have not seen?'
they say. 'Why, for ourselves, did humbling seek,
we, and you've given us no noticing?'

"Yet on the day of fasting, what you do?
Just as you please, your workers, you abuse.
In quarr'ling strife, it always ends, your fast,
and you, each other, strike with wicked fists.
You can't fast in the manner of your choice,
and, to be heard on high, expect your voice.
That I have chosen, is not this the kind
of fasting? Of injustice, all its binds,
to loose them. To, cords of the yoke, untie.
To set free the oppressed and break each yoke.
Is it not to, with those who, hunger, know,
your food, share, and to wanderers who're poor,
provide them shelter. To, the naked, clothe
when you'd, them, see, and not away from your
own flesh and blood's direction would you turn.
Then like the dawn, how your light shall break forth
and quickly how your healing will appear.

Your vindicator shall go, you, before,
the glory of the LORD shall guard your rear.
Then you will call and, answer, will, the LORD.
You'll cry for help and he'll say: I am here.
If you would put away oppression's yoke,
your pointing finger and malicious talk,
and if the hungry you would spend yourself
on their behalf and satisfy the needs
of the oppressed, then in the darkness will
your light rise up and how your night will be,
just like the light that shines bright at noonday.
The LORD will guide you always in each way.
The sun-scorched land is where all of your needs,
he'll satisfy, and strengthen, he'll, your frame.
A garden, watered, well-, how you will be,
just like a spring whose waters never fail.
Your ancient ruins all will be rebuilt,
and many generations, you will raise
up their foundations. What you will be called:
he, the Repairer of the Broken Walls,
the Street Restorer where the people dwell.
If you would keep from breaking, with your feet,
the Sabbath and from doing as you please
upon my holy day, if you would call
the Sabbath a delight and hon'orable,
his holy day, the LORD's, and if you will,
it, honor, by not going your own way
and doing as you please, if you'd refrain
from speaking idle words, then you will find
your joy within the LORD and you will ride,
I'll cause you to, in triumph, on the heights,
the land's, to feast on the inheritance
of Jacob's who's your father ever since."

For, of the LORD, his mouth has spoken this.

Chapter 59

Too short to save? See, the LORD's hand is not,
nor is his ear too dull to hear, but it
is your iniquities that separate
you from your God. It is your sins that make
him hide his face from you so that he won't
hear you. For how your hands, with blood are stained,
and how your fingers have been dipped in guilt;
your lips have spoken lies and it's deceit
that your tongue utters. No one brings their suit
with upright cause, or pleading honestly;
rely, they, on pleas, empty, lies, they speak,
conceiving mischief and iniquity,
begetting. They've snakes' eggs, their hatchery,
in, and it's cobwebs, that is what they weave.
Whoever will consume those eggs will die,
for rotten eggs have rottenness inside.
Their webs, for making cloth, cannot be used;
for clothing, their works, nobody would choose.
Their works are all works of iniquity,
and in their hands, of violence, are deeds.
To evil, where they run upon their feet
and they rush to shed blood that's innocent;
their thoughts are thoughts of guilt, maleficent,
both havoc, too, and ruin, what they leave
behind where'er they go. The way of peace,
they do not know, and, justice, there is no,
in their paths. They've made crooked all their roads
and, any peace, who treads them, no one knows.

This is why justice is removed from us,
and how it's far from our reach, righteousness;

we wait for light, but, only darkness, see;
for daybreak, but in gloom, how we proceed.
We grope along the wall like men who're blind,
we feel our way like people without eyes.
We stumble at midday just as at dusk,
like we are dead, we move with the robust.
Like bears, we all growl, mournfully, like doves,
we moan. We wait for justice but there's none,
deliverance, for, but it's far from us.
How often, we, against you, have rebelled,
and our sins, witness, bear, 'gainst us, as well.
Yes, our offenses are with us indeed
and we know all of our iniquities:
transgressing, and, the LORD, denying him,
and turning back, our God, from following,
we threaten outrage and apostasy,
and utter falsehoods that our hearts conceived.
Fair judgment, how it's driven far away
and, stands aloof, the justice that would save,
for, stumbles, truth, out in the public square,
and honesty, it cannot enter there.
Good faith has vanished and the man who flees
from evil is despoiled entirely.

The LORD saw it, and how it, him, displeased,
that there was, justice, no, and too, was, he
appalled when there were none to intervene;
so his own might brought him the victory,
his righteousness supported him, beneath.
How justice, what he wore to plate his breast,
salvation as a helmet on his head;
of vengeance, garments, he put on as clothes,
and, fury, wrapped around him like a cloak.

So he'll repay according to their deeds:
his adversaries, his wrath, they will feel,
and his requital on his enemies.
So from the west, the LORD's name will be feared
and from the east his glory is revered.
His glory comes, a pent-up river, like
which the LORD's breath, in power, onward, drives.
This is my covenant, the LORD avows
with them: My spirit with which I endowed
you, and my words that I put in your mouth
shall never leave your mouth and will be found,
the mouths, in, of those who from you descend,
and, your grandchildren's mouths, even in them,
from now on and as well, forevermore,
thus what was said, these words were by the LORD.

Chapter 60

For, how your light has come, arise, arise,
the glory of the LORD, upon you, shines.
The earth, though darkness covers, and thick night,
the peoples, cover, on you, the LORD shines,
and over you his glory will arise.
How nations, they will journey toward your light,
and kings come to your radiance that's bright.

Lift up your gaze, around yourselves, give sight:
to come to you, they all are gathering,
from far away, your sons are journeying,
their nurses are, your daughters, carrying.
You'll see it, joyful radiance, you'll know,
and your heart will both throb and overflow,
for how the riches of the sea will be
before you, emptied out, and they proceed
to lay the wealth of nations at your feet.
In caravans, the camels fill your streets,
the camels, young, from Midian, those ones,
and Ephah, and those that from Sheba come,
they're bringing frankincense and also gold
and shall, the praises of the LORD, be told.
All Kedar's flocks will, to you, gathered, be,
the rams of Nebioth will serve your needs;
how they'll be offerings, acceptable
on, altar, my, and I'll make plentiful,
the, glory of my house, incredible.

Who are these that are flying like the clouds,
that fly like doves back to their, dovecotes, found?
Why, both the coasts and islands of the sea,

they put their hope in me, and in the lead,
the ships of Tarshish, they, your children hold,
they bring them from afar with silver, gold,
for, of the LORD, your God, the name, to tell,
and for the Holy One of Israel,
he who, with splendor, has endowed you well.
How foreigners, they shall rebuild your walls
and how their kings, you, minister to, shall,
for in my wrath was how I struck you down,
but in my favor, I've made mercy known
to you. Shall always, open, be, your gates,
they never shall be shut, both night and day
so that the nations, you, their wealth, shall bring,
and the processions, who lead them: their kings.
For if a nation or a kingdom won't
serve you, they'll perish, and all nations, those,
will be, to waste, laid, utterly destroyed.
Of Lebanon, its glory is deployed
to you, it's of the cypress, plane, and pine,
to, beauty, bring, to, sanctuary, my;
and where my feet rest, I will glorify.
Oppressors' sons, your, with humility,
approach you, bending low down at your feet.
They shall call you "The City of The LORD",
the Zion, Is'rael's Holy One, adored.
Whereas before, your presence was eschewed,
and hated, with nobody passing through.
I will make you one of eternal pride,
a source, of joy, an object, that won't die.
You'll suck the nations' milk and will be blessed,
and you'll be nursed at them, the royal breasts.
Then you will know that I, the LORD, am your
Deliverer and too, Redeemer, your,

the Mighty One of Jacob for you, sure.

Instead of bronze, it's gold, to you, I'll bring,
and for some iron I will, silver, bring,
instead of wood, how I will bring you bronze,
and iron, I'll bring you in place of stones.
I will appoint Peace as your governor
and Saving Justice is who you will serve.
No longer will, of violence, the sound,
be heard within the places of your land,
not devastation or destruction will
be in your boundaries. Then you will call
your gates: "Praise", and "Salvation" are your walls.
The sun won't any longer be your light
by day nor will the moon shine bright by night.
The LORD will be your everlasting light,
your God shall be your splendor, you will find.
Your sun, how it shall ne'er again go down,
withdraw her light, nor ever shall your moon,
but he, the LORD, will, everlasting, be
your light, and mourning's days, you'll no more see.
Your people, all of them, shall, righteous, be
and they, the land, possess, unendingly.
They are the shoot I, to the ground, bestowed,
my handiwork to, my great glory, show.
The least of them, a thousand, shall become,
the smallest, a great nation, into one.
It's I, the LORD, at their appointed time,
cause all these things, reality, to find.

Chapter 61

Upon me is the spirit of the LORD
God for the LORD, anointing on me, poured;
to the oppressed he sent me to bring news
that's good, and to, the broken-hearted, soothe,
to captives, to proclaim their liberty,
and tell the prisoners of their release,
the year of the LORD's favor, to proclaim,
and, of our God, his vengeance, of, the day,
to comfort all who mourn, and to provide,
for those in Zion, mourning, who abide—
instead of mourners' tears, of gladness, oil,
of praise, a mantle, for each heart that toils.
They, oaks of righteousness, how, will be called,
to show his glory, planted by the LORD.
The ancient ruins, up, what they will build,
the former devastations, up, they'll raise,
the ruined cities, what, repair, they will,
that, desolate, for generations, laid.

Then foreigners, stand and, your flocks, feed, shall
and aliens will dress your vines and till
your land, but how it is that you'll be called,
priests of the LORD; you shall be, of our God,
named ministers, and what you shall enjoy,
the wealth of nations, and you'll glorify
in all their riches, they'll, you, satisfy.
Because what they received was double shame,
and, as their lot, dishonor was proclaimed,
therefore, how in their land, they shall possess,
a double portion, their inheritance,
of everlasting joy as recompense.

For I, the LORD, love justice, and I hate,
both robbery, wrongdoing, and, the same;
as their reward, them, I'll give faithfully,
a covenant that lasts unendingly,
I will make with them. Their descendants shall
be known among the nations and as well,
their offspring 'mongst the peoples; who see, all,
them shall acknowledge how they are a race
blessed by the LORD. I, greatly, will rejoice,
the LORD, in; and how, shall, my being, whole
exult in my God for how he has clothed,
me, garments, in, of it, deliverance,
and covered me in robes of righteousness,
like, with a garland, how the bridegroom's decked,
and as a bride wears jewels around her neck.
For as the earth sends up its blossoms, shoots,
and how the garden makes the seeds, up, sprout,
so will the LORD God, righteousness and praise,
to spring up in their sight, before them, make,
the nations, how he will upon that day.

Chapter 62

For Zion's sake, I will not, silent, keep,
and for her sake, I shall not, quiet, be,
Jerusalem's, until her victory,
just like the dawn, is something that shines forth,
and her salvation like a blazing torch.
The nations shall, your vindication, see,
and all the kings, your glory, and you'll be
called by a new name that it will announce,
the LORD's mouth. You shall be a glorious crown
held in the LORD's hand, and a diadem,
one royal, that your God holds in his hand.
"Forsaken," no more, shall that, you, be named,
no more shall, be called, your land, "Desolate,"
but "My Delight Is In Her," you'll be called,
and your land, be called, "Married," how it shall
for it's because the LORD delights in you
and your land will be married to him too.
For as a young man will, a maiden, wed,
so you'll be wed to him who, you, rebuilds.
A bride groom, as, joy, in his bride, exudes,
so shall your God as well rejoice in you.
Jerusalem, how I, upon your walls,
all day and night, have posted sentinels,
and silence, their, keep, how they never shall.
You who remind the LORD, don't take your rest,
and neither give him rest 'till he does this:
Jerusalem, he re-establishes,
and makes her, of the earth, the pride, entire.
The LORD has sworn with his hand on his right,
and by his arm, the one that's full of might:
I'll ne'er again give your grain to your foes

to feed them, nor shall foreigners e'er drink
the wine for which you labored, but it's those
who harvested the grain, their mouths, it, know,
and give praise to the LORD. You who, grapes, pick,
will drink the wine, my sacred courts, within.

Pass through, pass through the gates, all, people, my
prepare the way; build up the way that's high,
up, build it, and, all boulders, now remove,
a signal for the peoples, now, upheave.
This is the proclamation of the LORD
out to the earth's ends, to its furthest bounds.
To daughter Zion say, "See, now is your
deliverance, here! With him, his reward,
his recompense, preceding, him, before.
"The Holy People," how they shall be called.
How they are known: "Redeemed, Those, of the LORD".
"Sought Out," the way that you are to be named,
"A City Not Forsaken," called, that way.

Chapter 63

“Who is this person that, from Edom, comes
in garments, crimson-stained, who’s, Borzah, from?
Who is this that’s so splendidly arrayed,
so full of strength, and marching on his way?”

“It is I, who, your victory, proclaims.
I am the one whose power is to save.”

“Why are your robes red, why are they the same,
your garments, as those who are treading grapes,
the winepress, in?” “I’ve trodden it alone,
the winepress, and from them, there was no one,
my people. I trod on them in my wrath,
and on my garments, how their blood was splashed,
and all of my apparel, that way, stained.
For in my heart was, vengeance, of, the day,
the year for my redeeming work had come.
A helper, for, I looked, but I found none;
I stared, but, who’d sustain me, found no one.
So my own arm, it brought me victory,
and my own fury, that supported me.
I, in my anger, trampled peoples down,
I crushed them in my wrath, and let it run,
their blood went streaming out upon the ground.”

I will recount the LORD’s, his gracious deeds,
the acts, praiseworthy, of the LORD, all these,
because of all the LORD has done for us,
and the great favor shown to Is’rael’s house,
what he’s done for them in his tenderness,
and by his many acts of love, steadfast.

For he said, “Surely, are, my people, they,
they’re children who will not, e’er, me, betray,”
and he, their savior, that, what he became,
in all their troubles, it was he who saved.

No messenger or angel, not that way,
but by his presence, he himself, the same;
his love, in, and his pity, he redeemed
them; he, up, lifted them, and carried them
through all the days of old but they rebelled
and grieved his holy spirit, so, turned, he,
against them. He became their enemy,
and waged war on them, he did that himself.

Then they, all of the days of old, recalled,
of Moses, servant, his, the stories told.

Where is the one who brought them up from there,
the sea, with, of his flock, the shepherds, dear?

Where is the one who put this within them,
his holy spirit; he, whose glor’ious arm
served as a guide for Moses on his march?

Divided, who, the waters, before them,
to, for himself, make an e’erlasting name?

Who led them without stumbling through the depths,
like horses passing through the desert’s breadth.

Like cattle going down into the plain,
the Spirit of the LORD, them, rest, he gave.

Thus, how you lead your people in this way,
to make, yourself, for, that, a glor’ious name.

Look down from heaven and, all this, observe,
your palace, that is glorious, from there,
and holy. Where are both your zeal and might?
Where’s your compassion and your yearning heart?
O LORD, do not hold back for who you are:

our Father. Though, if Abraham, he were
to know us, not, acknowledge us, to, nor
will Is'rael, you, LORD, still, our father, are;
Redeemer, our, of old, from, is your name.
O LORD, why do you make us, from your ways,
to stray, and, our heart, harden so that we
do not fear you? Turn back again, we plead
this to you for your servants' sake, and for
the sake of tribes, that, heritage, are your.
Your holy people, for a little while,
possession, took, but now we're asking why
have, on your sanctuary, they trespassed,
the wicked, why have they, your holy place,
down, trampled? We have long been like those whom
you do not rule, who do not bear your name.

Chapter 64

O that you would, the heavens, open, rend,
so that, when on the mountains, you descend,
how they would quake, your presence, at—as when
by fire, the brushwood, it is set ablaze,
or how to, water, boil, the fire will make.
Thus, to your enemies, how will your name
be known and how the nations all will shake
before you! When, your awesome deeds, you made,
that we did not expect, and, down, you came,
the mountains, at your presence, they all quaked.
From ages past no one has heard, words, these,
no ear, these messages, has e’er perceived,
no eye has seen another God besides
you, who works for those who will, for him, wait.
You meet all those who gladly do what’s right,
those who remember you in all your ways.
But you were angry, and how we had sinned
because when we transgressed, yourself, you hid.
We have become like one who is unclean
and, like a filthy cloth, our righteous deeds,
they all are; we fade like a withered leaf,
and, like the wind, all our iniquities
take us away. There’s no one who, your name,
calls on, or to, himself, cling to you, strains;
for how, from us, you’ve hid away your face,
and us, up to our guilt, you have conveyed.
Yet, LORD, you are our Father, we, the clay,
are, and you are the potter; all, are, we,
the work of your hand. Angry, do not be
exceedingly, O LORD, iniquity,
our, don’t remember through eternity.

Consider, now, your people, are all, we.
A desert, what your cities have become,
those holy, Zion and Jerusalem,
a desolation and a wilderness.
Our temple that's both holy, glorious
in which our fathers, praise for you, expressed,
it has been burned with fire. Each pleasant place,
all that was dear to us are laid to waste.
Despite this, LORD, will you, yourself, restrain?
Will you, beyond endurance, us, afflict,
and all the while maintain your silence, strict?

Chapter 65

I was prepared to be sought out by those
who did not ask, to be found out by those
who did not seek me. I said, “Here I am,”
and “Here I am,” again, I said to them,
a nation that did not call out my name.
How long I held my hands out: the whole day,
a people who’re rebellious, to them,
that is not good, who’re walking in a way,
who’re following their own devices, thus;
a people who provoke me to my face
unceasingly, who offer sacrifice
in gardens and they, incense, burn, on bricks;
who, inside tombs, sit, and will spend the night
in secret places; who will eat the swine’s
flesh that’s boiled with the broth of carrion;
who say, “Keep to yourself, do not come near
me, lest my holiness, to you, adheres.”
Such words are smoke my nostrils cannot breathe,
they’re like a fire that’s all day smoldering.
This written record is, before me, placed:
I won’t keep silent but I will repay
all your iniquities, and the same way,
your ancestors’, their guilt, the LORD thus says;
because they, on the mountains, sacrificed,
and on the hills was where they, me, reviled,
I’ll measure out full payment in their laps;
I will repay them for their loathsome acts.
Thus says the LORD, “When there is still some juice
in grapes that have been pressed, there still is good
in them; do not discard them.” What I’ll do,
my servants’ sake, for, I shall not destroy

them all. From Jacob, I will bring them forth,
descendants, and from Judah, too, of course,
I'll bring heirs who my mountains will possess;
they will inherit it, those whom I chose
and there's where servants, my, will dwell, the place.
For flocks, a pasture, Sharon shall be found,
and Achor's Valley, as a feeding ground
for cattle; to my people, they'll belong,
those who have sought me. But you who forsake
the LORD, who will forget my mountain place
that's holy, those who, for the god of Fate,
a table, spread, and fill the cups with wine
that's, for her, Destiny, mixed up with spice,
you, I will destine to the sword and all
of you shall, to the slaughter, downwards bow
because you did not answer when I called
and when I spoke, my words, you did not know,
but you did what was evil in my sight,
and chose, what I did not, in, to delight.
Therefore thus says the LORD God: They shall eat,
my servants, but how hunger, you will feel;
thirst, you will have, while, servants, my, will drink;
my servants shall rejoice but only shame
is what you'll feel; my servants, they will sing
for gladness in their hearts but only pain,
you'll feel, your heart, in, and you'll outwards cry
in anguish of your spirit, you shall wail.
How, to my chosen, your name is supplied
to be used as a curse. How he will slay
you, the LORD God, but by another name,
my servants shall be called. Then anyone
who will, a blessing, on himself, intone,
will do so by God whose name is "Amen,"

for all the troubles of the past have been
forgotten; they have vanished from my sight.

For, I'm about, new heavens, to create,
and a new earth, and all the former things
shall not, remembered, be, or come to mind.
Rejoice and be forever, with delight,
filled up at everything that I create
for I, Jerusalem, am, to, about,
create, a joy, as, and, as a delight,
its people. In Jerusalem, how I'll
rejoice, and, in my people, I'll delight;
no more shall weeping's sound be heard in it
or, of distress, the cry. No more shall be
there children who will die in infancy
or, who won't live full lives, the elderly;
for who will live a hundred years will be,
a youth, considered, and who doesn't see
a hundred years, as cursed, they are perceived.
They shall build houses and inhabit them;
they shall plant vineyards, and, the fruit, consume.
They shall not build to see another take
from them as, of their own, a dwelling place;
they shall not plant and see another eat,
for, like those of a tree, how they shall be,
my people's days, and they shall long enjoy,
my chosen, all the work their hands employ.
In vain, they shall not labor, nor conceive
their children only for calamity,
for they, blessed by the LORD, shall, offspring, be-
and their descendants for eternity.
Before they call, an answer, I will give,
While they are speaking, yet, my ear perceives.

The wolf and lamb together, they will feed;
just like the ox, straw, what the lion eats,
but not the serpent--dust, its food shall be!
No hurt nor harm, no one will be destroyed
on all my holy mountain, says the LORD.

Chapter 66

Thus says the LORD: the heavens are my throne,
and as my footstool, how the earth is known.
What is the house that you would build for me;
where is it that my resting place will be?
All of these things are what may hands have made,
the LORD says, when all of them, to be, came,
then they were mine. But I consider him,
the humble man for whom I have regard,
he who's oppressed, who trembles at my word.

Some slaughter oxen, or they might, a man,
some strangle dogs, or sacrifice a lamb,
whoever brings an offering of grain
is like him who brings blood, that of a swine,
who, in memorial burns frankincense
is just like him who will, an idol, bless.
These people who have chosen their own ways,
delight in their abominations, take.
I too will take delight in mocking them.
I'll bring about the things that they most dread
because when I called, no one answered me,
when I spoke, my words, they did not perceive,
but they did what was evil in my sight
and chose to do those things that I despise.

Hear, of the LORD, the word, you who revere
his word: Your fellow countrymen who bear
hostility to you, and who, you, spurn,
for my name's sake have said, words, these
“Let him, the LORD, be glorified so we
may see your joy,” but it is they who'll be,

to shame, put, there, it's how they will be found.

Now hear them, from the city, uproar's sounds!
The temple, from, a voice, that of the LORD!
His voice deals to his foes their just rewards.

She gave birth without laboring before;
before her pain, to her, a son was born.
Whoever heard of anything like this?
A thing like this lacks any witnesses.
How can a nation be born in a day?
In just an instant, can one, in that way
be brought to birth, a country? Yet as soon
as Zion was in labor, from her womb,
she, children, brought forth. Shall I bring her to
the point of labor and deliver, not?
the LORD says; shall I be the one who shuts
the womb, I who deliver? says your God.

Jerusalem, rejoice with, and be glad,
all you who love her, share her joy with all
your heart, you who for her once spread the pall—
that you might nurse and would be satisfied
from her consoling breast; that, with delight,
you, deeply, might drink from her milk supply.

For thus the LORD says, I shall make it flow,
prosperity, just like a river, o'er
her, and the wealth of nations like a stream
that overflows, and her babes, in her arms,
will, carried, be, and dandled on her knees.
Just as a mother comforts him, her child,
so shall I comfort you, and you will find

that in Jerusalem, you're comforted.

How you shall see, and your heart shall rejoice;
your bodies, they shall flourish like the grass;
and then the LORD will make his power known
among his servants, and, to all his foes,
his indignation, he will clearly show.
For how the LORD is coming? It's in fire,
and chariots, his, are, a whirlwind, like,
to pay his anger back in fury, great,
and his rebuke, of fire, in its full flames.
For it's by fire, the LORD will judge that way,
and, by his sword, all mankind, he will strain,
and many are the ones the LORD would slay.

Those who, for garden-rites, will consecrate
themselves and purify themselves, that way,
who follow him who's in a magic ring,
who eat the flesh of pigs, revolting things,
and rats: it is their ends that they shall meet,
the LORD says, for I know their thoughts and deeds.

I come to, every nation, gather them,
of every language, how it is they'll come,
and see my glory. I will set a sign
on them. From those of them who will survive,
I'll send them to these nations they will find,
to Tarshish, Put, and Lud—who draw the bow—
to them, both Tubal, Javan, they will know,
to distant coastlands that are far away,
to places where they've never known my fame,
or seen my glory, and they shall proclaim
my glory 'mongst the nations. They shall bring

your kindred, to the LORD, as offering,
from nations, all, on horses, chariots,
on mules, on camel back, and drawn in carts,
Jerusalem, to, holy mountain, my,
the LORD says, just like how the Israelites
bring a grain offering that's in one, clean,
a vessel, to the LORD's house, where he's seen.
And I will also take some of them as
both priests and also Levites, the LORD says.

For as the heavens, new, and the new earth,
which I make shall, before me, persevere,
the LORD says, so shall both of them remain:
both your descendants and as well your name.
From new moon to new moon, and then until,
from Sabbath to next Sabbath, all flesh shall
come to, before me, worship, the LORD says.

And they'll go out and look upon the dead,
the bodies of the people who rebelled
against me, for their worm, die, never shall,
nor ever shall the burning fire be quenched.
They will be an abhorrence to all flesh.