

NAHUM 1

1The burden of Nineveh. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite.

2God is jealous, and the LORD avengeth; the LORD avengeth, and is furious; the LORD will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies.

3The LORD is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked: the LORD hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.

4He rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry, and drieth up all the rivers: Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth.

5The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence, even the world, and all that dwell in it.

6Who 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 thrown down by him.

7The LORD is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.

8But with an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of its place, and darkness shall pursue his enemies.

9What do ye imagine against the LORD? he will make an utter end: affliction shall not rise up the second time.

10For while they are entangled together as thorns, and while they are drunk as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry.

11There is one come out of thee, that imagineth evil against the LORD, a wicked counsellor.

12Thus saith the LORD; Though they are quiet, and likewise many, yet thus shall they be cut down, when he shall pass through. Though I have afflicted thee, I will afflict thee no more.

13For now I will break his yoke from off thee, and will burst thy bonds asunder.

14And the LORD hath given a 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.

15Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that proclaimeth peace! O Judah, keep thy solemn feasts, perform thy vows: for the wicked shall no more pass through thee; he is utterly cut off.

NAHUM 2

1He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face: keep the fortress, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily.

2For the LORD hath turned away the excellency of Jacob, as the excellency of Israel: for the emptiers have emptied them out, and marred their vine branches.

3The shield of his mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet: the chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation, and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken.

4The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.

5He shall recount his nobles: they shall stumble in their walk; they shall make haste to her wall, and the defence shall be prepared.

6The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved.

7And Huzzab shall be led away captive, she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, beating upon their breasts.

8But Nineveh is of old like a pool of water: yet they shall flee away. Stand, stand, shall they cry; but none shall look back.

9Take ye the spoil of silver, take the spoil of gold: for there is no end of the store and glory out of all the pleasant furniture.

10She is empty, and void, and waste: and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and much pain is in all loins, and the faces of them all gather blackness.

11Where is the dwelling of the lions, and the feedingplace of the young lions, where the lion, even the old lion, walked, and the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid?

12The lion tore in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with torn flesh.

13Behold, 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.

NAHUM 3

1Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery; the prey departeth not;

2The noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots.

3The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear: and there is a multitude of slain, and a great number of dead bodies; and there is no end of their bodies; they stumble upon their bodies:

4Because of the multitude of the harlotries of the wellfavoured harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth nations through her harlotries, and families through her witchcrafts.

5Behold, I am against thee, saith the LORD of hosts; and I will remove thy skirts upon thy face, and I will show the nations thy nakedness, and the kingdoms thy shame.

6And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazingstock.

7And 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? Where shall I seek comforters for thee?

8Art thou better than populous No, that dwelt among the rivers, that had the waters around it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea?

9Cush and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers.

10Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity: her young children also were dashed in pieces at the head of all the streets: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains.

11Thou also shalt be drunk: thou shalt be hidden, thou also shalt seek strength because of the enemy.

12All thy strong holds shall be like fig trees with the firstripe figs: if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater.

13Behold, thy people in the midst of thee are women: the gates of thy land shall be set wide open to thy enemies: the fire shall devour thy bars.

14 Draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strong holds: go into clay, and tread the mortar, make strong the brickkiln.

15 There shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off, it shall eat thee up like the cankerworm: make thyself many as the cankerworm, make thyself many as the locusts.

16 Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven: the cankerworm spoileth, and flieth away.

17 Thy princes are as the locusts, and thy captains as the great grasshoppers, which settle 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 nobles shall dwell in the dust: thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them.

19 There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the report of thee shall clap the hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?