Isaiah's Prophecy to Judah—Book of Oracles: Jerusalem (c. 705 BC)

Isaiah 22

Jerusalem Rejoices Even Though She Faces Defeat

1 The oracle concerning the valley of vision.

What is the matter with you now, that you have all gone up to the housetops?

2 You who were full of noise,

You boisterous town, you exultant city;

Your slain were not slain with the sword,

Nor did they die in battle.

3 All your rulers have fled together,

And have been captured without the bow;

All of you who were found were taken captive together,

Though they had fled far away.

4 Therefore I say, "Turn your eyes away from me,

Let me weep bitterly,

Do not try to comfort me concerning the destruction of the daughter of my people."

5 For the Lord God of hosts has a day of panic, subjugation and confusion

In the valley of vision,

A breaking down of walls

And a crying to the mountain.

6 Elam took up the quiver

With the chariots, infantry and horsemen;

And Kir uncovered the shield.

7 Then your choicest valleys were full of chariots,

And the horsemen took up fixed positions at the gate.

8 And He removed the defense of Judah.

In that day you depended on the weapons of the house of the forest,

9 And you saw that the breaches

In the wall of the city of David were many;

And you collected the waters of the lower pool.

10 Then you counted the houses of Jerusalem

And tore down houses to fortify the wall.

11 And you made a reservoir between the two walls

For the waters of the old pool.

But you did not depend on Him who made it,

Nor did you take into consideration Him who planned it long ago.

12 Therefore in that day the Lord God of hosts called you to weeping, to wailing,

To shaving the head and to wearing sackcloth.

13 Instead, there is gaiety and gladness,

Killing of cattle and slaughtering of sheep,

Eating of meat and drinking of wine:

"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we may die."

14 But the LORD of hosts revealed Himself to me,

"Surely this iniquity shall not be forgiven you

Until you die," says the Lord GOD of hosts.

Steward Shebna Faces Disgrace

15 Thus says the Lord God of hosts,

"Come, go to this steward,

To Shebna, who is in charge of the royal household,

16 'What right do you have here,

And whom do you have here,

That you have hewn a tomb for yourself here,

You who hew a tomb on the height,

You who carve a resting place for yourself in the rock?

17 'Behold, the LORD is about to hurl you headlong, O man.

And He is about to grasp you firmly

18 And roll you tightly like a ball,

To be cast into a vast country;

There you will die

And there your splendid chariots will be,

You shame of your master's house.'

19 "I will depose you from your office,

And I will pull you down from your station.

Eliakim Replaces Shebna

20 "Then it will come about in that day,

That I will summon My servant Eliakim the son of Hilkiah,

21 And I will clothe him with your tunic

And tie your sash securely about him.

I will entrust him with your authority,

And he will become a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem and to the house of Judah.

22 "Then I will set the key of the house of David on his shoulder,

When he opens no one will shut,

When he shuts no one will open.

23 "I will drive him like a peg in a firm place,

And he will become a throne of glory to his father's house.

24 "So they will hang on him all the glory of his father's house, offspring and issue, all the least of vessels, from bowls to all the jars.

25 "In that day," declares the LORD of hosts, "the peg driven in a firm place will give way; it will even break off and fall, and the load hanging on it will be cut off, for the LORD has spoken."

Isaiah's Prophecy to Judah—Book of Oracles: Tyre (c. 705–704 BC)

Isaiah 23

Lament Over the Fall of Proud Tyre

1 The oracle concerning Tyre.

Wail, O ships of Tarshish,

For *Tyre* is destroyed, without house *or* harbor;

It is reported to them from the land of Cyprus.

2 Be silent, you inhabitants of the coastland,

You merchants of Sidon;

Your messengers crossed the sea

3 And were on many waters.

The grain of the Nile, the harvest of the River was her revenue;

And she was the market of nations.

4 Be ashamed, O Sidon;

For the sea speaks, the stronghold of the sea, saying,

"I have neither travailed nor given birth,

I have neither brought up young men nor reared virgins."

5 When the report reaches Egypt,

They will be in anguish at the report of Tyre.

6 Pass over to Tarshish;

Wail, O inhabitants of the coastland.

7 Is this your jubilant city,

Whose origin is from antiquity,

Whose feet used to carry her to colonize distant places?

Explanation of God's Plan

8 Who has planned this against Tyre, the bestower of crowns, Whose merchants were princes, whose traders were the honored of the earth?

9 The LORD of hosts has planned it, to defile the pride of all beauty,

To despise all the honored of the earth.

10 Overflow your land like the Nile, O daughter of Tarshish,

There is no more restraint.

11 He has stretched His hand out over the sea,

He has made the kingdoms tremble;

The LORD has given a command concerning Canaan to demolish its strongholds.

12 He has said, "You shall exult no more, O crushed virgin daughter of Sidon.

Arise, pass over to Cyprus; even there you will find no rest."

13 Behold, the land of the Chaldeans—this is the people *which* was not; Assyria appointed it for desert creatures—they erected their siege towers, they stripped its palaces, they made it a ruin.

14 Wail, O ships of Tarshish,

For your stronghold is destroyed.

Tyre's Restoration After Seventy Years

15 Now in that day Tyre will be forgotten for seventy years like the days of one king. At the end of seventy years it will happen to Tyre as *in* the song of the harlot:

16 Take your harp, walk about the city,

O forgotten harlot;

Pluck the strings skillfully, sing many songs,

That you may be remembered.

17 It will come about at the end of seventy years that the LORD will visit Tyre. Then she will go back to her harlot's wages and will play the harlot with all the kingdoms on the face of the earth.

18 Her gain and her harlot's wages will be set apart to the LORD; it will not be stored up or hoarded, but her gain will become sufficient food and choice attire for those who dwell in the presence of the LORD.