



## **Neviim (prophètes) - Yoël**

### **Chapter 1**

- 1,1 The word of the Lord that came to Joel the son of Pethuel.
- 1,2 Hear this, ye old men, and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. Hath this been in your days, or in the days of your fathers?
- 1,3 Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.
- 1,4 That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.
- 1,5 Awake, ye drunkards, and weep, and wail, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the sweet wine, for it is cut off from your mouth.
- 1,6 For a people is come up upon my land, mighty, and without number; his teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the jaw-teeth of a lioness.
- 1,7 He hath laid my vine waste, and blasted my fig-tree; he hath made it clean bare, and cast it down, the branches thereof are made white.
- 1,8 Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth.
- 1,9 The meal-offering and the drink-offering is cut off from the house of the Lord; the priests mourn, even the Lord's ministers.
- 1,10 The field is wasted, the land mourneth; for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth.
- 1,11 Be ashamed, O ye husbandmen, wail, O ye vinedressers, for the wheat and for the barley; because the harvest of the field is perished.
- 1,12 The vine is withered, and the fig-tree languisheth; the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree also, and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered; for joy is withered away from the sons of men.
- 1,13 Gird yourselves, and lament, ye priests, wail, ye ministers of the altar; come, lie all night in sackcloth, ye ministers of my God; for the meal-offering and the drink-offering is withholden from the house of your God.
- 1,14 Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land unto the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord.
- 1,15 Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come.
- 1,16 Is not the food cut off before our eyes, yea, joy and gladness from the house of our God?
- 1,17 The grains shrivel under their hoes; the garners are laid desolate, the barns are broken down; for the corn is withered.
- 1,18 How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate.
- 1,19 Unto Thee, O Lord, do I cry; for the fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness, and the flame hath set ablaze all the trees of the field.
- 1,20 Yea, the beasts of the field pant unto Thee; for the water brooks are dried up, and the fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness.