

¹Rejoice not, O Israel, for joy, as other people: for thou hast gone a whoring from thy God, thou hast loved a reward upon every cornfloor.²The floor and the winepress shall not feed them, and the new wine shall fail in her.³They shall not dwell in the LORD's land; but Ephraim shall return to Egypt, and they shall eat unclean things in Assyria.⁴They shall not offer wine offerings to the LORD, neither shall they be pleasing unto him: their sacrifices shall be unto them as the bread of mourners; all that eat thereof shall be polluted: for their bread for their soul shall not come into the house of the LORD.⁵What will ye do in the solemn day, and in the day of the feast of the LORD?⁶For, lo, they are gone because of destruction: Egypt shall gather them up, Memphis shall bury them: the pleasant places for their silver, nettles shall possess them: thorns shall be in their tabernacles.⁷The days of visitation are come, the days of recompence are come; Israel shall know it : the prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad, for the multitude of thine iniquity, and the great hatred.⁸The watchman of Ephraim was with my God: but the prophet is a snare of a fowler in all his ways, and hatred in the house of his God.⁹They have deeply corrupted themselves , as in the days of Gibeah:

therefore he will remember their iniquity, he will visit their sins.¹⁰I found Israel like grapes in the wilderness; I saw your fathers as the firstripe in the fig tree at her first time: but they went to Baalpeor, and separated themselves unto that shame; and their abominations were according as they loved.¹¹As for Ephraim, their glory shall fly away like a bird, from the birth, and from the womb, and from the conception.¹²Though they bring up their children, yet will I bereave them, that there shall not be a man left : yea, woe also to them when I depart from them!¹³Ephraim, as I saw Tyrus, is planted in a pleasant place: but Ephraim shall bring forth his children to the murderer.¹⁴Give them, O LORD: what wilt thou give? give them a miscarrying womb and dry breasts.¹⁵All their wickedness is in Gilgal: for there I hated them: for the wickedness of their doings I will drive them out of mine house, I will love them no more: all their princes are revolvers.¹⁶Ephraim is smitten, their root is dried up, they shall bear no fruit: yea, though they bring forth, yet will I slay even the beloved fruit of their womb.¹⁷My God will cast them away, because they did not hearken unto him: and they shall be wanderers among the nations.