

# NAHUM.

The Period of Nahum was about 713 B.C.

- T**HE burden of Ninevah. The book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite. 1
- A jealous GOD! avenging LORD!  
The ruling LORD of avenging wrath,  
A LORD who visits His opponents,  
And keeps watch over all His foes!  
A patient LORD of mighty power,  
Who will not strike those struck before. 2 3
- The LORD rides on the whirling storm,—  
Clouds are the dust about His feet!  
When He reproveth the sea it dries,  
And all the rivers waste away;  
Then Bashan and Karmel languish,  
And the flowers of Lebanon faint! 4
- The Mountains shake before Him,  
And the Highlands are dissolved;  
The Earth stands up in His Presence,  
With the World and all it contains!  
Who can stand before His anger?  
Who endure in His burning wrath?  
His fury pours like a fire,  
And before it the rocks are split! 5 6
- The Good LORD helps in the day of distress,  
And knows those who trust in Him  
But makes a sweeping destruction,  
And rolls His powerful foes to gloom. 7 8
- Why plot you against JEHOVAH?  
He will so completely destroy,  
That Oppressors will rise not again,—  
Though like thorns they are plaited together,  
And like drunkards confused in their drink,  
He devours you like the dry straw,  
Who against the LORD brought out a scheme,—  
The vile thought of unbridled Crime! 9 10 11
- For thus has JEHOVAH decided;  
"Tho' they are powerful and many,  
Yet they shall be shorn and shall pass;  
Having punished, I no more afflict,  
But I now break his yoke from your neck,  
And loose you away from your bonds."  
For the LORD will command about you,  
Not to scatter the race of your name;  
From the House of your GOD cast your Idols,  
And cover your fault like a shameful grave. 12 13 14

### The News of Peace.

- 2 See! on the Mountains the feet of the herald,—  
Who publishes Peace!  
Feast, Judah! feast! Pay your vows,  
For no more shall the lawless pass through you!  
For all are destroyed!
- 2 The Breaker is gone from your face!  
Guard the Fortress and watch on the road,  
Strengthen your loins, and brace up your strength,  
3 For the LORD has restored Jacob's pride,  
And Israel's splendour!  
Though the ravagers threw down and cut up their vine!
- 4 The shields of his heroes are red,  
His Mighty Commanders in scarlet,  
His chariots flash fire in the day of review,  
And they brandish their spears!  
5 The chariots rush on in the streets,  
They charge in the Squares like the flames,  
And like lightning they leap.  
6 He calls to his Generals who halt in their march.  
"Haste on to the wall and prepare for defence:"—  
7 But the River Gate bursts and the Fortress dissolves!
- 8 Thus her course was decreed to arrive;  
When her maidens should mourn with the voice of a dove,  
And go beating their breasts.  
9 For long Ninevah was a calm pool;—  
Yet they fly!—"Stand! Stand!" but yet none will turn back!  
10 Plunder silver! rob gold!  
For her store never ends,  
Of the wealth of all things one desires!  
11 Make her empty, abandoned, and waste;—  
Her heart melts, and her knees strike together;  
For anguish takes hold of all loins,  
And the faces of all become pale!
- 12 Where is the Den of their Lions?  
And the feeding ground of their young Tigers?  
Where the lion and lioness walked,  
And the Lion's whelp went without fear?  
Where the lion tore limbs for his cubs,  
And enough for his she-lions slew,  
And filled all his caverns with prey,  
And with plunder his Dens?
- 13 "I will oppose," says JEHOVAH OF HOSTS,  
"And will burn up your chariots in smoke;  
And the Sword shall devour your tigers,  
And cut off your prey from the earth,  
Who no more hears the voice of your hounds!"

### Ninevah's Crimes Described.

- 3 Woe to the whole City of Murders!  
Full of rapine and lies,  
And that never would ease from her prey,  
2 Or the noise of the whip and the roaring of wheels,  
The prancing of horses, the chariots' rush,  
3 And the cavalry's charge

- With the bright sword and the glittering spear!  
 And many were slain, and the dead were piled up,  
 So that there was no end to the slain.  
 They stumble and fell on the dead!—  
 Because of her whorings,—The beautiful whore!— 4  
     The fair lady of witchcrafts,—  
 Who traded in Nations by whoredom,  
 And Tribes by her charms!—
- “See! now,” says THE GREAT LORD OF HOSTS, 5  
 “I will turn up your skirts to your face,  
 And the Nations shall look on your shame,  
     Kingdoms see your disgrace!—  
 I will fling on you filth the most vile, 6  
 And will take you about as a show!  
 All who see you shall fly and exclaim,— 7  
     ‘Now is Ninevah ruined;’—  
     But who will be grieved?—  
 None will try to be mourning for you.”
- Were you fairer than was Amon's Na? 8  
     Who dwelt by the Brooks,  
     With the river around?  
     Whose wealth was the River,—  
     Her rampart the Streams?  
 Kush and Egypt endowed her with wealth, 9  
 Phut and the Lubim became her allies;—  
 Yet she was transported, and went as a slave, 10  
 And her children were dashed at the top of her streets!  
 And her Nobles were played for with dice,  
 And her Princes were shackled in chains!  
 Go! hide yourself! you shall be mad,— 11  
 You also seek caves from your foes!  
 All your Forts are as fig trees full ripe, 12  
 If shaken, they fall to devouring mouths!
- The Men in your midst shall be women! 13  
 Your Gates are set wide for your foes!  
 With fire the bars of your land are consumed!—  
 But draw water! Prepare for the siege, 14  
 To strengthen the ramparts bring clay,—  
 Seize clay, and press in the brick kiln!  
 Yet fire shall devour,—the sword will cut off,— 15  
     It shall eat you like grubs,  
 It will load you like grubs, it will load you like locusts!
- Your merchants were more than the stars of the sky;— 16  
 But like cankerworms spread out—and fly!—  
 Your Commanders are locusts,—your Generals are flies,— 17  
     Who in cold days will encamp by a hedge,—  
     But who fly on the outbreak of sun,  
     And the spot never knows them again!  
 King of Ashur! Your Princes have slept! 18  
 Your People have fled to the Hills,  
     And with none to collect!  
 There cannot be cure for your wound! 19  
     For your terrible gash!  
 All who hear the report will clap hands over you,—  
 For to whom passed you not, with perpetual wrongs?

END OF THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET NAHUM.