

Resource: Berean Standard Bible

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Berean Standard Bible

Nahum 1:1

¹ This is the burden against Nineveh, the book of the vision of Nahum the Elkoshite:

² The LORD is a jealous and avenging God; the LORD is avenging and full of wrath. The LORD takes vengeance on His foes and reserves wrath for His enemies.

³ The LORD is slow to anger and great in power; the LORD will by no means leave the guilty unpunished. His path is in the whirlwind and storm, and clouds are the dust beneath His feet.

⁴ He rebukes the sea and dries it up; He makes all the rivers run dry. Bashan and Carmel wither, and the flower of Lebanon wilts.

⁵ The mountains quake before Him, and the hills melt away; the earth trembles at His presence—the world and all its dwellers.

⁶ Who can withstand His indignation? Who can endure His burning anger? His wrath is poured out like fire; even rocks are shattered before Him.

⁷ The LORD is good, a stronghold in the day of distress; He cares for those who trust in Him.

⁸ But with an overwhelming flood He will make an end of Nineveh and pursue His enemies into darkness.

⁹ Whatever you plot against the LORD, He will bring to an end. Affliction will not rise up a second time.

¹⁰ For they will be entangled as with thorns and consumed like the drink of a drunkard—like stubble that is fully dry.

¹¹ From you, O Nineveh, comes forth a plotter of evil against the LORD, a counselor of wickedness.

¹² This is what the LORD says: “Though they are allied and numerous, yet they will be cut down and pass away. Though I have afflicted you, O Judah, I will afflict you no longer.

¹³ For I will now break their yoke from your neck and tear away your shackles.”

¹⁴ The LORD has issued a command concerning you, O Nineveh: “There will be no descendants to carry on your name. I will cut off the carved image and cast idol from the house of your gods; I will prepare your grave, for you are contemptible.”

¹⁵ Look to the mountains—the feet of one who brings good news, who proclaims peace! Celebrate your feasts, O Judah; fulfill your vows. For the wicked will never again march through you; they will be utterly cut off.

Nahum 2:1

¹ One who scatters advances against you, O Nineveh. Guard the fortress! Watch the road! Brace yourselves! Summon all your strength!

² For the LORD will restore the splendor of Jacob like the splendor of Israel, though destroyers have laid them waste and ruined the branches of their vine.

³ The shields of his mighty men are red; the valiant warriors are dressed in scarlet. The fittings of the chariots flash like fire on the day they are prepared, and the spears of cypress have been brandished.

⁴ The chariots dash through the streets; they rush around the plazas, appearing like torches, darting about like lightning.

⁵ He summons his nobles; they stumble as they advance. They race to its wall; the protective shield is set in place.

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

⁷ It is decreed that the city be exiled and carried away; her maidservants moan like doves, and beat upon their breasts.

⁸ Nineveh has been like a pool of water throughout her days, but now it is draining away. "Stop! Stop!" they cry, but no one turns back.

⁹ "Plunder the silver! Plunder the gold!" There is no end to the treasure, an abundance of every precious thing.

¹⁰ She is emptied! Yes, she is desolate and laid waste! Hearts melt, knees knock, bodies tremble, and every face grows pale!

¹¹ Where is the lions' lair or the feeding ground of the young lions, where the lion and lioness prowled with their cubs, with nothing to frighten them away?

¹² The lion mauled enough for its cubs and strangled prey for the lioness. It filled its dens with the kill, and its lairs with mauled prey.

¹³ "Behold, I am against you," declares the LORD of Hosts. "I will reduce your chariots to cinders, and the sword will devour your young lions. I will cut off your prey from the earth, and the voices of your messengers will no longer be heard."

Nahum 3:1

¹ Woe to the city of blood, full of lies, full of plunder, never without prey.

² The crack of the whip, the rumble of the wheel, galloping horse and bounding chariot!

³ Charging horseman, flashing sword, shining spear; heaps of slain, mounds of corpses, dead bodies without end—they stumble over their dead—

⁴ because of the many harlotries of the harlot, the seductive mistress of sorcery, who betrays nations by her prostitution and clans by her witchcraft.

⁵ "Behold, I am against you," declares the LORD of Hosts. "I will lift your skirts over your face. I will show your nakedness to the nations and your shame to the kingdoms.

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

⁷ Then all who see you will recoil from you and say, 'Nineveh is devastated; who will grieve for her?' Where can I find comforters for you?"

⁸ Are you better than Thebes, stationed by the Nile with water around her, whose rampart was the sea, whose wall was the water?

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

¹⁰ Yet she became an exile; she went into captivity. Her infants were dashed to pieces at the head of every street. They cast lots for her dignitaries, and all her nobles were bound in chains.

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

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

¹³ Look at your troops—they are like your women! The gates of your land are wide open to your enemies; fire consumes their bars.

¹⁴ Draw your water for the siege; strengthen your fortresses. Work the clay and tread the mortar; repair the brick kiln!

¹⁵ There the fire will devour you; the sword will cut you down and consume you like a young locust. Make yourself many like the young locust; make yourself many like the swarming locust!

¹⁶ You have multiplied your merchants more than the stars of the sky. The young locust strips the land and flies away.

¹⁷ Your guards are like the swarming locust, and your scribes like clouds of locusts that settle on the walls on a cold day. When the sun rises, they fly away, and no one knows where.

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

¹⁹ There is no healing for your injury; your wound is severe. All who hear the news of you applaud your downfall, for who has not experienced your constant cruelty?