### Isaiah

## Chapter 23

1The matter of Tyre.  
  
Now shriek, you on boats out of Carthage;  
 For, [Tyre] has been wiped away,  
 And they won’t be [sailing] from Cyprus again,  
 Since [the people of Tyre] are all captives!  
  
2To whom can I liken their [people]…  
 To Phoenician traders who pass through the seas,  
 3Or to the offspring of those traders  
 Who transport the harvests of the nations.  
  
4‘And you, O Sidon, be ashamed,’ said the sea!  
 Then the power of the sea told them this:  
  
 ‘I have no pains and I’ve not given birth,  
 Nor have I fed young or raised virgins.  
 5But when Egypt hears what’s happened to Tyre,  
 They’ll be overtaken by grief.’  
  
6So, travel to Carthage and shriek,  
 All you who live on the islands!  
 7For, she was the source of your insolent ways  
 Back before she had fallen.  
  
8Who was it who planned these things against Tyre?  
 For, isn’t she the strongest and best…  
 Aren’t her merchants the glorious rulers of nations?  
  
9It was Jehovah of Armies who laid out the plans  
 To end the insolence of these glorious ones…  
 To dishonor the glories of the whole earth!  
  
10So now, you’ll be forced to be farmers,  
 Since boats won’t be sailing from Carthage again,  
 11And your hands won’t control the seas anymore,  
 O you provokers of kings.  
  
Yes, it was Jehovah of Armies  
 Who ordered the destruction of CanaAn’s strength,  
 12So that you would not keep on insulting  
 And wronging the daughter of Zion.  
  
Then, if you should travel to Cyprus,  
 You will not find any rest there.  
 13And if you should go to Chaldea,  
 You won’t find rest, for her walls will soon fall…  
 The Assyrians will come and destroy it.  
  
14So Shriek, you on boats who are coming from Carthage,  
 Because your fort will soon be destroyed!  
  
15This is how it will be in that day:  
 Tyre will remain in that state  
 For the next 70 years…  
 The length of the lives of both men and kings.  
 Then, after the 70 years have elapsed,  
 Tyre will become like the song of a whore.  
  
16So, pick up your harp and wander away,  
 O whore who will soon be forgotten!  
 Play your harp and sing very well,  
 So there’ll be someone who doesn’t forget you!  
  
17Then, after those 70 years have elapsed,  
 God will come and revisit Tyre…  
 He’ll restore her as she’d once been…  
 She’ll be a market for all kingdoms again  
 Throughout man’s home on the face of the earth.  
  
18Then her trading will pay a holy wage to the Lord;  
 For their [profits] will not be carried to them…  
 [They’ll be sent] to those who dwell before [God]…  
 All [the wealth of] her trading [will then go to them],  
 Which they’ll use to eat and drink ‘til they’re full,  
 As a compact memorial before God.