

Nahum

1 An oracle concerning Nineveh. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite.

2 The Lord is a jealous and avenging God; the Lord takes vengeance and is filled with wrath. The Lord takes vengeance on his foes and maintains his wrath against his enemies.

3 The Lord is slow to anger and great in power; the Lord will not leave the guilty unpunished. His way is in the whirlwind and the storm, and clouds are the dust of his feet.

4 He rebukes the sea and dries it up; he makes all the rivers run dry. Bashan and Carmel wither and the blossoms of Lebanon fade.

5 The mountains quake before him and the hills melt away. The earth trembles at his presence, the world and all who live in it.

6 Who can withstand his indignation? Who can endure his fierce anger? His wrath is poured out like fire; the rocks are shattered before him.

7 The Lord is good, a refuge in times of trouble. He cares for those who trust in him,

8 but with an overwhelming flood he will make an end of Nineveh ; he will pursue his foes into darkness.

9 Whatever they plot against the Lord he will bring to an end; trouble will not come a second time.

10 They will be entangled among thorns and drunk from their wine; they will be consumed like dry stubble.

11 From you, O Nineveh , has one come forth who plots evil against the Lord and counsels wickedness.

12 This is what the Lord says: "Although they have allies and are numerous, they will be cut off and pass away. Although I have afflicted you, O Judah , I will afflict you no more.

13 Now I will break their yoke from your neck and tear your shackles away."

14 The Lord has given a command concerning you, Nineveh : "You will have no descendants to bear your name. I will destroy the carved images and cast idols that are in the temple of your gods. I will prepare your grave, for you are vile."

15 Look, there on the mountains, the feet of one who brings good news, who proclaims peace! Celebrate your festivals, O Judah, and fulfill your vows. No more will the wicked invade you; they will be completely destroyed.

2An attacker advances against you,
Nineveh . Guard the fortress, watch the
road, brace yourselves, marshal all your
strength!

²The Lord will restore the splendor of
Jacob like the splendor of Israel, though
destroyers have laid them waste and
have ruined their vines.

³The shields of his soldiers are red; the
warriors are clad in scarlet. The metal
on the chariots flashes on the day they
are made ready; the spears of pine are
brandished.

⁴The chariots storm through the streets,
rushing back and forth through the
squares. They look like flaming torches;
they dart about like lightning.

⁵He summons his picked troops, yet
they stumble on their way. They dash to
the city wall; the protective shield is put
in place.

⁶The river gates are thrown open and
the palace collapses.

⁷It is decreed that the city be exiled and
carried away. Its slave girls moan like
doves and beat upon their breasts.

⁸Nineveh is like a pool, and its water is
draining away. "Stop! Stop!" they cry,
but no one turns back.

⁹Plunder the silver! Plunder the gold!
The supply is endless, the wealth from
all its treasures!

¹⁰She is pillaged, plundered, stripped!
Hearts melt, knees give way, bodies
tremble, every face grows pale.

¹¹Where now is the lions' den, the place
where they fed their young, where the
lion and lioness went, and the cubs, with
nothing to fear?

¹²The lion killed enough for his cubs and
strangled the prey for his mate, filling his
lairs with the kill and his dens with the
prey.

¹³"I am against you," declares the Lord
Almighty. "I will burn up your chariots in
smoke, and the sword will devour your
young lions. I will leave you no prey on
the earth. The voices of your
messengers will no longer be heard."

3Woe to the city of blood, full of lies,
full of plunder, never without victims!

²The crack of whips, the clatter of
wheels, galloping horses and jolting
chariots!

³Charging cavalry, flashing swords and
glittering spears! Many casualties, piles
of dead, bodies without number, people
stumbling over the corpses-

⁴all because of the wanton lust of a
harlot, alluring, the mistress of sorceries,
who enslaved nations by her prostitution
and peoples by her witchcraft.

⁵"I am against you," declares the Lord
Almighty. "I will lift your skirts over your
face. I will show the nations your

nakedness and the kingdoms your shame.

⁶I will pelt you with filth, I will treat you with contempt and make you a spectacle.

⁷All who see you will flee from you and say, 'Nineveh is in ruins-who will mourn for her?' Where can I find anyone to comfort you?"

⁸Are you better than Thebes, situated on the Nile, with water around her? The river was her defense, the waters her wall.

⁹Cush and Egypt were her boundless strength; Put and Libya were among her allies.

¹⁰Yet she was taken captive and went into exile. Her infants were dashed to pieces at the head of every street. Lots were cast for her nobles, and all her great men were put in chains.

¹¹You too will become drunk; you will go into hiding and seek refuge from the enemy.

¹²All your fortresses are like fig trees with their first ripe fruit; when they are shaken, the figs fall into the mouth of the eater.

¹³Look at your troops- they are all women! The gates of your land are wide open to your enemies; fire has consumed their bars.

¹⁴Draw water for the siege, strengthen your defenses! Work the clay, tread the mortar, repair the brickwork!

¹⁵There the fire will devour you; the sword will cut you down and, like grasshoppers, consume you. Multiply like grasshoppers, multiply like locusts!

¹⁶You have increased the number of your merchants till they are more than the stars of the sky, but like locusts they strip the land and then fly away.

¹⁷Your guards are like locusts, your officials like swarms of locusts that settle in the walls on a cold day- but when the sun appears they fly away, and no one knows where.

¹⁸O king of Assyria, your shepherds slumber; your nobles lie down to rest. Your people are scattered on the mountains with no one to gather them.

¹⁹Nothing can heal your wound; your injury is fatal. Everyone who hears the news about you claps his hands at your fall, for who has not felt your endless cruelty?