nacht · chain. All her great men were dashed in captivity: her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains.


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

8. The horseman lifeth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear: and [there is] a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcasses: and [there is] none end of [their] corpses; they stumble upon their corpses:

9. Because of the multitude of the whoredoms of the wellfavoured harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that sellett nations through her whoredoms, and families through her witchcrafts.

10. Behold, I [am] against thee, saith the LORD of hosts; and I will discover thy skirts upon thy face, and I will shew the nations thy nakedness, and the kingdoms thy shame.

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

12. And 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? whence shall I seek comforters for thee?
Thou also shalt be drunken: thou shalt be hid, thou also shalt seek strength because of the enemy.

All 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.

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

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

There shall be 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.

Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven: the cankerworm spolieth, and fieth away.

Thy crowned [are] as the locusts, and thy captains as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, [but] when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they [are].

Thy shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria: thy nobles shall dwell [in the dust]: thy people is scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth [them].

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