

Haftarah for Shof'tim

Isaiah 51:12 - 52:12

This translation was taken from the JPS Tanakh

¹² I, I am He who comforts you!

What ails you that you fear

Man who must die,

Mortals who fare like grass?

¹³ You have forgotten the Lord your Maker,

Who stretched out the skies and made firm the earth!

And you live all day in constant dread

Because of the rage of an oppressor

Who is aiming to cut [you] down.

Yet of what account is the rage of an oppressor?

¹⁴ Quickly the crouching one is freed;

He is not cut down and slain,

And he shall not want for food.

¹⁵ For I the Lord your God —

Who stir up the sea into roaring waves,

Whose name is Lord of Hosts —

¹⁶ Have put My words in your mouth

And sheltered you with My hand;

I, who planted the skies and made firm the earth,

Have said to Zion: You are My people!

¹⁷ Rouse, rouse yourself!

Arise, O Jerusalem,

You who from the Lord's hand

Have drunk the cup of His wrath,

You who have drained to the dregs

The bowl, the cup of reeling!

¹⁸ She has none to guide her

Of all the sons she bore;

None takes her by the hand,

Of all the sons she reared.

¹⁹ These two things have befallen you:

Wrack and ruin — who can console you?

Famine and sword — how shall I comfort you?

²⁰ Your sons lie in a swoon

At the corner of every street —

Like an antelope caught in a net —

Drunk with the wrath of the Lord,

With the rebuke of your God.

²¹ Therefore,

Listen to this, unhappy one,

Who are drunk, but not with wine!

²² Thus said the Lord, your Lord,

Your God who champions His people:

Herewith I take from your hand

The cup of reeling,

The bowl, the cup of My wrath;

You shall never drink it again.

²³ I will put it in the hands of your tormentors,

Who have commanded you,

"Get down, that we may walk over you" —

So that you made your back like the ground,

Like a street for passersby.

Chapter 52

¹ Awake, awake, O Zion!

Clothe yourself in splendor;

Put on your robes of majesty,

Jerusalem, holy city!

For the uncircumcised and the unclean

Shall never enter you again.

² Arise, shake off the dust,

Sit [on your throne], Jerusalem!

Loose the bonds from your neck,

O captive one, Fair Zion!

³ For thus said the Lord:

You were sold for no price,

And shall be redeemed without money.

⁴ For thus said the Lord God:

Of old, My people went down

To Egypt to sojourn there;
But Assyria has robbed them,
Giving nothing in return.
⁵ What therefore do I gain here?
— declares the Lord —

For My people has been carried off for nothing,
Their mockers howl

— declares the Lord —
And constantly, unceasingly,
My name is reviled.
⁶ Assuredly, My people shall learn My name,
Assuredly [they shall learn] on that day
That I, the One who promised,
Am now at hand.

⁷ How welcome on the mountain
Are the footsteps of the herald
Announcing happiness,
Heralding good fortune,
Announcing victory,
Telling Zion, "Your God is King!"

⁸ Hark!
Your watchmen raise their voices,
As one they shout for joy;
For every eye shall behold
The Lord's return to Zion.

⁹ Raise a shout together,
O ruins of Jerusalem!
For the Lord will comfort His people,
Will redeem Jerusalem.

¹⁰ The Lord will bare His holy arm
In the sight of all the nations,
And the very ends of earth shall see
The victory of our God.

¹¹ Turn, turn away, touch naught unclean
As you depart from there;
Keep pure, as you go forth from there,
You who bear the vessels of the Lord!

¹² For you will not depart in haste,
Nor will you leave in flight;
For the Lord is marching before you,
The God of Israel is your rear guard.