

Isaiah 18

A Message to Cush

¹Ah, land of the buzzing of wings, Which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia;

²That sendeth ambassadors by the sea, Even in vessels of papyrus upon the waters! Go, ye swift messengers, To a nation tall and of glossy skin, To a people terrible from their beginning onward; A nation that is sturdy and treadeth down, Whose land the rivers divide!

³All ye inhabitants of the world, and ye dwellers on the earth, When an ensign is lifted up on the mountains, see ye; And when the horn is blown, hear ye.

⁴For thus hath the LORD said unto me: I will hold Me still, and I will look on in My dwelling-place, Like clear heat in sunshine, Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.

⁵For before the harvest, when the blossom is over, And the bud becometh a ripening grape, He will cut off the sprigs with pruning-hooks, And the shoots will He take away and lop off.

⁶They shall be left together unto the ravenous birds of the mountains, And to the beasts of the earth; And the ravenous birds shall summer upon them, And all the beasts of the earth shall winter upon them.

⁷In that time shall a present be brought unto the LORD of hosts of a people tall and of glossy skin, and from a people terrible from their beginning onward; a nation that is sturdy and treadeth down, whose land the rivers divide, to the place of the name of the LORD of hosts, the mount Zion.