

Nahum

¹ The prophecy concerning Nineveh. The book of the prophecy of Nahum, the Elkoshite. ² Jehovah is a jealous God, and an avenger; Jehovah is an avenger, and full of wrath! Jehovah taketh vengeance on his adversaries, And keepeth indignation for his enemies! ³ Jehovah is slow to anger, but great in power; He will by no means clear the guilty; Jehovah cometh in the whirlwind and the storm, And the clouds are the dust of his feet. ⁴ He rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry, And drieth up all the rivers. Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, And the flower of Lebanon languisheth. ⁵ The mountains tremble before him, And the hills melt; The earth is moved at his presence, Yea, the world and all that dwell therein. ⁶ Who can stand before his indignation, And who can abide before the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire, And the rocks are cast down by him! ⁷ Jehovah is good, A stronghold in the day of trouble; He careth for them that trust in him; ⁸ But with an overwhelming flood will he make a full end of her place, And darkness shall pursue his enemies. ⁹ What do ye meditate against Jehovah? He will make a full end; Not the second time shall the calamity come. ¹⁰ For while they are entangled like thorns, And like those that are drunk with wine, They shall be devoured as stubble fully dry. ¹¹ From thee hath gone

forth one that devised evil against Jehovah; That meditated destruction. ¹² Thus saith Jehovah: Though they be flourishing, and likewise many, Yet shall they be cut down, and pass away; I have afflicted thee, but I will afflict thee no more. ¹³ For now will I break his yoke from off thee, And will burst thy bonds in sunder. ¹⁴ And concerning thee hath Jehovah given command, That thy name shall no more be sown. From the house of thy god I will cut off the graven image and the molten image; I will make thy grave; for thou hast become vile! ¹⁵ Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, That publisheth peace! Keep, O Judah, thy feasts, perform thy vows! For no more shall the destroyer pass through thee; He is utterly consumed.

2

¹ The ravager cometh up against thee, [[O Nineveh!]] Guard the fortress; watch the way; Gird up the loins; confirm the strength. ² For Jehovah restoreth the glory of Jacob, As the glory of Israel; For the wasters have wasted them, And destroyed their branches. ³ The shields of his mighty men are red; His warriors are clothed in crimson; His chariots glitter with the fire of steel in the day of his preparation, And the spears are brandished. ⁴ The chariots rave in the streets; They run to and fro in the broad ways; Their appearance is like torches; They run like lightnings. ⁵ He calleth for his mighty men; They stumble on their way; They hasten to the

wall; But the mantelet is prepared, ⁶ The gates of rivers are opened, And the palace melteth away. ⁷ Huzzab is uncovered; she is carried away captive, Her maidservants sigh with the voice of doves, And smite their breasts. ⁸ Nineveh was like a pool full of water of old; Yet shall they flee away; Stand! stand! shall they cry; But none shall look back. ⁹ Seize the silver; seize the gold; There is no end to the treasures; There is abundance of all precious furniture. ¹⁰ She hath become void, and empty, and desolate; The heart melteth, and the knees smite together; Pangs are in all their loins, And the faces of all gather blackness. ¹¹ Where now is the dwelling of the lions, And the feeding-place of the young lions, Where the lion and the lioness walked, And the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid? ¹² The lion tore in pieces for his whelps, And strangled for his lionesses, And filled his dens with prey, And his lairs with ravin. ¹³ Behold! I am against thee, saith Jehovah of hosts, And I will burn thy chariots into smoke, And the sword shall devour thy young lions. And I will cut off thy prey from the earth, And the voice of thy messengers shall no more be heard.

3

¹ Woe to the city of blood! She is all full of deceit and robbery; She ceaseth not from plunder. ² [[Hark!]] The noise of the whip! The noise of the rattling of the wheels, And of the prancing horses, And of the bounding chariots! ³ The horseman lifteth up the flame

of the sword, And the lightning of the spear; There is a multitude of the slain; heaps of dead bodies; There is no end to the carcasses; they stumble over the carcasses. ⁴ It is because of the many whoredoms of the harlot, The graceful beauty, the mistress of enchantments, That sold nations by her whoredoms, And kingdoms by her enchantments. ⁵ Behold, I am against thee, saith Jehovah of host, And I will lift up thy trail over thy face, And I will show the nations thy nakedness, And the kingdoms thy shame. ⁶ And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, And I will dishonor thee, and make thee a gazing-stock, ⁷ And all that see thee shall flee from thee, And shall say, "Nineveh is laid waste; Who will bemoan her? Whence shall I seek comforters for thee?" ⁸ Art thou better than No-Ammon, That dwelt by the rivers, That had the waters round about her, Whose fortress was the sea, And whose wall was from the waters? ⁹ Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, a countless multitude; Phut and Lybia were thy helpers! ¹⁰ Yet was she carried away; she went into captivity; Her children were dashed in pieces at the head of all the streets; For her honorable men they cast lots, And all her great men were bound in chains. ¹¹ Thou also shalt drink to the full; Thou, too, shalt be hidden; Thou shalt seek a refuge from the enemy! ¹² All thy strong-holds shall be like fig-trees with the first ripe figs; If they be shaken, they fall into the mouth of the eater. ¹³ Behold, thy people shall be women in the midst of thee; The gates of thy land shall

be set wide open to thine enemies; The fire shall devour thy bars. ¹⁴ Draw thee water for the siege, Fortify thy strongholds. Go into the clay, and tread the mortar; Repair the brick-kiln! ¹⁵ Then shall the fire devour thee; The sword shall cut thee off, It shall devour thee like the locust; Though thou art increased like the locusts, Though thou art increased like the thick locusts. ¹⁶ Thy merchants have been more numerous than the stars of heaven; The locusts spread themselves and fly away. ¹⁷ Thy princes are like locusts, And thy captains like swarms of locusts, Which encamp in the hedges in the time of cold; But when the sun ariseth, they flee away, And the place is not known where they are. ¹⁸ Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria! Thy nobles take their rest, Thy people are scattered on the mountains, and none gathereth them. ¹⁹ Thy bruise is incurable; Thy wound is mortal. All that hear of thee shall clap their hands over thee; For upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?

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