

## **A Message about Tyre**

**23** This message came to me concerning Tyre:

Wail, you trading ships of Tarshish,  
for the harbor and houses of Tyre are gone!  
The rumors you heard in Cyprus are all true.

**2** Mourn in silence, you people of the coast  
and you merchants of Sidon.

Your traders crossed the sea, **3** sailing over deep waters.  
They brought you grain from Egypt and harvests from along the Nile.  
You were the marketplace of the world.

**4** But now you are put to shame, city of Sidon,  
for Tyre, the fortress of the sea, says, "Now I am childless; I have no sons or  
daughters."

**5** When Egypt hears the news about Tyre, there will be great sorrow.

**6** Send word now to Tarshish! Wail, you people who live in distant lands!

**7** Is this silent ruin all that is left of your once joyous city?

What a long history was yours!

Think of all the colonists you sent to distant places.

**8** Who has brought this disaster on Tyre, that great creator of kingdoms?  
Her traders were all princes, her merchants were nobles.

**9** The LORD of Heaven's Armies has done it to destroy your pride  
and bring low all earth's nobility.

**10** Come, people of Tarshish, sweep over the land like the flooding Nile,  
for Tyre is defenseless.

**11** The LORD held out his hand over the sea and shook the kingdoms of the earth.  
He has spoken out against Phoenicia, ordering that her fortresses be destroyed.

**12** He says, "Never again will you rejoice, O daughter of Sidon, for you have been  
crushed.

Even if you flee to Cyprus, you will find no rest."

**13** Look at the land of Babylonia the people of that land are gone!

The Assyrians have handed Babylon over to the wild animals of the desert.

They have built siege ramps against its walls, torn down its palaces, and turned it to a  
heap of rubble.

**14** Wail, you ships of Tarshish, for your harbor is destroyed!

**15** For seventy years, the length of a king's life, Tyre will be forgotten. But then the city  
will come back to life as in the song about the prostitute:

**16** Take a harp and walk the streets, you forgotten harlot.  
Make sweet melody and sing your songs so you will be remembered again.

**17** Yes, after seventy years the LORD will revive Tyre. But she will be no different than she was before. She will again be a prostitute to all kingdoms around the world.

**18** But in the end her profits will be given to the LORD. Her wealth will not be hoarded but will provide good food and fine clothing for the LORD's priests.