

# Malachi 1

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



**1** The burden of the word of Jehovah to Israel by Malachi. **2** I have loved you, saith Jehovah; but ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us? Was not Esau Jacob's brother? saith Jehovah, and I loved Jacob, **3** and I hated Esau; and made his mountains a desolation, and gave his inheritance to the jackals of the wilderness. **4** If Edom say, We are broken down, but we will build again the ruined places, --thus saith Jehovah of hosts: They shall build, but I will throw down; and men shall call them the territory of wickedness, and the people against whom Jehovah hath indignation for ever. **5** And your eyes shall see it, and ye shall say, Jehovah is magnified beyond the border of Israel.

**6** A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a father, where is mine honour? and if I be a master, where is my fear? saith Jehovah of hosts unto you, priests, that despise my name. But ye say, Wherein have we despised thy name? **7** Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar; and ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The table of Jehovah is contemptible. **8** And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Present it now unto thy governor: will he be pleased with thee? or will he accept thy person? saith Jehovah of hosts. **9** And now, I pray you, beseech \*God that he will be gracious unto us. This hath been of your hand: will he accept any of your persons? saith Jehovah of hosts. **10** Who is there among you that would even shut the doors? and ye would not kindle fire on mine altar for nothing. I have no delight in you, saith Jehovah of hosts, neither will I accept an oblation at your hand. **11** For from the rising of the sun even unto its setting my name shall be great among the nations; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure oblation: for my name shall be great among the nations, saith Jehovah of hosts. **12** But ye profane it, in that ye say, The table of the Lord is polluted; and the fruit thereof, his food, is contemptible. **13** And ye say, Behold, what a weariness! And ye have puffed at it, saith Jehovah of hosts, and ye bring that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick; thus ye bring the oblation: should I accept this of your hand? saith Jehovah. **14** Yea, cursed be the deceiver, who hath in his flock a male, and voweth and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing; for I am a great King, saith Jehovah of hosts, and my name is terrible among the nations.