

# Isaiah 64

## Chapter 64

<sup>1</sup> OH that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence,

<sup>2</sup> As *when* the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil, to make thy name known to thine adversaries, *that* the nations may tremble at thy presence!

<sup>3</sup> When thou didst terrible things *which* we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence.

<sup>4</sup> For since the beginning of the world *men* have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, *what* he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him.

<sup>5</sup> Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, *those that* remember thee in thy ways: behold, thou art wroth; for we have sinned: in those is continuance, and we shall be saved.

<sup>6</sup> But we are all as an unclean *thing*, and all our righteousnesses *are* as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.

<sup>7</sup> And *there is* none that calleth upon thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee: for thou hast hid thy face

from us, and hast consumed us, because of our iniquities.

<sup>8</sup> But now, O LORD, thou *art* our father; we *are* the clay, and thou our potter; and we all *are* the work of thy hand.

<sup>9</sup> ¶ Be not wroth very sore, O LORD, neither remember iniquity for ever: behold, see, we beseech thee, we *are* all thy people.

<sup>10</sup> Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.

<sup>11</sup> Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste.

<sup>12</sup> Wilt thou refrain thyself for these *things*, O LORD? wilt thou hold thy peace, and afflict us very sore?