

NAHUM.

¹ The burden of Nineveh. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite. ² The LORD is a jealous God and avengeth; the LORD avengeth and is full of wrath; the LORD taketh vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth *wrath* for his enemies. ³ The LORD is slow to anger, and great in power, and will by no means clear *the guilty*: the LORD hath his way in the whirlwind and in 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 quake at him, and the hills melt; and the earth is upheaved at his presence, yea, the world, and all that dwell therein. ⁶ Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? his fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are broken asunder by him. ⁷ The LORD is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that put their trust in him. ⁸ But with an overrunning flood he will make a full end of the place thereof, and will pursue his enemies into darkness. ⁹ What do ye imagine against the LORD? he will make a full end: affliction shall not rise up the second time. ¹⁰ For though they be like tangled thorns, told be drenched as it were in their drink, they shall be devoured utterly as dry stubble. ¹¹ There is one gone forth out of thee, that imagineth evil against the LORD, that counselleth wickedness. ¹² Thus saith the LORD: Though they be in full strength, and likewise many, even so shall they be cut down, and he shall pass away. Though I have afflicted thee, I will afflict thee no more. ¹³ And now will I break his yoke from off thee, and

will burst thy bonds in sunder. ¹⁴ And the LORD hath given commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown: out of the house of thy gods will I cut off the graven image and the molten image; I will make thy grave; for thou art vile. ¹⁵ Behold, upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! Keep thy feasts, O Judah, perform thy vows: for the wicked one shall no more pass through thee; he is utterly cut off.

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¹ He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face: keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily. ² For the LORD bringeth again the excellency of Jacob, as the excellency of Israel: for the emptiers have emptied them out, and marred their vine branches. ³ The shield of his mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet: the chariots flash with steel in the day of his preparation, and the spears are shaken terribly. ⁴ The chariots rage in the streets, they jostle one against another in the broad ways: the appearance of them is like torches, they run like the lightnings. ⁵ He remembereth his worthies: they stumble in their march; they make haste to the wall thereof, and the mantelet is prepared. ⁶ The gates of the rivers are opened, and the palace is dissolved. ⁷ And Huzzab is uncovered, she is carried away, and her handmaids mourn as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts. ⁸ But Nineveh hath been from of old like a pool of water: yet they flee away; Stand, stand, *they cry*; but none looketh back. ⁹ Take ye the spoil of silver, take the spoil of gold: for there is none end of the store, the glory of all pleasant furniture. ¹⁰ She is empty, and void, and waste: and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and anguish is in all loins, and

the faces of them all are waxed pale. ¹¹ Where is the den of the lions, and the feeding place of the young lions, where the lion *and* the lioness walked, the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid? ¹² The lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his caves with prey, and his dens with ravin. ¹³ Behold, I am against thee, saith the LORD of hosts, and I will burn her chariots in the 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.

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¹ Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and rapine; the prey departeth not. ² The noise of the whip, and the noise of the rattling of wheels; and pransing horses, and jumping chariots; ³ the horseman mounting, and the flashing sword, and the glittering spear; and a multitude of slain, and a great heap of carcases: and there is none end of the corpses; they stumble upon their corpses: ⁴ because of the multitude of the whoredoms of the well favoured harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth nations through her whoredoms, and families through her witchcrafts. ⁵ Behold, I am against thee, saith the LORD of hosts, and I will discover thy skirts upon thy face; and I will shew the nations thy nakedness, and the kingdoms thy shame. ⁶ And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazingstock. ⁷ And it shall come to pass, that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her? whence shall I seek comforters for thee? ⁸ Art thou better than No-amon, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about her; whose rampart was the sea, *and* her wall was of the sea? ⁹ Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and

it was infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers. ¹⁰ Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity: her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains. ¹¹ Thou also shalt be drunken, thou shalt be hid; thou also shalt seek a strong hold because of the enemy. ¹² All thy fortresses shall be *like* fig trees with the firstripe figs: if they be shaken, they fall into the mouth of the eater. ¹³ Behold, thy people in the midst of thee are women; the gates of thy land are set wide open unto thine enemies: the fire hath devoured thy bars. ¹⁴ Draw thee water for the siege, strengthen thy fortresses: go into the clay, and tread the mortar, make strong the brickkiln. ¹⁵ There shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off, it shall devour thee like the cankerworm: make thyself many as the cankerworm, make thyself many as the locust. ¹⁶ Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven: the cankerworm spoileth, and flieth away. ¹⁷ Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy marshals as the swarms of grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are. ¹⁸ Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria: thy worthies are at rest: thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and there is none to gather them. ¹⁹ There is no assuaging of thy hurt; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the bruit of thee clap the hands over thee; for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?

Revised Version with Apocrypha (1895)

The Revised Version of the Holy Bible (1895) with Apocrypha

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