

¹وَحَيٍّ مِنْ جِهَةِ صُورَ، وَلَوْلِي بَا سُفْنَ تَرْشِيشَ لَأَتَّهَا
 حَرَبَتْ حَتَّى لَيْسَ بَيْتٌ حَتَّى لَيْسَ مَدْخَلٌ. مِنْ أَرْضِ كَيْتَمَ
 أُغْلِنَ لَهُمْ.²إِنْ دَهَشُوا بَا سُكَّانَ السَّاجِلِ. تُجَارُ صَيْدُونَ
 الْعَايِرُونَ الْبَحْرَ مَلَاوِكُ.³وَعَلَّتْهَا، زَرْعُ شِيخُورَ خَصَادُ
 التِّلِيلِ، عَلَى مَيَاةٍ كَثِيرَةٍ قَصَارَتْ مَنَجَرَةٌ لَأَمَمِ.⁴إِحْجَلِي بَا
 صَيْدُونَ لَأَنَّ حِصْنَ الْبَحْرِ، تَطَلَّ قَائِلًا، لَمْ أَتَمَخَّصْ وَلَا
 وَلَدْتُ وَلَا رَبَّيْتُ شَبَابًا وَلَا تَسَأْتُ عَذَارَى.⁵عِنْدَ وَضُولِ
 الْخَبْرِ إِلَى مِصْرَ، يَتَوَجَّعُونَ عِنْدَ وَضُولِ خَبَرِ صُورَ.⁶أَعْبُرُوا
 إِلَى تَرْشِيشَ. وَلَوْلُوا بَا سُكَّانَ السَّاجِلِ.⁷أَهْذِهِ لَكُمْ
 الْمُفْتَحِرَةُ الَّتِي مُنْذُ الْآيَامِ الْقَدِيمَةِ قَدَمَهَا. تَنْفُلُهَا رِجْلَاهَا
 بَعِيدًا لِلتَّعَرُّبِ.⁸مَنْ قَصَى يَهْدًا عَلَى صُورِ الْمُتَوَجِّعَةِ الَّتِي
 تُجَارُهَا رُؤُسَاءُ. مُتَسَبِّبُوهَا مُوقِرُوا الْأَرْضِ.⁹رَبُّ الْجُنُودِ
 قَصَى بِهِ لِيُدْتَسَرَ كِبْرِيَاءُ كُلِّ مَجْدٍ وَيُهَيَّنَ كُلُّ مُوقِرِي
 الْأَرْضِ.¹⁰إِجْتَازِي أَرْضَكَ كَالْتِّلِيلِ بَا بَيْتِ تَرْشِيشَ. لَيْسَ
 حَصْرٌ فِي مَا بَعْدُ.¹¹مَدَّ يَدَهُ عَلَى الْبَحْرِ. أَرَعَدَ مَمَالِكَ.
 أَمَرَ الرَّبُّ مِنْ جِهَةِ كَنْعَانَ أَنْ تُحْرَبَ حُصُونُهَا.¹²وَقَالَ، لَا
 تَعُودِينَ تَفْتَحِرِينَ أَيْضًا أَبْنَاهَا الْمُنْهَتِكَةُ الْعَذْرَاءُ بَيْتُ
 صَيْدُونَ. فُؤِمِي إِلَى كَيْتَمَ. اْعْبُرِي. هُنَاكَ أَيْضًا لَا رَاحَةَ
 لَكَ.¹³هُوَذَا أَرْضُ الْكَلْدَانِيِّينَ. هَذَا الشَّعْبُ لَمْ يَكُنْ.
 أَسَسَهَا أَشُورُ لَأَهْلِ الْبَرِّيَّةِ. قَدْ أَقَامُوا أَبْرَاجَهُمْ. دَمَرُوا
 قُصُورَهَا. جَعَلَهَا رَدْمًا.¹⁴وَلَوْلِي بَا سُفْنَ تَرْشِيشَ لَأَنَّ
 حِصْنَكَ قَدْ أُحْرِبَ.¹⁵وَيَكُونُ فِي ذَلِكَ الْيَوْمِ أَنَّ صُورَ
 تُنْسَى سَبْعِينَ سَنَةً كَأَيَّامِ مَلِكٍ وَاحِدٍ. مِنْ بَعْدِ سَبْعِينَ
 سَنَةً يَكُونُ لِصُورَ كَأَغْنِيَةِ الرَّائِيَةِ.¹⁶خُذِي عُودًا. طُوفِي
 فِي الْمَدِينَةِ أَبْنَاهَا الرَّائِيَةُ الْمُنْسِيَّةُ. أَحْسِنِي الْعَرْفَ أَكْثَرِي
 الْعَنَاءَ لِكَيْ تُذَكَّرِي.¹⁷وَيَكُونُ مِنْ بَعْدِ سَبْعِينَ سَنَةً أَنَّ
 الرَّبَّ يَبْتَغِهُدُ صُورَ فَتَعُودُ إِلَى أَجْرَتِهَا، وَتَرْبِي مَعَ كُلِّ
 مَمَالِكِ الْبِلَادِ عَلَى وَجْهِ الْأَرْضِ.¹⁸وَتَكُونُ تِجَارَتُهَا وَأَجْرَتُهَا
 قُدْسًا لِلرَّبِّ. لَا تُحْرَبُ، وَلَا تُكْنَرُ بَلْ تَكُونُ تِجَارَتُهَا
 لِلْمُقِيمِينَ أَمَامَ الرَّبِّ لِأَكُلِ إِلَى الشَّبَعِ وَلِلْبَاسِ فَآخِرِ.

¹The burden of Tyre. Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in: from the land of Chittim it is revealed to them.²Be still, ye inhabitants of the isle; thou whom the merchants of Zidon, that pass over the sea, have replenished.³And by great waters the seed of Sihor, the harvest of the river, is her revenue; and she is a mart of nations.⁴Be thou ashamed, O Zidon: for the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea, saying, I travail not, nor bring forth children, neither do I nourish up young men, nor bring up virgins.⁵As at the report concerning Egypt, so shall they be sorely pained at the report of Tyre. Pass ye over to Tarshish; howl, ye inhabitants of the isle.⁷Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn.⁸Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?⁹The LORD of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth.¹⁰Pass through thy land as a river, O daughter of Tarshish: there is no more strength.¹¹He stretched out his hand over the sea, he shook the kingdoms: the LORD hath given a commandment against the merchant city, to destroy the strong holds thereof.¹²And he said, Thou shalt no more rejoice, O thou oppressed virgin, daughter of Zidon: arise, pass over to Chittim; there also shalt thou have no rest.¹³Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in

the wilderness: they set up the towers thereof, they raised up the palaces thereof; and he brought it to ruin.¹⁴ Howl, ye ships of Tarshish: for your strength is laid waste.¹⁵ And it shall come to pass in that day, that Tyre shall be forgotten seventy years, according to the days of one king: after the end of seventy years shall Tyre sing as an harlot.¹⁶ Take an harp, go about the city, thou harlot that hast been forgotten; make sweet melody, sing many songs, that thou mayest be remembered.¹⁷ And it shall come to pass after the end of seventy years, that the LORD will visit Tyre, and she shall turn to her hire, and shall commit fornication with all the kingdoms of the world upon the face of the earth.¹⁸ And her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the LORD: it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the LORD, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing.