Nahum

1 An oracle concerning Nineveh. The book of
the vision of Nahum of Elkosh.
2 The LORD is a jealous and avenging God;
the LORD avenges and is full of wrath.
The LORD takes vengeance on his
adversaries and reserves wrath for his
enemies.
3 The LORD is slow to anger and great in power,
yet he will by no means leave the guilty
unpunished.
The LORD's way is in whirlwind and storm,
and clouds are the dust of his feet.
4 He rebukes the sea and dries it up;
he dries up all the rivers.
Bashan and Carmel wither, and the
blossoms of Lebanon wither.
5 Mountains quake before him, and the hills
melt.
The earth heaves before him, the world and
all who live in it.
6 Who can stand before his indignation?
Who can endure his fierce anger?
His wrath pours out like fire, and the rocks
are shattered before him.
7 The LORD is good, a stronghold in the day of
distress;
he knows those who take refuge in him.
8 But with an overflowing flood he will make a
complete end of her place, and darkness
will pursue his enemies.

9 What do you plot against the LORD?
He is making a complete end;
distress will not rise twice.
10 For though they are tangled like thorns and
drunk with their drink, they will be
consumed like completely dry stubble.
11 From you came one who plots evil against the
LORD, a counselor of wickedness.

12 This is what the LORD says: “Though they are
intact and numerous, even so they will be
cut down, and he will pass away.
Though I have afflicted you, I will afflict you
no more.
13 Now I will break his yoke from off you and
tear apart your bonds.”
14 The LORD has commanded concerning you:
“No more of your name will be sown.
From the house of your gods I will cut off
carved and cast images.
I will prepare your grave, for you are
contemptible.”

15 Look, on the mountains are the feet of one
bringing good news, proclaiming peace!
Celebrate your festivals, Judah;
fulfill your vows.
For the wicked one will never again pass
through you;
he is utterly cut off.

2

1 The scatterer has come up against you.

Guard the fortress!
Watch the road!
Brace your waist!
Muster all your strength!
2 For the LORD is restoring the splendor of Jacob
like the splendor of Israel, for plunderers
have plundered them and ruined their
vine branches.
3 The shields of his warriors are red;
his soldiers are clothed in scarlet.
The chariots flash with fiery metal on the
day of his preparation, and the cypress
shafts quiver.
4 The chariots race wildly through the streets
and rush through the squares.
They look like torches;
they dart like lightning.
5 He calls his nobles to mind;
they stumble as they advance.
They hurry to her wall, and the protective
shelter is made ready.
6 The river gates are opened, and the palace
melts away.
7 It is decreed: she is stripped and carried away.
Her slave girls moan like doves, beating
their breasts.
8 Nineveh has long been like a pool of water, but
they are fleeing.
“Stop!
Stop!”
Yet no one turns back.
9 Plunder the silver!
Plunder the gold!

There is no end to the treasure, a wealth of
every precious object.
10 Empty, desolate, devastated!
Hearts melt and knees shake;
every waist trembles, and every face grows
pale.
11 Where is the lions' den, the feeding place of
the young lions, where lion, lioness, and
cub walked with no one to frighten them?
12 The lion tore enough prey for his cubs and
strangled it for his lionesses.
He filled his caves with prey and his dens
with torn flesh.
13 "Look, I am against you," declares the LORD of
hosts.
"I will burn her chariots in smoke, and the
sword will consume your young lions.
I will cut off your prey from the earth, and
the voice of your messengers will be
heard no more."

3

1 Woe to the city of bloodshed, all of it full of lies
and plunder, never without prey!
2 The crack of a whip, the rattle of wheels,
galloping horses and bounding chariots!
3 Horsemen charging, swords flashing, spears
glittering!
A multitude of slain, heaps of corpses,
bodies without end—they stumble over
their bodies!
4 All because of the many prostitutions of the
charming prostitute, the mistress of
sorceries, who sells nations through her

prostitution and families through her
sorceries.
5 “Look, I am against you,” declares the LORD of
hosts.
“I will lift your skirts over your face and
show the nations your nakedness and the
kingdoms your shame.
6 I will throw filth upon you, disgrace you, and
make you a spectacle.
7 All who see you will flee from you and say,
‘Nineveh is devastated!
Who will mourn for her?’ Where shall I
seek comforters for you?”
8 Are you better than No-amon, seated among
the Nile channels with waters around her,
whose rampart was the sea and whose
wall was from the sea?
9 Cush was her strength, and Egypt too, without
limit.
Put and the Libyans were your helpers.
10 Yet she too went into exile, into captivity.
Her little children were dashed to pieces at
the head of every street.
Lots were cast for her honored men, and all
her great men were bound in chains.
11 You too will become drunk;
you will be hidden.
You too will seek refuge from the enemy.
12 All your strongholds are fig trees with early
ripe figs.
If shaken, they fall into the eater's mouth.
13 Look, your people in your midst are women!
The gates of your land are opened wide to
your enemies;

fire has consumed your bars.
14 Draw water for the siege!
Strengthen your defenses!
Go into the mud and tread the clay;
take hold of the brick mold!
15 There fire will consume you;
the sword will cut you off.
It will devour you like the hopping locust.
Multiply yourself like the hopping locust;
multiply yourself like the swarming locust!
16 You have multiplied your merchants beyond
the stars of heaven.
The hopping locust strips bare and flies
away.
17 Your officials are like swarming locusts, your
officers like swarms of locusts settling on
walls on a cold day.
The sun rises, and they fly away;
no one knows where they are.
18 Your shepherds slumber, king of Assyria;
your nobles lie at rest.
Your people are scattered on the mountains,
and there is no one to gather them.
19 There is no relief for your ruin;
your wound is incurable.
All who hear the news of you clap their
hands over you, for who has not suffered
continually from your evil?

BibliaTodo New Translation

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Language: English

Holy Bible, BibliaTodo New Translation (BTNT). Published by BibliaTodo Bible Society, an imprint of BibliaTodo LLC.
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2026-11-06

PDF generated using Haiola and XeLaTeX on 6 Nov 2026 from source files dated 6 Nov 2026
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