

Isaiah 64

JPS [\[Online\]](#)

A Prayer for God's Power

1Oh, that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, That the mountains might quake at Thy presence, As when fire kindleth the brush-wood, And the fire causeth the waters to boil; To make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, That the nations might tremble at Thy presence,

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3When Thou didst tremendous things Which we looked not for—Oh that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might quake at Thy presence!—

4And whereof from of old men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, Neither hath the eye seen a God beside Thee, Who worketh for him that waiteth for Him.

5Thou didst take away him that joyfully worked righteousness, Those that remembered Thee in Thy ways—Behold, Thou wast wroth, and we sinned—Upon them have we stayed of old, that we might be saved.

6And we are all become as one that is unclean, And all our righteousnesses are as a polluted garment; And we all do fade as a leaf, And our iniquities, like the wind, take us away.

7And 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 by means of our iniquities.

8But now, O LORD, Thou art our Father; We are the clay, and Thou our potter, And we all are the work of Thy hand.

9Be not wroth very sore, O LORD, Neither remember iniquity for ever; Behold, look, we beseech Thee, we are all Thy people.

10Thy holy cities are become a wilderness, Zion is become a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.

11Our holy and our beautiful house, Where our fathers praised Thee, Is burned with fire; And all our pleasant things are laid waste.

12Wilt Thou refrain Thyself for these things, O LORD? Wilt Thou hold Thy peace, and afflict us very sore?