

Isaiah 38

JPS [\[Online\]](#)

Hezekiah's Illness and Recovery

(2 Kings 20:1–11; 2 Chronicles 32:24–31)

¹In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And Isaiah the prophet the son of Amoz came to him, and said unto him: 'Thus saith the LORD: Set thy house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.' ²Then Hezekiah turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the LORD, ³and said: 'Remember now, O LORD, I beseech Thee, how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a whole heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight.' And Hezekiah wept sore.

⁴Then came the word of the LORD to Isaiah, saying: ⁵Go, and say to Hezekiah: Thus saith the LORD, the God of David thy father: I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years. ⁶And I will deliver thee and this city out of the hand of the king of Assyria; and I will defend this city.

⁷And this shall be the sign unto thee from the LORD, that the LORD will do this thing that He hath spoken: ⁸behold, I will cause the shadow of the dial, which is gone down on the sun-dial of Ahaz, to return backward ten degrees.' So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down.

Hezekiah's Song of Thanksgiving

⁹The writing of Hezekiah king of Judah, when he had been sick, and was recovered of his sickness.

¹⁰I said: In the noontide of my days I shall go, Even to the gates of the nether-world; I am deprived of the residue of my years.

¹¹I said: I shall not see the LORD, Even the LORD in the land of the living; I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

¹²My habitation is plucked up and carried away from me As a shepherd's tent; I have rolled up like a weaver my life; He will cut me off from the thrum; From day even to night wilt Thou make an end of me.

¹³The more I make myself like unto a lion until morning, The more it breaketh all my bones; From day even to night wilt Thou make an end of me.

¹⁴Like a swallow or a crane, so do I chatter, I do moan as a dove; Mine eyes fail with looking upward. O LORD, I am oppressed, be Thou my surety.

¹⁵What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, And Himself hath done it; I shall go softly all my years for the bitterness of my soul.

¹⁶O Lord, by these things men live, And altogether therein is the life of my spirit; Wherefore recover Thou me, and make me to live.

17Behold, for my peace I had great bitterness; But Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it From the pit of corruption; For Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

18For the nether-world cannot praise Thee, Death cannot celebrate Thee; They that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth.

19The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, As I do this day; The father to the children shall make known Thy truth.

20The LORD is ready to save me; Therefore we will sing songs to the stringed instruments All the days of our life in the house of the LORD.

21And Isaiah said: 'Let them take a cake of figs, and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover.' **22**And Hezekiah said. 'What is the sign that I shall go up to the house of the LORD?'