

Isaiah 57

Chapter 57

¹ THE righteous perisheth, and no man layeth *it* to heart: and merciful men *are* taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil *to come*.

² He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, *each one* walking *in* his uprightness.

³ ¶ But draw near hither, ye sons of the sorceress, the seed of the adulterer and the whore.

⁴ Against whom do ye sport yourselves? against whom make ye a wide mouth, *and* draw out the tongue? *are* ye not children of transgression, a seed of falsehood,

⁵ Enflaming yourselves with idols under every green tree, slaying the children in the valleys under the cliffs of the rocks?

⁶ Among the smooth *stones* of the stream *is* thy portion; they, they *are* thy lot: even to them hast thou poured a drink offering, thou hast offered a meat offering. Should I receive comfort in these?

⁷ Upon a lofty and high mountain hast thou set thy bed: even thither wentest thou up to offer sacrifice.

⁸ Behind the doors also and the posts hast thou set up thy remembrance: for thou hast discovered *thyself to another* than me, and art gone up; thou hast enlarged thy bed, and

made thee *a covenant* with them; thou lovedst their bed where thou sawest *it*.

⁹ And thou wentest to the king with ointment, and didst increase thy perfumes, and didst send thy messengers far off, and didst debase *thyself even* unto hell.

¹⁰ Thou art wearied in the greatness of thy way; *yet* saidst thou not, There is no hope: thou hast found the life of thine hand; therefore thou wast not grieved.

¹¹ And of whom hast thou been afraid or feared, that thou hast lied, and hast not remembered me, nor laid *it* to thy heart? have not I held my peace even of old, and thou fearest me not?

¹² I will declare thy righteousness, and thy works; for they shall not profit thee.

¹³ ¶ When thou criest, let thy companies deliver thee; but the wind shall carry them all away; vanity shall take *them*: but he that putteth his trust in me shall possess the land, and shall inherit my holy mountain;

¹⁴ And shall say, Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumblingblock out of the way of my people.

¹⁵ For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name *is* Holy; I dwell in the high and holy *place*, with him also *that is* of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

¹⁶ For I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth: for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls *which* I have made.

¹⁷ For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him: I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart.

¹⁸ I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners.

¹⁹ I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace to *him that is* far off, and to *him that is* near, saith the LORD; and I will heal him.

²⁰ But the wicked *are* like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

²¹ *There is* no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.