



Neviim (prophètes) - Malachie

Chapter 1

- 1,1 The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi.
- 1,2 I have loved you, saith the Lord. Yet ye say: 'Wherein hast Thou loved us?' Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith the Lord; yet I loved Jacob;
- 1,3 But Esau I hated, and made his mountains a desolation, and gave his heritage to the jackals of the wilderness.
- 1,4 Whereas Edom saith: 'We are beaten down, but we will return and build the waste places'; thus saith the Lord of hosts: They shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall be called The border of wickedness, and The people whom the Lord execrateth for ever.
- 1,5 And your eyes shall see, and ye shall say: 'The Lord is great beyond the border of Israel.'
- 1,6 A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master; if then I be a father, where is My honour? and if I be a master, where is My fear? saith the Lord of hosts unto you, O priests, that despise My name. And ye say: 'Wherein have we despised Thy name?'
- 1,7 Ye offer polluted bread upon Mine altar. And ye say: 'Wherein have we polluted thee?' In that ye say: 'The table of the Lord is contemptible.'
- 1,8 And when ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it no evil! And when ye offer the lame and sick, is it no evil! Present it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee? or will he accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts.
- 1,9 And now, I pray you, entreat the favour of God that He may be gracious unto us!--this hath been of your doing.--will He accept any of your persons? saith the Lord of hosts.
- 1,10 Oh that there were even one among you that would shut the doors, that ye might not kindle fire on Mine altar in vain! I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand.
- 1,11 For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My name is great among the nations; and in every place offerings are presented unto My name, even pure oblations; for My name is great among the nations, saith the Lord of hosts.
- 1,12 But ye profane it, in that ye say: 'The table of the Lord is polluted, and the fruit thereof, even the food thereof, is contemptible.'
- 1,13 Ye say also: 'Behold, what a weariness is it!' and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of hosts; and ye have brought that which was taken by violence, and the lame, and the sick; thus ye bring the offering; should I accept this of your hand? saith the Lord.
- 1,14 But cursed be he that dealeth craftily, whereas he hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a blemished thing; for I am a great King, saith the Lord of hosts, and My name is feared among the nations.