

The Book of Nahum

¹ The burden of Nineveh. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite. ² A jealous and avenging *God is Jehovah: an avenger is Jehovah, and full of fury: Jehovah taketh vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth [wrath] for his enemies. ³ Jehovah is slow to anger, and great in power, and doth not at all clear [the guilty]: Jehovah, — his way is 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 before him, and the hills melt, and the earth is upheaved at his presence, and the world, and all that dwell therein. ⁶ Who shall stand before his indignation? and who shall abide in the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are broken asunder by him. ⁷ Jehovah is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him. ⁸ But with an overrunning flood he will make a full end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies. ⁹ What do ye imagine against Jehovah? He will make a full end: trouble shall not rise up the second time. ¹⁰ Though they be tangled together [as] thorns, and be as drenched from their drink, they shall be devoured as dry

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stubble, completely. ¹¹ Out of thee is gone forth one that imagineth evil against Jehovah, a wicked counsellor. ¹² Thus saith Jehovah: Though they be complete in number, and many as they be, even so shall they be cut down, and he shall pass away; and 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 asunder. ¹⁴ And Jehovah hath given commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown: out of the house of thy °god will I cut off the graven image, and the molten image: I will prepare thy grave; for thou art vile. ¹⁵ Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace! Celebrate thy feasts, 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 against thy face: keep the fortress, watch the way, make [thy] loins strong, fortify [thy] power mightily. ² For Jehovah hath brought again the glory of Jacob, as the glory of Israel; for the wasters have wasted them, and marred their vine-branches. ³ The shield of his mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet: the chariots [glitter] with the sheen of steel, in the day of his preparation, and the spears are brandished. ⁴ The chariots rush madly in the streets, they jostle one against another in the broad ways: the appearance of them is like torches, they run like

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lightnings. ⁵ He bethinketh him of his nobles: they stumble in their march; they make haste to the wall thereof, and the shelter is prepared. ⁶ The gates of the rivers are opened, and the palace melteth away. ⁷ And it is decreed: she shall be uncovered, she shall be led away, and her maids shall moan as with the voice of doves, drumming upon their breasts. ⁸ Nineveh hath been like a pool of water, since the day she existed, yet they flee away. ...Stand! Stand! But none looketh back. ⁹ Plunder the silver, plunder the gold; for there is no end of the splendid store of all precious vessels. ¹⁰ She is empty, and void, and waste; and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and writhing pain is in all loins, and all their faces grow pale. ¹¹ Where is [now] the den of the lions, and the feeding-place of the young lions, where the lion, the lioness, [and] the lion's whelp walked, and none made them afraid? ¹² The lion tore in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with ravin. ¹³ Behold, I am against thee, saith Jehovah of hosts: and I will burn her 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.

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¹ Woe to the bloody city! It is all full of lies [and] violence; the prey departeth not. ² The crack of the whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the

bounding chariots! ³ The horseman springing up, and the glitter of the sword, and the flash of the spear, and a multitude of slain, and a mass of carcasses, and no end of corpses: they stumble over their corpses. ⁴— Because of the multitude of the fornications of the well-favoured harlot, mistress of sorceries, that selleth nations through her fornications, and families through her sorceries, ⁵ behold, I am against thee, saith Jehovah of hosts; and I will uncover 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 gazing stock. ⁷ And it shall come to pass, [that] all they 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-Amon, that was situate among the rivers, [that had] the waters round about her, whose rampart was the sea, [and] of the sea was her wall? ⁹ Ethiopia was her strength, and Egypt, and it was infinite; Phut and the Libyans were her helpers. ¹⁰ She too was carried away, she went into captivity: her infants 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 with chains. ¹¹ Thou also shalt be drunken: thou shalt be hid; thou also shalt seek a refuge from the enemy. ¹² All thy strongholds are [like] fig-trees with the first-ripe figs: if they be shaken, they even fall into the mouth of the eater. ¹³ Behold, thy people in the midst of thee are [as] women: the gates of

thy land are set wide open unto thine enemies; the fire devoureth thy bars. ¹⁴ Draw thee water for the siege, strengthen thy fortresses; go into the clay, and tread the mortar, make strong the brick-kiln. 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 more than the stars of the heavens; the cankerworm spreadeth himself out and flieth away. ¹⁷ Thy chosen men are as the locusts, and thy captains as swarms of grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day: 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 nobles lie still; thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them. ¹⁹ There is no healing of thy breach; thy wound is grievous; all that hear the report of thee clap the hands over thee; for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?

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