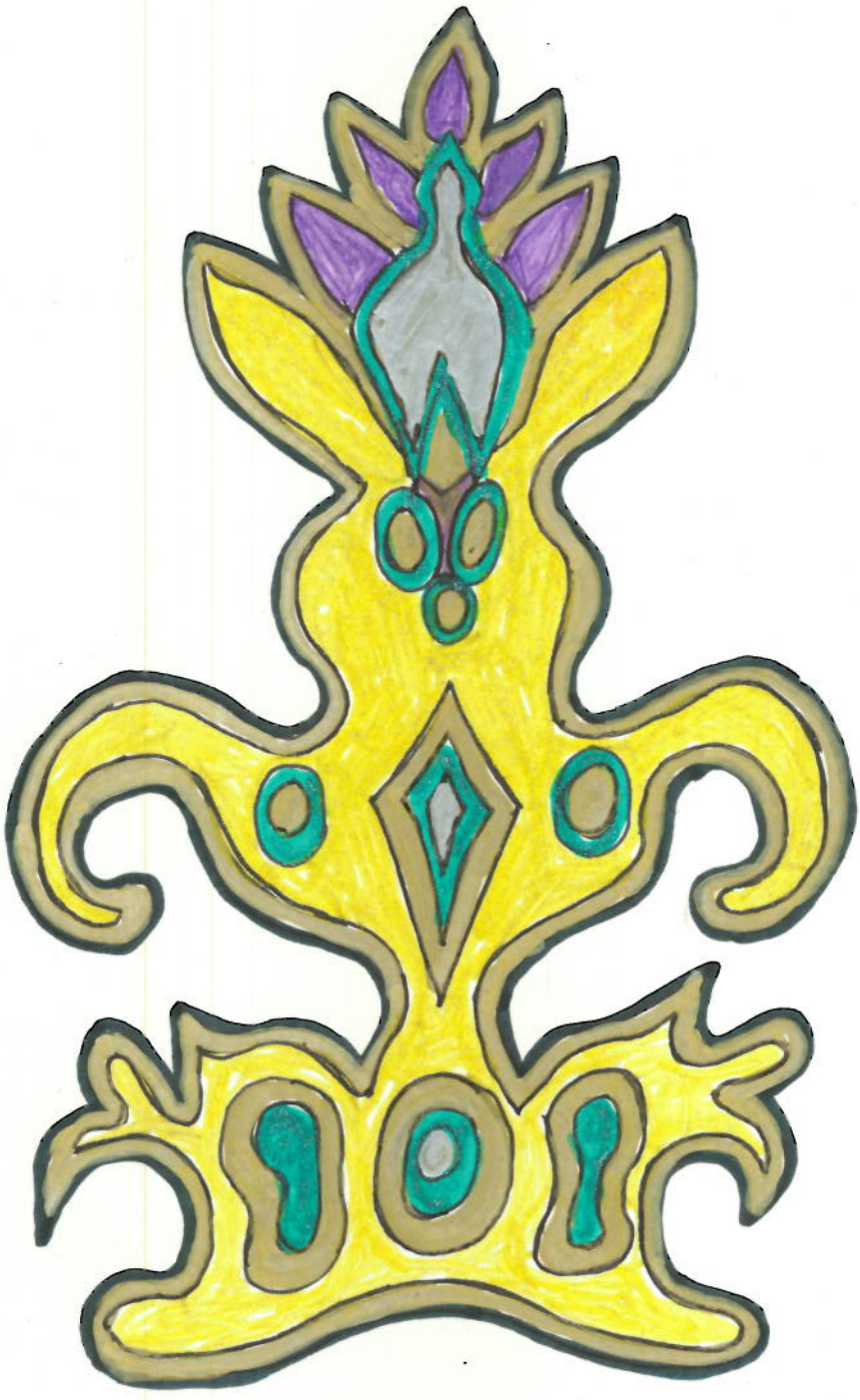
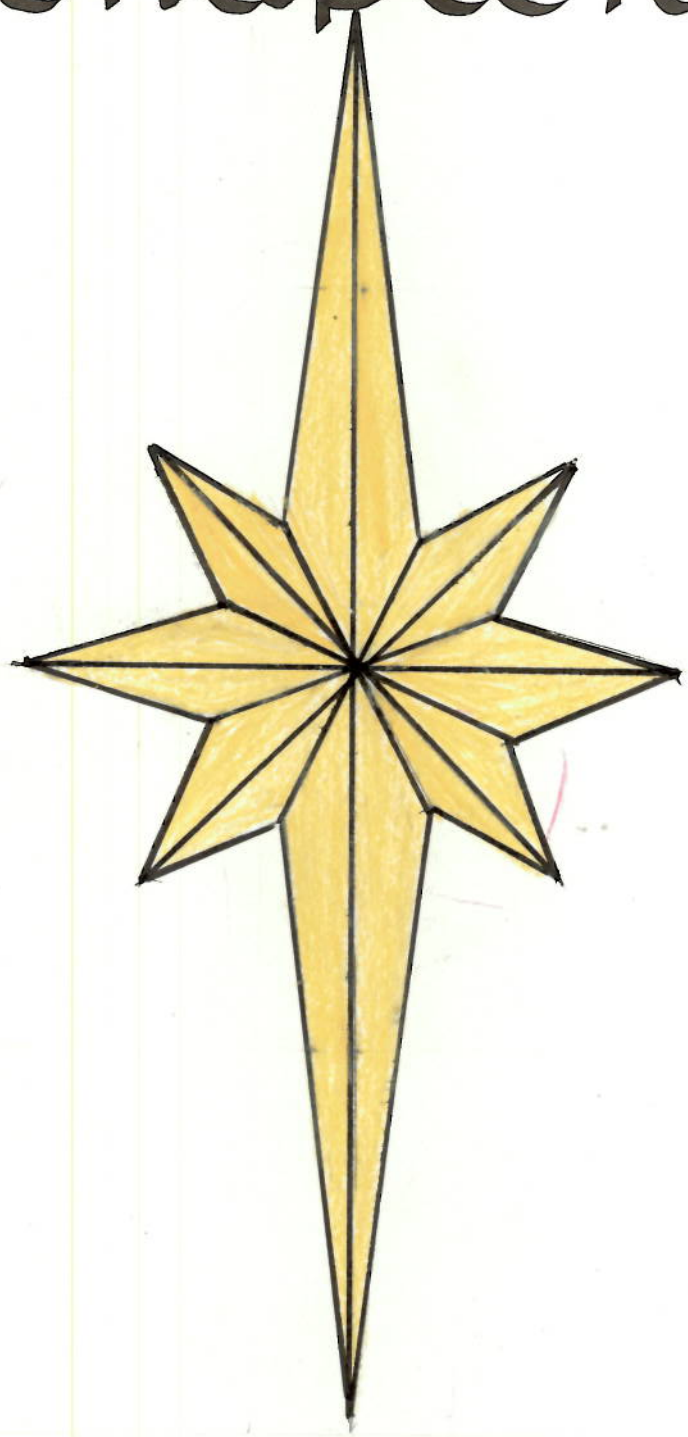
nahum



chapter 1



Nahum 1

The Convocation of the Methodist Diaconal Order

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

2. A jealous and avenging God is the Lord,
the Lord is avenging and wrathful;
the Lord takes vengeance on his adversaries
and rages against his enemies.
3. The Lord is slow to anger but great in power,
and the Lord will by no means clear the guilty.
His way is in whirlwind and storm,
and the clouds are the dust of his feet.
4. He rebukes the sea and makes it dry,
and he dries up all the rivers;
Bashan and Carmel wither,
and the bloom of Lebanon fades.
5. The 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?

NAHUM 1

MDO CONVOCATION

Who can endure the heat of his anger?
His wrath is poured out like fire,
and by him the rocks are broken in pieces.
7 The Lord is good,
a stronghold on a day of trouble;
he protects those who take refuge in him,
8 even in a rushing flood.
He will make a full end of his adversaries,
and will pursue his enemies into darkness.
9 Why do you plot against the Lord?
He will make an end;
no adversary will rise up twice.
10 Like thorns they are entangled,
like drunkards they are drunk;
they are consumed like dry straw.
11 From you one has gone out
who plots evil against the Lord,
one who counsels wickedness.

Nahum 1

MDO CONVOCATION

12 Thus says the Lord,
'Though they are at full strength and many,
they will be cut off and pass away.
Though I have afflicted you,
I will afflict you no more.
13 And now I will break off his yoke from you
and snap the bonds that bind you."

14 The Lord has commanded concerning you:
"Your name shall be perpetuated no longer;
from the house of your gods I will cut off
the carved image and the cast image.
I will make your grave, for you are worthless."
15 Look! On the mountains the feet of one
who brings good tidings, who proclaims peace!
Celebrate your festivals, O Judah,
fulfil your vows,
for never again shall the wicked invade you;
they are utterly cut off.

chapter 2

NAHUM 2

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1 A shatterer has come up against you.
Guard the ramparts; watch the road;
gird your loins; collect all your
strength.

2 (For the LORD is restoring the majesty of Jacob,
as well as the majesty of Israel,
though ravagers have ravaged them
and ruined their branches.)

3 The shields of his warriors are red;
his soldiers are clothed in crimson.
The metal on the chariots flashes
on the day when he musters them;
the chargers prance.

4 The chariots race madly through the streets,
they rush to and fro through the squares;
their appearance is like torches,
they dart like lightning.

5 He calls his officers;
they stumble as they come forward;
they hasten to the wall,

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and the mantelet* is set up
6 The river gates are opened,
the palace trembles.
7. It is decreed* that the city* be exiled,
its slave women led away,
moaning like doves
and beating their breasts.
8 Nineveh is like a pool
whose waters* run away.
'Halt! Halt!' —
but no one turns back.
9 Plunder the silver,
plunder the gold!
There is no end of treasure!
An abundance of every precious thing!
10 Devastation, desolation, and destruction!
Hearts faint and knees tremble,
all loins quake,
all faces grow pale!

Nahum Chapter 2

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11 What became of the lions' den,
the cave of the young lions,
where the lion goes,
and the cubs, with no one to disturb them?
12 The lion has torn enough for his whelps
and strangled prey for his lioness;
he has filled his caves with prey
and his dens with torn flesh.
13 See, I am against you, says the LORD of
hosts, and I will burn your chariots in smoke,
and the sword shall devour your young lions;
I will cut off your prey from the earth,
and the voice of your messengers shall
be heard no more.

Chapter 3

Nahum 3

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Ah! City of bloodshed, utterly deceitful,
full of booty— no end to the plunder!
2 The crack of whip and rumble of wheel,
galloping horse and bounding chariot!
3 Horsemen charging,
flashing sword and glittering spear,
piles of dead,
heaps of corpses,
dead bodies without end—
they stumble over the bodies!
4 Because of the countless debaucheries of
the prostitute, gracefully alluring, mistress
of sorcery,
who enslaves nations through her debaucheries
and peoples with her sorcery,
5 I am against you,
says the Lord of hosts,
and will lift up your skirts over your face;
and will let nations look on your nakedness
and kingdoms on your shame.

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6 I will throw filth at you and treat you
with contempt and make you a spectacle
7 Then all who see you will shrink from
you and say 'Nineveh is devastated; who
will bemoan her?' Where shall I seek
comforters for you?
8 ARE YOU BETTER THAN THEBES THAT
SAT BY THE NILE, WITH WATER AROUND
HER, HER RAMPART A SEA, WATER
HER WALL?
9 Ethiopia* was her strength,
Egypt too, and that without limit;
Put and the Libyans were her
helpers.
10 Yet she became an exile,
she went into captivity; even her
infants were dashed in pieces at
the head of every street;
lots were cast for her nobles,
all her dignitaries were bound in fetters.

Nahum 3.

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11 You also will be drunken,
you will go into hiding;"
you will seek
a refuge from the enemy.
12 All your fortresses are like fig trees
with first-ripe figs —
if shaken they fall
into the mouth of the eater.
13 Look at your troops:
they are women in your midst.
The gates of your land
are wide open to your foes;
fire has devoured the bars of your
gates.
14 Draw water for the siege,
strengthen your forts;
trample the clay,
tread the mortar,
take hold of the brick-mould!
15 There the fire will devour you,

the sword will cut you off.
It will devour you like the locust.

Multiply yourselves like the locust,
multiply like the grasshopper!
16 You increased your merchants
more than the stars of the heavens.
The locust sheds its skin and flies
away.
17 Your guards are like grasshoppers,
your scribes like swarms of locusts
settling on the fences on a cold day—
when the sun rises, they fly away;
no-one knows where they have gone.
18 Your shepherds are asleep,
O King of Assyria;
your nobles slumber.
Your people are scattered on the mount-
-ains with no one to gather them
19 There is no assuaging your hurt,

your wound is mortal.
All who hear the news about you
clap their hands over you.
For who has ever escaped
your endless cruelty?