

## Nahum

<sup>1</sup> This is the burden against Nineveh, the book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite:

<sup>2</sup> The LORD is a jealous and avenging God; the LORD is avenging and full of wrath. The LORD takes vengeance on His foes and reserves wrath for His enemies.

<sup>3</sup> The LORD is slow to anger and great in power; the LORD will by no means leave the guilty unpunished. His path is in the whirlwind and storm, and clouds are the dust beneath His feet.

<sup>4</sup> He rebukes the sea and dries it up; He makes all the rivers run dry. Bashan and Carmel wither, and the flower of Lebanon wilts.

<sup>5</sup> The mountains quake before Him, and the hills melt away; the earth trembles at His presence—the world and all its dwellers.

<sup>6</sup> Who can withstand His indignation? Who can endure His burning anger? His wrath is poured out like fire; even rocks are shattered before Him.

<sup>7</sup> The LORD is good, a stronghold in the day of distress; He cares for those who trust in Him.

<sup>8</sup> But with an overwhelming flood He will make an end of Nineveh and pursue His enemies into darkness.

<sup>9</sup> Whatever you plot against the LORD, He will bring to an end. Affliction will not rise up a second time.

<sup>10</sup> For they will be entangled as with thorns and consumed like the drink of a drunkard—like stubble that is fully dry.

<sup>11</sup> From you, O Nineveh, comes forth a plotter of evil against the LORD, a counselor of wickedness.

<sup>12</sup> This is what the LORD says: "Though they are allied and numerous, yet they will be cut down and pass away. Though I have afflicted you, O Judah, I will afflict you no longer.

<sup>13</sup> For I will now break their yoke from your neck and tear away your shackles."

<sup>14</sup> The LORD has issued a command concerning you, O Nineveh: "There will be no descendants to carry on your name. I will cut off the carved image and cast idol from the house of your gods; I will prepare your grave, for you are contemptible."

<sup>15</sup> Look to the mountains—the feet of one who brings good news, who proclaims peace! Celebrate your feasts, O Judah; fulfill your vows. For the wicked will never again march through you; they will be utterly cut off.

## 2

<sup>1</sup> One who scatters advances against you, O Nineveh. Guard the fortress! Watch the road! Brace yourselves! Summon all your strength!

<sup>2</sup> For the LORD will restore the splendor of Jacob like the splendor of Israel, though destroyers have laid them waste and ruined the branches of their vine.

<sup>3</sup> The shields of his mighty men are red; the valiant warriors are dressed in scarlet. The fittings of the chariots flash like fire on the day they are prepared, and the spears of cypress have been brandished.

<sup>4</sup> The chariots dash through the streets; they rush around the plazas, appearing like torches, darting about like lightning.

<sup>5</sup> He summons his nobles; they stumble as they advance. They race to its wall; the protective shield is set in place.

<sup>6</sup> The river gates are thrown open and the palace collapses.

<sup>7</sup> It is decreed that the city be exiled and carried away; her maidservants moan like doves, and beat upon their breasts.

<sup>8</sup> Nineveh has been like a pool of water throughout her days, but now it is draining away. "Stop! Stop!" they cry, but no one turns back.

<sup>9</sup> "Plunder the silver! Plunder the gold!" There is no end to the treasure, an abundance of every precious thing.

<sup>10</sup> She is emptied! Yes, she is desolate and laid waste! Hearts melt, knees knock, bodies tremble, and every face grows pale!

<sup>11</sup> Where is the lions' lair or the feeding ground of the young lions, where the lion and lioness prowled with their cubs, with nothing to frighten them away?

<sup>12</sup> The lion mauled enough for its cubs and strangled prey for the lioness. It filled its dens with the kill, and its lairs with mauled prey.

<sup>13</sup> "Behold, I am against you," declares the LORD of Hosts. "I will reduce your chariots to cinders, and the sword will devour your young lions. I will cut off your prey from the earth, and the voices of your messengers will no longer be

heard.”

### 3

<sup>1</sup> Woe to the city of blood, full of lies, full of plunder, never without prey.

<sup>2</sup> The crack of the whip, the rumble of the wheel, galloping horse and bounding chariot!

<sup>3</sup> Charging horseman, flashing sword, shining spear; heaps of slain, mounds of corpses, dead bodies without end—they stumble over their dead—

<sup>4</sup> because of the many harlotries of the harlot, the seductive mistress of sorcery, who betrays nations by her prostitution and clans by her witchcraft.

<sup>5</sup> “Behold, I am against you,” declares the LORD of Hosts. “I will lift your skirts over your face. I will show your nakedness to the nations and your shame to the kingdoms.

<sup>6</sup> I will pelt you with filth and treat you with contempt; I will make a spectacle of you.

<sup>7</sup> Then all who see you will recoil from you and say, ‘Nineveh is devastated; who will grieve for her?’ Where can I find comforters for you?”

<sup>8</sup> Are you better than Thebes, stationed by the Nile with water around her, whose rampart was the sea, whose wall was the water?

<sup>9</sup> Cush and Egypt were her boundless strength; Put and Libya were her allies.

<sup>10</sup> Yet she became an exile; she went into captivity. Her infants were dashed to pieces at the head of every street. They cast lots for her dignitaries, and all her nobles were bound in chains.

<sup>11</sup> You too will become drunk; you will go into hiding and seek refuge from the enemy.

<sup>12</sup> All your fortresses are fig trees with the first ripe figs; when shaken, they fall into the mouth of the eater!

<sup>13</sup> Look at your troops—they are like your women! The gates of your land are wide open to your enemies; fire consumes their bars.

<sup>14</sup> Draw your water for the siege; strengthen your fortresses. Work the clay and tread the mortar; repair the brick kiln!

<sup>15</sup> There the fire will devour you; the sword will cut you down and consume you like a young locust. Make yourself many like the young locust; make yourself many like the swarming locust!

<sup>16</sup> You have multiplied your merchants more than the stars of the sky. The young locust strips the land and flies away.

<sup>17</sup> Your guards are like the swarming locust, and your scribes like clouds of locusts that settle on the walls on a cold day. When the sun rises, they fly away, and no one knows where.

<sup>18</sup> O king of Assyria, your shepherds slumber; your officers sleep. Your people are scattered on the mountains with no one to gather them.

<sup>19</sup> There is no healing for your injury; your wound is severe. All who hear the news of you applaud your downfall, for who has not experienced your constant cruelty?

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