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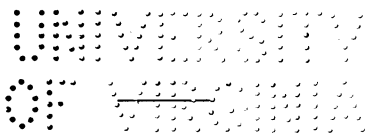
# THE EPIC OF THE ORIENT:

AN ORIGINAL POETICAL RENDERING  
OF THE BOOK OF JOB

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BY

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## DEDICATION.

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. . . TO MY BELOVED WIFE, . . .  
WHO HAS BEEN MY COMPANION IN ORIENTAL STUDIES,  
AND BY WHOSE INSPIRATION THIS WORK WAS UNDERTAKEN,  
AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION AND TENDER AFFECTION,  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
. . . BY THE AUTHOR. . .

## P R E F A C E .

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The following rendering of the book of Job is offered to the public, not upon any claim of merit in itself, but simply as a result of some careful study, and in the hope that it may lead others to study more carefully this wonderful book, from which the mists have not yet all been cleared away.

In this rendering it has been my aim to adhere as closely as possible to the thought of the original, and where it could be consistently done, to use even the language of our common versions. I have endeavored not to omit any important thought contained in the Hebrew, and at the same time not to say anything that is not contained in the mind of the original writer. In order to appreciate this, a careful comparison of my rendering with some other standard version is necessary; or for those who have a knowledge of the Hebrew, a careful comparison with the original will be found interesting.

I am fully aware of the fact that this work is subject to criticisms from two sources—first, as to its merits as a rendering from the original Hebrew; and second, as to its merits as English poetry. But suffice it to say that the author claims no merit in either case, but offers the book merely as the result of work done.

At the same time it should be remembered that it is no easy task to render poetry of one language into poetry of another language. And especially is this true where the difference of the languages is as wide as it is between the Hebrew and the English. And the many other difficulties in the translation and interpretation of Job combine to make the task still more difficult.

Feeling that there is at least something of freshness and novelty in this work, and trusting that it may in some measure accomplish its mission, this little volume is now sent forth.

THE AUTHOR.

May 25, 1894.

# THE BOOK OF JOB.

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## THE PROLOGUE.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF JOB, UNTIL VISITED  
IN HIS AFFLICTIONS BY HIS THREE FRIENDS.

THERE was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job: and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and a very great household; so that this man was the greatest of all the children of the east. And his sons went and held a feast in the house of each one upon his day; and they sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It

may be that my sons have sinned, and renounced God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them. And the LORD said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job? for there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil. Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath, on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce thee to thy face. And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD.

And it fell on a day when his sons and his daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house, that there came a messenger unto Job, and said, The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them: and the Sabeans fell *upon them*, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I am only escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and



hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The Chaldeans made three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have taken them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: and, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped; and he said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God with foolishness.

Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the LORD. And the LORD said unto Satan, From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job? for there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that

feareth God, and escheweth evil: and he still holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause. And Satan answered the LORD and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will renounce thee to thy face. And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; only spare his life. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat among the ashes. Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? renounce God and die. But he said unto her, Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place; Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite: and they made an appointment together to come to bemoan him and to comfort him. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great.

## THE POEM OF JOB.

### CHAPTER 3.

With cursings then did Job complain,  
And thus began his mournful strain:—  
Let perish now my natal day  
In deepest shades of darkest gloom—  
May God withhold a single ray,  
And from His throne confirm the doom.  
In darkness let it 'bide alone,  
'Neath gloomy mists and angry cloud,  
Let deepest darkness claim his own  
And turn its light to blackest shroud.  
The king of night, let him possess  
That day, and horrid fear oppress.

And thou, oh gloom, more dark and dread  
Than hell's abode, in thine embrace  
Seize thou that night which calmly said:—  
“ Another male of human race  
Anon shall swell the surging throngs.”  
In all the joyful troops of days  
That crown the year and join their songs

To celebrate in pean lays  
Returning months, let not that night  
Her voice entune. But all alone  
In solitude, *sans* hope, *sans* light,  
Its curse endure. Let none bemoan  
Thy fate. Those who the days enchant  
With blighting ban, and raise at will  
The huge leviathan to haunt  
The light of day, thee too let fill  
With dire some woe. Let evening stars  
Their light withhold, nor let the morn  
Its dawn awake from orient far  
To cheer that cursed night forlorn.  
For could'st not thou withheld the womb,  
And closed mine eyes from all on earth?  
Why did'st not thou, oh welcome tomb  
Embrace me from my unsought birth?  
Why spare my life, thou fondling knee?  
Why feed my mouth, thou gentle breast?  
From pain and toil should I be free?  
I now should sleep and be at rest.  
With kings of earth, the rich, the wise  
Should I have dwelt—on ruins built  
Their stately towers to heaven rise—  
Nor pain, nor woe, nor human guilt  
My soul should stain. Be this denied,  
Oh that, like one untimely born  
In secret darkness I had died.  
The wicked there no longer scorn,  
In sweet repose the weary rest.

The prisoners there in union dwell,  
With fear and toil no more oppressed.  
The small are there, the great as well,  
The servant freed from earthly chains  
His master joins in bliss divine.  
Why mingle light with wretched pain,  
And mortal man on earth confine,  
Who long for death, and search in vain,  
Like those who dig for treasures deep  
In earth confined? With joy they hail  
The tomb, and fold their hands to sleep.  
Why beams the light to mock the path  
Of him whose life is veiled in grief?  
Whom God has hedged in direful wrath.  
There waits for me no sweet relief,  
Instead of food, my sighs are heard  
Like murmuring winds. Like angry waves  
In storm, my groans are sadly poured.  
That which I fear I daily meet,  
My sorest dread's my only boon.  
No peace for me, no safe retreat—  
But trouble comes, alas, too soon.

## CHAPTER 4.

Thus ended Job. With counsel wise  
The Temanite to him replies:—  
Would'st thou be grieved, should I assay  
With thee to speak? 'Twere kind, indeed,

Should I refrain and yet delay  
And hear thee more. But I must heed  
The voice within that bids me speak.

To wisdom hast thou led the throng,  
Thine arm the feeble has sustained,  
The falling ones hast thou made strong.  
For feeble knees their strength regained—  
And faintest thou when troubles brew?  
From their grim touch dost thou recoil?  
Is not thy fear of God so true  
The failless cure for all thy toil?  
Hast thou not set thy spotless life  
The ground of thine appeal to God?  
Is death, I pray, the kind reward  
For whom in faultless paths have trod?  
And cuts the ruthless blade of death  
The righteous in its fatal swath?  
But they that plough with furrows deep  
And sow the godless seed, shall reap  
The same, in boundless stores of wrath.  
The blast of God shall pale their bloom,  
His burning breath their fruit consume.  
The roaring lion quails in fear,  
The fierce may lose his daring rage.  
The young, their teeth a broken mass,  
The old with want doth faint away,  
The mother mourns her scattered whelps,  
Nor doth her strength restore her young.

In secret silence, dark, profound,  
Mine ear a whispered word perceived—  
In darkest night, when vision rise,  
And men in deepest sleep are locked.  
Then fear me took, and all my frame  
With horrid trembling quaked. My bones  
Like loosened pins did shake. And then  
A ghastly ghost my face afore  
Did walk, at sight of which my hair  
In horrid fright did rise and stand.  
In silence stood the shapeless ghost,  
An image there, yet formless all—  
While deathlike stillness reigned supreme,  
In silence deep, this voice I heard:—  
Can man be righteous more than God?  
A mortal man more pure than He  
Before whose face His sainted lack,  
And angels blush with conscious shame?  
Much less shall man in mortal flesh,  
Of dust and ashes built, so frail  
A treading moth to death may crush.  
A single day their course fulfills,  
In endless death unwept they lie,  
Forever gone their vaunting pride,  
And wisdom lost, in shame they die.

## CHAPTER 5.

If there be one thy cause to plead  
Address thyself and call aloud.  
Shall sainted angels hear thy voice,  
And bring thy case before thy God?  
Impatient wrath the fool doth kill,  
And passion slays the silly soul.  
Mine eyes have seen the thriving fool  
Send forth his roots. Alas! how soon  
I cursed his home forlorn. His sons  
Exposed to death do roam abroad—  
To judgment brought, unplead, they fall.  
The fool may sow, the fruit thereof,  
The hungry waif shall eat it up.  
The thorny hedge doth not withhold—  
The robber gapes with greedy mouth  
Their ill-got substance to consume.  
The dust is not the sire of grief,  
Nor is it born of mother-earth—  
No more do flickering sparks ascend,  
Than man is born a child of wrath,  
To spend his years in wearying toils.

Were mine the lot to suffer thus,  
To God I'd seek my cause to plead—  
Whose hand doth mighty works perform,  
Beyond the ken and count of man.  
The rain His mighty voice obeys  
And waters earth and fertile fields—



The low to honored seats He brings,  
He cutteth short the crafty's plans,  
And binds their hands in fetters strong.  
The wise himself in craft ensnares—  
The froward fail in quick defeat.  
For them the light to darkness turns,  
And noonday brightness blinds their eyes.

From angry sword He saves the poor—  
From sharpened blades and cruel hands.  
The poor abide in cheering hope,  
And sin hath stopped her mouth in shame.  
How favored he whom God corrects,  
And prunes his branch with jealous care.  
Despise not thou the chastening rod,  
Nor pine beneath a Father's hand—  
He bindeth up the sore He makes,  
His gentle hand the wounded heals.  
Should troubles come thrice twice again,  
His helping hand is not withdrawn.  
Should seven dangers crowd thy way,  
No harm shall touch thy guarded head.  
He keeps thy life when famines rage—  
Nor sword shall hurt in cruel war.  
The scorning tongue shall thee not find,  
Nor fierce destruction cause alarm.  
But thou mayest smile at hunger's rage,  
And scorn destruction's vaunting power.  
The preying beasts thou shalt not dread—  
The sheltering rocks shall thee defend,

And ravenous beasts thy peace declare.  
In peace thy tent shall safe abide,  
And thou mayest herd thy grazing flocks,  
Nor shalt thou fail. Thy numerous seed  
The land shall fill like springing grass,  
And fill thy life with joyous pride.  
Thus like a shock of ripened corn  
In harvest-home thou then shalt come—  
Thy years complete—to honored rest.  
Hear this, oh Job! 'tis all for thee  
That thou mayest know the good to choose,  
And shun the sins that cause thy grief.

## CHAPTER 6.

So spake the Temanite:—And thus did Job:—  
Would God my grief in justice full were weighed,  
And all my woe the balance did receive,—  
'Twould show more weight by far than all the sand  
That bounds the sea and holds it in its bed.  
For this are swallowed up my words in hate.  
The shafts of God my inmost heart do grieve,  
My soul, alas! the deadly poison drinks,  
The terrifying hosts of God my heart oppose.  
My soul for this doth make her sad refrain.  
Doth bray the ass untamed in pastures green?  
Or lows the ox in want o'er bins of food?  
I eat the saltless food and not complain!  
Or can the tasteless egg my want supply!

Such things me fill with sore disgust. My tongue  
Doth loathe to touch.—Might I but plead with God,  
That He might grant my quest, that I might die.  
Yea more, that God might take my life. I long  
To die, to loose His hand and spare the rod.  
I then should find mine ease.—Though all were pain,  
Yet, 'mid unsparing pain I'd leap for joy,  
For I the words of God have not denied.  
Oh, why should I still hope—or why remain?—  
Oh, what's mine end?—Shall I yet more annoy?—  
Am I, indeed, with strength of stones supplied—  
With brazen flesh, that I such woe might bear?  
Is not my help within consumed away,  
And every source of strength from me withdrawn?  
Should suffering ones in grief be all forgot—  
By God forgot—alone to bear their load?  
In grief and pain and fear to die at last—  
To die, forlorn, unwept and cursed of God.

How false to me have been my kin—my blood—  
Like stealthy brooks away in haste they pass.  
With ice disturbed they foam with blackish rage—  
This surging flood doth hide the snow within.  
Anon, in balmy spring they shrink apace—  
In summer heat how soon, how dry their bed.  
With thirst oppressed the Teman troop has come—  
In vain they look—they turn aside and die.  
There came from Sheba far the camel, weak  
With thirst, and vainly hoped for drink—with shame  
Alas! The mocking streams their search defy.

So ye are nought to me. The words ye speak  
Are vain deceit. Ye see my low estate  
But shrink with fear as though I thus did beg:—  
“Bring now to me—and bless my weary life”  
Or else—“A wealthy gift, I pray bestow  
To assuage my smarting pain and give me rest”—  
Or—“Stay the oppressor’s hand and end this strife”—  
Or—“Snatch in haste my life from hands so strong.”

Instruct me now, my tongue no more shall speak.  
The wrong explain, and teach my erring life.  
Oh! righteous words! how sweet—my soul doth long.  
But how do ye reprove with words so weak?  
Would ye with words like wind the strife prolong?  
The fatherless ye do by force subdue,  
And for your friend by lot ye fondly play.  
Be pleased, my friends, my earnest plea to hear,  
For truly I to you will not be false.  
Return to me, be not unjust, I pray—  
Begin anew, my cause is right, ’tis plain.  
Have I my tongue with vilest sin defiled?  
Can I not taste the gall of horrid sin?  
May I not yet discern to choose the right?

## CHAPTER 7.

Hath God not fixed for man on earth the time?  
That as a hireling’s days his years are set?  
As servants pant for rest in cooling shades,

As hirelings wait for their reward, and pine—  
Thus I—not days, but months of waiting pass,  
And nights of tiresome toil on me are laid.  
When comes the eve, and I would fain repose  
My weary flesh—Alas! it boots no rest—  
But weary hours of grief. Oh, when shall night be past  
And I shall rise? The night its weary length  
Prolongs—Till dawning day in pain I roll.  
A hoard of horrid worms my sores infest—  
And clods of earth my flesh do clothe—my skin  
Doth break afresh with foul and horrid stench.  
More swift than flies the weaver's thread, my days  
Are gone—And all are spent in hopeless woe.  
Oh, thou, my God, remember now my life  
As fleeting wind doth pass—Nor shall I more  
The good behold. No more shall friendly eyes  
Behold my form. Thou look'st on me—I pass  
And am no more. As clouds that melt away  
In highest air and form no more—Thus he  
Who dwells in dark Sheol returns to seek  
His home on earth no more. His place—henceforth  
Unknown—shall wait in vain his kind return.  
Unbridled hence, my tongue at length shall speak—  
My anguished heart shall make her strong complaint—  
With bitterest sighs my soul shall make her plea.

Am I a raging sea, or monster whale  
That thou should'st watch, like some rebellious fiend,  
My every step—my inmost secret thought,  
Nor give me time to draw a quiet breath?

When on my bed I'd fondly rest, anon,  
And seek my ease in sleep upon my couch—  
Thou dost my soul with horrid dreams torment,  
And visions grim with terror spoil my rest.  
So dread my sleep, I fain would choke to death—  
I'd rather choose my grave than these my bones.  
My life I loathe—this mortal frame—Nor would  
I live for aye, should'st Thou me grant the boon.  
My days are vain—ah! let me die alone.  
For what is man, that Thou should'st make him great—  
That Thou should'st set on him Thy watchful care,  
And each returning morn supply his wants,  
And test his strength with every passing breath?  
Oh! turn, how long wilt Thou oppress me thus,  
Nor yield a snatch, that I may catch my breath?  
If I have sinned—oh! Thou who dost me watch—  
What's that to thee? Why stumblest Thou at me  
As Thine offense, until my life I hate,  
And wish I ne'er had come to vex Thy soul?  
'Twere nobler far, should'st Thou forgive my guilt  
And cleanse my sin, than vex my soul to death,  
For then the dust my sleeping flesh should keep.  
Then Thou mayest seek at dawn my pleading voice—  
Thou seekest in vain, for I, alas, am gone—  
Am gone from all on earth to rest in peace,  
And there no more annoy Thy peaceful soul.

CHAPTER 8.

In answer then the Shuhite spake:—How long  
Wilt thou such follies vent, and utter words  
More light than empty wind? Is this thy plea?  
Is God unjust—will He pervert the right?  
Doth He who rules the world with power sublime  
The cause of man pervert? If now thy sons  
Have sinned, and His behest have disobeyed,  
So He hath cast them out the dire reward  
Of sin to reap and pay the penal debt  
In Sheol's dismal shades of endless night,  
Thou should'st not mourn nor yet complain at God—  
Would'st thou return, betimes, with humble heart  
And seek thy God—the Almighty's grace implore—  
If thou be pure, and all thy way be right—  
Thy prayer 'll be heard, the mighty God will lend  
A gracious ear, restore thy righteous home,  
And crown thy prosperous years with joy supreme.  
Beyond thy former splendor far should be  
Thy latter days, with rich abundance blessed.  
Give heed, I pray, and search the golden lore  
Of ages past—To hoary sires give ear—  
(For youths are we, a single day doth tell  
Our age—our stay on earth a shadow's length.)  
Shall they not teach thy listening ear, thy heart  
Instruct with wisdom's words, sublime, profound,  
Thy docile soul with secret truth correct,  
That thou mayest know the hidden things of God.

Behold the rush, in mire how strong it grows,  
How green the flag in watery beds doth spring.  
But sooner far than other herbs they die  
When droughts prevail, and scorching winds oppress.  
Thus, too, the paths of those who God forget  
Shall die, their fondest hope in shame shall end,  
His strongest trust like spider's webs shall fail.  
Beneath his helping hand his house gives way—  
It shakes, but none, alas, may stay its fall.  
He greens in strength beneath the genial sun,  
He spreads his branch and fills the garden wide,  
His clinging roots the stony heaps embrace,  
They pierce the nether soil and split the stones.  
But let destruction come and rend him twain,  
And wild disasters spoil his prosperous life—  
In shame his place will him deny, and say:--  
'I saw thee not, no memory marks thy place.'

Thus ends the joyful life of godless men,  
And others fill, anon, their cherished place.  
Not thus doth God His perfect ones forsake—  
Nor help the hand of those that hate His word.  
But yet He shall with laughter fill thy mouth,  
And cause thy lips to speak in joyful strains.  
So they that hate thy soul shall come to shame,  
And fell destruction spoil the scorner's home.



## CHAPTER 9.

The Shuhite thus at length did speak,  
Nor lingered Job to make reply:—  
Thy word is true, and right thy thought,  
But how shall man be just with God,  
Or plead before His judgment bar?  
Should He contend in court with man,  
And make perchance a thousand quests,  
What man may dare to answer one?  
His heart so wise, His strength so great—  
What man may brave His power and stand?  
The mountains He doth move apace,  
And in His rage doth root them out.  
From out its place He shakes the earth—  
Its trembling pillars quake with fear.  
At His behest the sun is not,  
And stars He veils in blackest night.  
Himself alone doth spread the heavens,  
And treads at will the surging waves.  
His hand the great Arcturus made,  
To run his orbit vast, unknown;  
And girt with strength Orion bold,  
To dare the stately gods of heaven;  
He piled aloft the Pleiades,  
To build on high His towering throne;  
And gave the south her chambers deep  
For all her nameless hosts of stars.  
No depth of thought can sound His mind,  
Nor numbers count His wondrous works.

In sight unseen He goeth by,  
He passeth near, but all unknown.  
His prey He takes and none may check,  
Or who may dare deny His right?  
Should God His anger not withdraw,  
The strength of Rahab's pride shall bend  
Beneath His power, with fear oppressed,  
And yield to His supreme behest.  
Much less shall I an answer frame,  
Or choose my words with Him to cope?  
Though I were right, and just my plea,  
I'd not reply, nor yet maintain  
My cause—but supplicate my Judge.  
If I indeed had called Him forth  
And He in answer came, forsooth,  
Nor would I then believe He'd hear  
My voice—For He with tempest blasts  
My soul doth swallow up—My wounds  
For none offense He doth increase.  
He e'en doth clog my laboring breath,  
And fills my soul with sore distress.  
If strength I boast—"I'm here," (saith He.)  
If judgment I should ask—"Then who,"  
(Quoth He,) "will set the time to plead?"  
If I were right 'twould nothing boot,  
My clumsy tongue would prove my guilt.  
Were I as pure as heaven's hosts,  
E'en then He'd show my way perverse.  
I'm pure I know, or else I know  
Me not, and hate my worthless life.

'Tis all the same to me—And hence  
I said, “He doth destroy the good  
And bad as one.” Should scourges come  
And slay with sudden death, and grim—  
He scorns the pain of guiltless souls.  
By His command the wicked reign  
On earth—Lest they may see to give  
The right, He hides the judge's eyes.  
If 't be not He, then who, I pray,  
Can give to evil men such power?

My days outrun the swiftest post—  
As glides away the skimming skiff—  
As darts the swooping eagle down,  
They run in haste, but see no good.  
Should I forget my sore complaint  
To change my mien and brighten up—  
'Twould not avail—I dread my grief,  
For Thou wilt not remove my guilt.  
My guilt remains, my grief as well.  
Then why should I thus strive in vain?  
If I should wash my skin with snow,  
Or cleanse with lye my filthy hands,  
The miry ditch would be my lot,  
For Thine own hand would thrust me in,  
And foul my skin with miry clay  
So vile am I my clothes refuse  
To touch my skin. But woe is me—  
For God is not a man that He  
Should hear my cause to arbitrate.

Nor may I find a daysman kind,  
To plead my cause twixt God and me.  
But let Him now remove His rod,  
Nor fright me more with terrors wild—  
Then might I fearless plead my cause  
Before His face, and prove my right.  
But such, alas, is not my lot.

## CHAPTER 10.

My weary soul is tired of life,  
And longs to leave these filthy bones.  
To my complaint free course I'll give,  
And pour it forth in bitterest words  
Of gall. Do not condemn my soul,  
Oh! God, but show the ground of Thy  
Complaint. Dost Thou delight to oppress  
The just, and hate Thine handy-work,  
Or canst Thou brook the works of sin?  
Hast Thou the eyes of mortal man,  
Or dost Thou live by days and years,  
That Thou should'st ask for mine offense,  
And search my inmost guilt to know?  
Thou knowest full well that I am just,  
But in Thy grip Thou hold'st me fast,  
And none can wrest from Thy strong grasp.  
With wondrous skill Thine hand did form  
My frame—And dost Thou now destroy?  
Oh! think, I pray, Thy dextrous hand

From clay did shape and make me thus—  
And dost Thou dash me back to dust,  
Nor stop to think what Thou hast done?  
Did not the womb at Thy command  
Receive and shape my formless life?  
Did'st Thou not ply the flesh and skin,  
And knit my tender cords and bands,  
And did'st at length me grant my life?—  
My soul with watchful care did'st nurse,  
Did'st gently guide my thinking mind.  
Thou did'st conceal Thy purpose wise  
Within Thy heart—'Tis right, I know.  
Yet Thou would'st not forgive, forsooth,  
Should I commit the smallest sin,  
But were my guilt of graver stuff  
And vile, no tongue may speak my woe.  
Though I were pure and right, I'm filled  
With shame, and dare not lift my head—  
(Canst Thou not see my wretched state  
And how my woe doth grow apace?)  
And should I raise my head, Thou'dst like  
A lion fierce and wild me hunt,  
And raise Thy rod to strike me down.  
Most wondrous things Thou dost achieve  
To plague a wretch like me undone.  
'Gainst me Thou would'st Thy case renew,  
And kindle hotter still Thy wrath—  
Thou mak'st assault upon assault  
'Gainst Thine already vanquished foe.  
Why did'st Thou give the word to bring

Me forth this cursed life to live!  
 Oh! would that I had died unseen—  
 That e'er my life began its end  
 Had come and saved me all this pain,  
 And from the womb the grave had me  
 Received to rest. How few my days!  
 Oh! cease, that I a moment's rest  
 May gain alone, before I go  
 Whence I shall not return—the land  
 Where darkness broods, and deepest shades  
 Do cast their gloom—where blackest night  
 The land<sup>d</sup> enshrouds—where hell's dark pall  
 Hath settled low, and chaos reigns.  
 Where death doth brood her wings o'er all  
 To blacken yet her dismal nest—  
 And night doth robe e'en light itself  
 In darkest hues, as though e'en hell  
 In gloomy mourning clad did weep.

## CHAPTER II.

With this did Job refrain—And Zophar next  
 Did form his speech, and thus to Job replied:—  
 Should such a mass of talk unanswered lie,  
 And men of sense be dumb and hold their peace,  
 Or can we justify a man of words?  
 Shall thy bold lies confound the tongues of men?  
 May none thy mocking words reprove with shame?  
 Hast thou not said:—"My doctrine's pure. Before

Thine eyes, oh! God, my soul is clean from sin."

Oh! would that God would speak—that He  
Would open now His lips for thee—  
That He the secret depths would show  
Of wisdom's ways—How far beyond  
Thy ken twice told its path extends.  
Be thou aware, thy guilt exceeds  
By far thy bitterest grief, for God  
Doth hide for thee thy guilt in part,  
And spares the rod thy sin deserves.  
Canst thou conceive to fathom God,  
Or comprehend the Almighty one—  
What canst thou do with heaven's heights?  
Of Sheol's depths what canst thou know?  
Beyond the earth His length extends,  
His breath beyond the widest sea.  
He may unheeding pass thee by,  
Nor canst thou hear His nearest step.  
Perchance He may His speech prepare,  
And to the bar thy case direct.  
Then who can stand before His face?

He knows vain man full well—nor need He search  
To find the secret sin in man concealed.  
Should the wild ass, perchance, bring forth a man,  
So then the fool may learn to understand.  
If thou would'st right thine heart, and stretch thine hand  
In prayer to Him—If thou would'st cleanse thy way,  
Nor leave the stain of sin upon thy house—

So then with guiltless face shalt thou look up,  
Nor shalt thou fear, but steadfast stand thy test.  
Thy troubles then forgot—like waters past—  
No more shall thee annoy, nor breed thy groans.  
Thy life more clear than noonday sun should gleam,  
And like the morning dawn thy darkness shine.  
In safety shalt thou dwell, for hope remains—  
Yea thou shalt search, and safely take thy rest.  
In peace shalt thou lie down, and none shall thee  
Offend, but throngs shall supplicate thy grace.  
But they that sin, alas, their eyes shall fail,  
No rescue comes to them, and no escape—  
Their hope for them fulfilled shall end in death.

## CHAPTER 12.

His spirit vexed and hot with wrath,  
In words did Job to this effect:—  
No doubt that ye the people are,  
And wisdom all with you shall die.  
But I have understanding too,  
Nor doth it fall beneath your ken,  
In hoary age or depth of thought,  
Nor yet obtain from you its lore.  
Such things as these who doth not know?  
Yet I am he that's mocked of friends—  
I, whom, when calling, God doth hear,  
Am made a laughing-stock—the just,  
The righteous man is mocked, alas!



And he that dwells at ease doth hold  
Contempt for weary feet that slip,  
And maketh them his helpless prey.  
E'en robbers prosper in their tent,  
And they that anger God are safe,  
Whose own strong hand they make their god.  
And scorn Jehovah's mighty name.

The beasts will teach, if you'll but ask,  
The fowls will tell such things as these—  
Or ask the earth, it too will speak—  
And fish, as well, will make it known.  
Who may not know by all these things  
That God hath done this wondrous work?  
Whose hand doth hold the teeming world,  
And keep the breath of all mankind?  
The mouth doth taste the savory meat,  
So doth the ear the words perceive.  
But wisdom dwells with men of yore,  
And knowledge grows with length of days.  
With God doth wisdom dwell and strength—  
Discernment too, and counsel wise  
To Him belong in boundless store.  
He breaketh down and none can build,  
Whom He doth bind, no man may loose.  
He holds the rains, the floods decay,  
He sends them forth and rends the earth  
With raging storms and torrents wild.  
With Him doth mighty strength abound,  
And soundest wisdom finds its home.

Deceived are His—deceivers too  
Alike are held within His bound.  
He leads the counsellors spoiled away,  
And shows that judges are but fools.  
The powers of ruling kings He breaks,  
And binds their loins with captives' chains.  
From priests He rends the sacred gowns,  
The mighty one He brings to naught:  
He spoils of speech the trusty sage,  
And makes the wisest elders fools.  
On princes' heads He pours contempt,  
He robs of strength the mighty man,  
And maketh loose the strong one's belt.  
From darkness black, profoundest things  
He doth reveal—He pours the light  
On deepest shades of death's abode.  
He doth the thriving nations build,  
And by His word doth cast them down.  
At His behest they spread abroad—  
And stop where He hath set the bound.  
To Him doth yield His heart the chief  
Of earth, and wanders wild and lost  
In pathless wastes. They grope in vain  
Mid darkest night—Like drunken fools  
They stagger on, nor find their way.

## CHAPTER 13.

All this mine eye hath seen full well,  
Mine understanding ear hath heard.

What things ye know, I know as well,  
Nor am I less in mind than ye.  
But to the Almighty I would speak,  
And reason well my cause with God.  
Your hearts do nought but forge deceits,  
As quacks do mock the suffering sick,  
So ye do vex my wearied soul.  
Would God, that ye would hold your tongue,  
And by your silence show your sense.

Hear now, I pray, my stern rebuke,  
To my reproving lips give ear,  
And I will teach your heart, forsooth,  
To know the truth and judge the right.  
Will ye ungodly speak for God,  
And plead His cause in foul deceit?  
Do ye presume to show Him grace,  
Or play the advocate for God?  
Should He make search, would ye be clear,  
And stand acquitted in His sight?  
Would ye deceive like man your God,  
And hide from Him your scheme of fraud?  
If ye in secret use deceit,  
In truth will God your course reprove.  
Will ye not dread His majesty,  
Nor feel the power of His dread name?  
Your proverbs wise like ashes fail,  
Like crumbling clay your strong defense.  
Then hold your peace that I may speak  
And plead my cause—let come what will.

For this I'll jeopardize my flesh,  
And risk my life to gain my case.  
He'll slay me sure, but I'll not wait—  
I'll plead my cause before His face,  
Nor yield—for that's my only hope.  
A godless man He will not see,  
Nor e'en admit before His bar.  
Hear now my speech with ears afront,  
What I declare to you receive.  
My case I've set aright. I know  
That He will justify my claim.  
But is there none to plead the case  
With me? Then I must hold my peace—  
Be still, alas, and yield the ghost.  
For me I beg two things alone,  
And then I will not hide from Thee.  
Withdraw Thy hand from me afar,  
Nor let Thy terror fright my soul.  
Then call Thou me, and I will hear.  
Or I will speak, and Thou reply.  
And thus our case in peace adjust.

My sins and transgressions, how many they be?  
Yet, tell me their number, be't ever so great.  
Why hidest Thou from me and veilest Thy face?  
Or lookest upon me as were I Thy foe?  
The wind-driven leaflet how canst Thou harass?  
The dry, rattling stubble yet wilt Thou pursue?  
For hard things Thou writest and pressest me sore,  
The sins of my childhood Thou makest me hear.

Thou putttest my feet in the criminal stocks,  
And watchest my pathway with narrowing look.  
Thou printest a sign on the heels of my feet,  
And drawest a circle to limit my bounds.  
Though rotting in sickness, I'm passing away—  
Like moth-eaten garments, I'm worthless and frail,  
And soon I must perish and pass into dust.

## CHAPTER 14.

Man born of woman has but few fleeting days,  
And troubles assail him and sharp blighting pains.  
Like flowers he cometh and soon is cut down,  
Like shadows he fleeth and passeth away.  
And watchest Thou closely such mortals as I,  
To bring me to judgment and justice severe?  
Can clean come from unclean? Not one can be found,  
But all are polluted and languish in sin.  
His days are determined, his months are with Thee,  
His bounds Thou appointest that none may pass by.  
Oh! turn Thou from watching, that he may find rest,  
That he like a hireling may live out his days.  
Though felled by the axman, the tree may still hope,  
It sprouteth new scious which cease not to grow.  
The root may wax aged, the stump may decay,  
The stock of it dieth and withereth away,  
Yet watered in season, it buddeth again,  
And sends forth its branches like plants of the field.  
But man when he dieth he wasteth away,

He yieldeth his spirit, and where is he found?  
As sea waters failing and passing away—  
As rivers declining their waters decrease,  
So man when he lieth shall rise not again,  
Till heavens are perished he waketh no more,  
His long silent slumbers shall not be disturbed.  
Oh! would'st Thou but hide me in Sheol's dark vale,  
And keep me in secret till after Thy wrath,  
Appoint me a season and call for me then,  
To meet Thee in judgment and answer Thy claim.  
Shall man when he dieth awaken again—  
Awake from his ashes to slumber no more?  
So then I'll be patient my lot to fulfil,  
I'll wait for the time when my change shall appear.  
For Thou wilt then call me, and I will respond,  
And Thou wilt long after the work of Thine hands.  
My steps dost Thou number, Thou watchest my sins.  
All my transgressions in sacks dost Thou seal them,  
And carefully sewest my sins in a bag.  
The mountain when falling shall come to its end,  
And out from their places the rocks are removed.  
The fast rushing waters will wear through the stones,  
They wash by their swiftness the soil of the earth,  
And so Thou destroyest the fond hope of man.  
Thou fightest against him, he passeth away,  
Thou changest his visage and sendest him hence  
To rest in their slumbers in Sheol's embrace.  
His sons come to honor, he knoweth it not—  
They come to destruction unseen of their sire.  
His flesh still upon him, he suffers in pain;  
His soul yet within him, in sorrow doth mourn.

## CHAPTER 15.

In answer then the Temanite  
Did plead and argue well his cause:—  
Should one of sense such knowledge speak,  
And fill himself with eastern wind?  
Should he contend with worthless talk,  
Or answer words of none effect?  
The fear of God thou makest void,  
And e'en thy prayers do naught but mock.  
Thy sin doth teach thy mouth to speak,  
And thou dost use a crafty tongue.  
Thy mouth, not mine, doth thee condemn.  
Thy lips confirm for thee thy guilt.

Art thou the man first-born of all?  
The sire of all our numerous race?  
Before the hills wast thou brought forth?  
Did'st thou the voice of God discern—  
From Him did'st thou absorb thy lore?  
Dost thou know aught that we know not—  
Beyond our ken dost understand?  
With us are those both old and gray,  
In age beyond thy father's years.  
Canst thou disdain the grace of God,  
And count His power of none effect?  
Dost thou possess some secret boon,  
Some power within to cope with God?  
Like some unbridled steed, thine heart  
Doth dash thee forth—With surging rage

Thine eye is wild. What aileth thee  
That thou would'st fight against thy God—  
That thou would'st breathe such burning words?  
For what is man that he should stand  
Before his God in spotless robe—  
Or they of woman born, that they  
Should boast of righteous deeds, forsooth?  
Behold, His saints command no trust—  
The spotless heavens appear unclean  
Before His face—His searching eye.  
Much more doth man, who doth his fill  
Of vice gulp in, and glut his soul  
With sin of vilest sort and mean.

Hear me, oh Job. Let me instruct  
Thine heart, and tell what I have seen.  
(Let sages speak their fathers' lore,  
From whom is nothing hid, and nought  
Have they concealed. To whom alone  
The land was given, nor 'mong their homes  
Did hordes of strangers e'er intrude.)  
Through all his days the goodless man  
Doth writhe in pain—his conscience sore  
Doth sting his soul through all his years,  
And threatening sounds his ears do pain.  
When prosperous days enchant, then doth  
Destruction dire his vengeance glut,  
And darkness broods, without escape—  
No hope nor ray of light doth beam,  
Nor lingereth long the avenging sword.



In starving want he seeks in vain  
For bread—Nor knows that darkness waits,  
The day of gloom is near at hand.  
As smites a king his vanquished foe,  
Nor spares the sword when battles rage,  
So fear and pain do crush the soul  
Of him that fights against his God.  
He shook, forsooth, his fist at God,  
Against the Mighty One his strength  
He perched—He dashed with stiffened neck  
Upon his God—With bucklers thick  
He doth in rage his God oppose.  
And this, indeed, because with fat  
He doth his face inclose so smooth,  
So full, his visage shines with oil,  
His flanks with fatty scallops hang.  
What God hath cursed, he doth rebuild—  
Nor heeds destruction's blighting ban.  
He dwells in ruined heaps, which man  
Through fear of God hath long cast off.  
But he shall not abound in wealth,  
His gain for him shall not abide,  
His crops shall not with ears bend down,  
Nor branches bow with luscious fruit.  
His gloomy days shall not depart,  
The scorching flame shall dry his branch,  
And God shall breathe and drive him hence.  
Be not deceived, for he that trusts  
In vain deceit, shall reap the same,  
Before his time his recompense

Will come—Nor greens his branch again.  
Like withered vines, his unripe grapes  
He casts—His fruitless flowers he sheds,  
Like olive trees when cursed of God.  
For desolation wild shall seize  
The ungodly horde, and fire consume  
The bribers' den. Mischief within  
Do they conceive, which bringeth forth  
Abundant sin of various breed—  
Their heart within doth frame deceit,  
And genders broods of murderous lies.

## CHAPTER 16.

To this did Job reply  
And still maintain his cause:—  
Such things I've often heard—  
What wretched comfort yours,  
'Twere better far  
That ye should speak no more.  
Shall words of wind not end—  
Or why dost thou reply?  
Thus I might speak:—  
Wert thou instead of me,  
I too might frame my speech  
And shake my head at thee  
To vex thy soul.  
My mouth would strengthen thee—  
My moving tongue would bless

Thy wretched state, and cause  
Thy grief to assuage.  
But should I speak at length,  
My pain doth not assuage,  
Nor would my grief depart  
Should I forbear.  
But God hath made me tired—  
Yea, Thou hast made me void  
Of all my friends, and cast  
Me out alone.  
On me hast Thou laid hold,  
Thy mark doth me accuse—  
My leanness too doth speak  
My face to shame.  
In wrath He tears my flesh,  
And grits at me His teeth—  
His flashing eyes with fear  
Transfix my soul.  
With open mouth they gape,  
And smite with cruel hate  
My face—Against my soul  
They all combine.  
And God doth cast my soul  
A prey to godless men  
Who love to tear my flesh  
And vex my soul.  
At ease I dwelt, in peace—  
But He did break my bones,  
And shake my limbs apart—  
My neck His grasp.

He set me up His mark,  
His arrows fly me thick  
Around—My reins He splits,  
Nor mercy shows.  
Upon the ground He spills  
My blood. With breach on breach  
He breaks my battered frame—  
With giant strength  
He springs upon my soul.

Upon my rotten skin  
Sackcloth I've sewed, and fouled  
My head in dust.  
How blurred my weeping face—  
Mine eye is dark—the ghost  
Of death doth linger there.  
But I am just—  
My hands from sin are free,  
And pure my prayer ascends  
From lips unfeigned.  
Do not my blood conceal  
Oh earth! nor cease my cry  
Till I redress shall find.  
Behold, e'en now  
In heaven my witness stands,  
My Voucher waits on high  
To plead my cause aright.  
My friends me scorn—  
Mine eye doth pour to God  
Her tears, that He might plead

The right of man with God,  
As man with man.  
A few more years shall come  
And I shall go the way  
From whence I'll not return  
On earth to mourn.

## CHAPTER 17.

My breath is spent,  
My fleeting days are gone,  
The open grave me waits.  
The mockers me beset,  
My eye doth see  
Their provocations vile.  
Give now a pledge, I pray,  
Be surety now with me—  
For who will strike  
His hand in bond with me?  
Alas! their hearts are blind—  
Thou canst not crown their heads  
With honors great.  
They're given up for prey,  
Their children come to naught.  
He sets me up a jest—  
The people scorn  
And spit upon my face.  
My grief doth dim mine eyes—  
Like shadows thin, my limbs

Have dried away.  
The righteous man shall stand  
Unmoved. Such wrong shall stout  
The just against the wrong—  
The sinful man.  
Nor shall the righteous turn  
His way, but onward urge  
His feet. The clean of hands  
Shall grow in strength.  
But come now all, return  
And plead your cause—Nor shall  
I find of you one wise.  
My days are past,  
And crushed to earth my plans,  
Like ruined towers lie,  
Yea, e'en my thoughts are gone  
To rise no more.  
They fain would change my night  
To day, my grief to joy—  
How near, alas, doth brood  
The lowering night.  
If I for Sheol wait  
To make it mine abode—  
If I prepare my bed  
In deepest shades—  
If to the pit I've said,  
Father thou, my mother  
Thou oh worm, my sister—  
Where then's my hope?  
And who my hope shall see?

To Sheol's bars shall they  
Descend, and there shall rest  
Beneath the dust.

## CHAPTER 18.

Anon did speak the Shuhite more,  
His heart with indignation filled:—  
Wilt thou still snare for rambling words,  
How long? Take thought and then we'll speak.  
Are we but beast before thy face,  
And all unclean in thy pure eyes?  
Shall men the earth forsake, forsooth,  
For thee who rend'st thyself in wrath  
Against thy God? Shall rocks be moved  
From out their beds in dread of thee?  
The sinner's light shall shine no more,  
Nor gleam for him a single spark.  
His lamp within his tent is dark,  
Beside him too his candle dies.  
His manly steps, so proud, grow weak,  
He falls beneath his counsel wise,  
His wayward feet the net doth catch,  
He blindly walks into the snare.  
The gin doth seize his guilty heel,  
And firmly holds its captured prey.  
The ground conceals from him the noose,  
And snares are set along his path.  
On every side do terrors rise

And close pursue his flying feet.  
Through gnawing want his strength grows weak,  
And near his side destruction waits.  
His skin shall feed the first-born son  
Of death—yea more, his limbs, alas,  
For ghastly death a feast shall serve.  
From out his tent, whereon he leaned  
With fondest hope, he shall be torn  
And to the king of terrors brought.  
The strangers shall his tent possess,  
And spoil his once delightful home.  
Upon his habitation round  
Shall brimstone rain in furious showers.  
His roots beneath shall parch away,  
By drought and burning heat consumed.  
Above his branch doth wither up.  
And from the land his fame so great  
Shall soon depart—his cherished name  
On earth forgot from street and home.  
From light they drive that wretched man  
To shades of deepest night. From out  
The world they chase his friendless soul.  
Among his numerous friends on earth  
No kin shall then remain to him—  
His home remain forgot, alone.  
And they that come in after years  
Shall wonder at his day—as they  
Of former years did quake with fear  
To stand before his mighty power.  
Such then the tents of godless men,  
The home of those that know not God.



## CHAPTER 19.

The Shuhite spake and did his anger vent—  
Then answered Job again and thus did speak:—  
How long will ye my soul with follies vex,  
And crush my injured heart with cruel words?  
Ten times you've heaped reproach upon mine head,  
And wronged my soul—And all without a blush.  
If now indeed I may have erred apace,  
Or e'en transgressed His righteous law, forsooth,  
What's that to you—Is not my sin mine own?  
If ye, indeed, your wrath increase and me  
Reproach, and plead 'gainst me with empty words:—  
Know then that God hath overthrown my life,  
And compassed me with stealthy net around.  
I cry aloud of wrong, but none doth hear,  
My right I plead, but none do judgment give.  
He fenced my way, a towering wall prevents,  
My every step He doth perforce restrain,  
And darkness veils my narrow path around.  
My crownless head He doth reproach in scorn,  
He stripped from me, in wrath, my righteous robe.  
On every side He broke me down—I'm gone—  
And like the fallen tree my hope is lost.  
'Gainst me His wrath is kindled fierce and hot,  
His threatenings fill my soul with deadly fear.  
Among His meanest foes He numbers me,  
And plots my soul, like some wild beast, to catch.  
Across my path His troops cast up their fort,  
Their camp surrounds my tent on every side.

My brothers doth He cause to stand aloof,  
And mine acquaintance all are strange to me.  
My kin have failed to own my blood—And e'en  
My name's forgot among my nearest friends,  
And they that dwell within my house—my maids—  
Me spurn, and, like a stranger, turn from me.  
Before my voice my servant too is dumb,  
Though I entreat with kindest words, and beg.  
My wife doth loathe my breath—yea, though I plead  
My children's memories dear—'tis all in vain.  
The little ones do e'en despise my life—  
When I attempt to rise, they laugh to scorn.  
My private friends—my counsellors wise—they all,  
Whom I have loved, have turned their back in hate.  
Upon my bones my skin—my flesh—doth cleave,  
And death doth close pursue my life, and hot,  
So I'm escaped with the skin of my teeth.

Oh pity now, my friends, my helpless state,  
Oh help, the hand of God hath touched me sore.  
Oh why do ye, like God, torment my soul?  
Is not my flesh indeed enough for you?  
My words, oh that they all were written down,  
That in a book they all might be inscribed.  
That with an iron pen engraved in rock  
And leaded there, they might remain for aye.  
Yet my Redeemer lives, I know full well,  
And shall in after-time appear on earth.  
And after this my skin is thus destroyed,  
Without my flesh I then shall see my God.

Him I shall see, mine eyes my God behold,  
Myself, forsooth, shall then behold His face.  
But oh: I faint, my reins consume within.  
Say ye, oh how we will him still pursue?—  
And yet, indeed, the truth being found in me,  
Be ye afraid, the sword is drawn in wrath  
To punish sin, to avenge in full the wrong,  
To justify the righteous in their work,  
That ye may know that justice still doth reign.

## CHAPTER 20.

Then Zophar spake, his spirit vexed,  
His soul with indignation stirred:—  
My thoughts do make me answer give,  
For this my soul within doth haste.  
My cheek doth blush to hear rebukes,  
Thy foolish words, forsooth, compel  
My understanding heart to speak.

Dost thou not know from olden time—  
Since man did first on earth encamp—  
That brief's the bliss of wicked men,  
A day doth end their joy of sin,  
And land their souls in Sheol's night.  
His pride in pomp to heaven may rise,  
His head my scrape the clouds above,  
Yet he like dung shall waste away.  
“Where now is he?” shall ask his friends.

And as a dream doth quickly pass,  
So he shall not be found. Yea more,  
He's chased like night's dark ghost away,  
And him no more shall see the eyes  
That once beheld. His former place  
Shall look in vain for his return.  
His children seek to serve the poor,  
Whom he in former years did rob,  
And thus restore his ill got gains.  
With him beneath the dust shall lie  
His bones yet strong with youthful strength.  
Though sin be sweet within his mouth,  
Beneath his tongue he rolls it soft  
And grieves to let it pass—His mouth  
Doth love its taste, and relish long—  
But yet his bowels spurn his food,  
Within 'tis turned to gall of asps.  
He then did gulp his riches down  
Like hungry dogs or swine their food,  
But now he doth disgorge his mess—  
Yea God doth cast it from his maw.  
His lips shall suck the teeth of asps,  
The viper's tongue shall sting him home.  
The springs—the brooks of honey sweet  
He ne'er shall see, nor taste his stores  
Of richest food. He shall restore  
His hoarded wealth, nor drink it in.  
Be ne'er so great his sinful gain,  
And wealth increase beyond compute,  
His promised joys shall never come.

The poor he hath oppressed, their homes  
Perforce he took, nor hath restored.  
His greed doth make him mad—for this  
His fond desire shall not be found.  
There's nought escaped his hungry throat  
And nought thereof abides with him.  
His richest stores shall bring him straits,  
And every wicked hand shall scourge.  
He shall be filled—yea God shall rain  
On him his food of wrath and blast—  
In fury wild his feast shall come.  
Before the threatening sword he flees,  
The bow of steel doth pierce him through.  
'Tis drawn, the glittering shaft, from out  
His gall, and terrors strike him down.  
His vaults, where once his glittering gold  
Did shine, are filled with darkest gloom.  
A fire not blown shall burn him up  
With those that dwell within his tent.  
The heavens reveal his sin, and earth  
Doth rise to testify his guilt. . . .  
His household gain shall soon depart,  
Before His driving wrath they flee.  
Thus God doth set for wicked men  
Their lot, their just reward doth come.

## CHAPTER 21.

Thus then did Job his speech resume  
And frame again his wise reply,—

His deeply wounded soul did speak  
To check the taunts of mocking friends:—  
Hear now my speech, give heed, I pray,  
Let this your consolation be.  
This once allow my mouth to speak,  
When I have done, then mock thou on.  
Is my complaint of man, I pray,  
Of man, so full of sin, so frail?  
If 'twere, why then should I complain?  
Mark now my words, be silent, dumb,  
And lay your hand upon your mouth.  
E'en I do fear when I but think,  
And trembling doth my flesh possess.  
Why do the wicked live, forsooth?  
They e'en grow old, and strong in power.  
Before their eyes their children grow  
To power, their offspring do increase.  
No fear doth e'er invade their homes,  
Nor do they feel the aching smart,  
And bear the chastening scourge of God.  
Their bull doth sire, their cow doth calve,  
Nor fail, nor cast in death their young.  
And like a flock their children grow—  
They dance, they shout in childish glee.  
To tambourine and harp they sing,  
The organ's sound doth make them glad.  
In wealth and ease they spend their days,  
And painless sink to Sheol's rest.  
Yet though to God they said; "Depart  
From us, Thy ways we do not seek

Nor yet desire to know Thy love.  
For what is God, the Almighty One,  
That we should serve Him here, forsooth?  
What boots it us if we should pray,  
And supplicate His throne of grace?"  
The men of sin, alas, say ye,  
Do not control their prosperous ways—  
Their counsel wise be far from me,  
Nor shall I walk within their path.  
How oft the lamp of godless men  
Doth fail! Their woe doth come unseen,  
And God in wrath doth sow for them  
Their sorrows thick and fast. How oft  
Are they like straw before the wind,  
As chaff before the driving storm.  
But God, say ye, doth count against  
His own their sins, their recompense  
Doth bring, that they may know their guilt.  
Let come his curse before his eyes,  
And fell destruction crowd his way,  
That he may drink the wrath of God.  
What more of joy remains for him  
When half his months are snatched away?  
Shall man presume to teach his God  
Before whose bar the highest stand?  
There is that dies in manly strength  
When quiet ease doth reign supreme—  
His breasts with milk are filled, his bones  
Are strong, with fatty marrow filled.  
There is that dies in bitterest woe,

Who ne'er a taste of good have seen  
Nor felt a thrill of pleasure sweet.  
Alike they lie in dust forgot,  
And worms infest their dark abode.  
I know full well your thoughts, the schemes  
Of craft your hearts have falsely wrought,  
To vex my soul with foolish words.  
Where now, say ye, doth dwell the prince,  
And where's the tent where sinners lodge?  
Have ye not asked the passer-by,  
And seen, forsooth, their secret signs,  
To learn the ways of men on earth?  
Do not ye say that evil men  
Are spared when days of wrath approach,  
And led away from stormy blasts?  
But is there one to bring reproof  
Against his life, or recompense  
The work which he on earth has done?  
And yet he's borne in pomp to rest  
Within his grave, and watchers keep  
With care his tomb. Yea, e'en the clods  
That fill his grave are sweet to him.  
There follow him in after days  
A horde of men, his kind, as he  
Afore did follow hard his like.  
How then can ye with false deceit  
My heart console, since nought, indeed,  
But faithless words your answers form,  
And all your talk doth mock my pain?



## CHAPTER 22.

Eliphaz then did ope his mouth  
And bring reply in studied words:—  
Can man presume to profit God,  
Or add to His unbounded wealth?  
The wise, indeed, may bless himself,  
And sing his praise in joyous songs.  
Doth God's assenting smile approve  
Thy righteous life? or is there gain  
To Him when thou dost right thy ways?  
Doth God reprove thy fear of Him,  
Or judge thee for thy righteous deeds?  
Is not thy sin of darkest hue,  
Thy guilt in weight beyond compute?  
For nought hast thou thy brother bound,  
And robbed the naked poor of clothes.  
The thirsty soul thou hast not quenched,  
The hunger-pressed have sought in vain  
Their bread from thee. The mighty man  
Did hold the land, thy favored ones  
Did dwell in peace beneath thy smiles.  
From thy unfriendly door, alas,  
The widow turns unblest. Thou break'st  
In rage her helpless children's arms,  
And wounded driv'st them from thy face.  
For this do snares thy way beset,  
And sudden fears torment thy soul.  
The darkening gloom doth blind thine eyes,  
And mighty floods o'erwhelm thy soul.

Is not thy God enthroned above  
On highest heavens—And stars in heights  
Sublime do raise their stately heads?  
Yet vauntest thou in foolish pride  
And sayest:—Doth God know aught, forsooth?  
Can He His judgment cast, when thick  
The darkness reigns, and thickest clouds  
Do screen the heavens wherein He walks?  
Wilt thou but mark the former paths  
Which godless men anon have trod?  
Long e'er their time doth death them cut  
From earth away—their boasted strength  
A flood doth quickly bring to nought.  
“Depart from us,” to God they said,  
And to the Almighty's face did cast  
Defiance bold, His power did spurn.  
Yet He doth fill his house with good,  
And prosper all his wicked works.  
But be their counsel far from me,  
And far removed their wicked ways.  
The righteous see with joyous hearts,  
The guiltless laugh to scorn their lot,  
In truth, they say, the Lord hath laid  
Them low that rose to cut us off—  
The fire hath burned their remnant up.

Acquaint thyself with God, I pray,  
And be at peace, so shalt thou live,  
And plenteous good shall flow to thee.  
Receive, I pray, from His own mouth

His righteous law—His mandates wise—  
And in thine heart His words enshrine.  
If to the Mighty One thou turn,  
And cleanse thy tent from horrid sin,—  
Thou then in strength shalt rise, indeed,  
Thy treasures rich shalt thou on earth  
Heap up. The gold of Ophir thou,  
With precious stones, shalt have in store.  
Yea, God himself thy wealth shall be—  
And mines of silver shall be thine.  
The Almighty then shall be thy joy,  
And thou shalt lift thy face to God—  
To Him shalt thou direct thy prayer,  
And he shall hear thy solemn vows.  
What thou shalt then in faith decree  
Shall be thy lot—on all thy ways  
The light of heaven shall sweetly shine.  
The falling ones shalt thou lift up,  
And save the men of humble mien.  
Yea, thou, with guiltless hands, shalt bring  
Relief to those with wrong oppressed.

## CHAPTER 23.

With sad refrain did Job again  
Reply, and thus did frame his words:—  
Think ye, indeed, that my complaint  
Doth yet my soul rebellious prove?  
His stroke, forsooth, is heavier far

Than all my bitterest words and groans.  
Oh would that I could find where He  
Doth dwell, and come before His seat—  
For I would then my cause present,  
My mouth should argue well my case.  
I then might know His answering words,  
And all His thoughts I'd understand.  
Would He, indeed, put forth His strength  
With me to cope? Much more would He  
My cause attend and hear my plea.  
The upright there may reason bold  
Before His face? Thus I should be  
Fore'er released from those that judge.  
But where He is I may not tell—  
Before my face I search in vain,  
And if I turn I find no trace—  
If to the left, I see Him not,  
Yet there He doth His work perform—  
And on the right He doth himself  
Withdraw and hide beyond my sight.  
But He doth know my righteous way,  
And I shall come as gold refined  
When He my soul has fully tried.  
His steps have led my roving feet,  
Nor from His path have I inclined.  
His lips to me the word have given,  
And from His love have I not turned.  
Within my heart have I His word  
In sacred treasure kept—in high  
Esteem, beyond my daily food.

But who can turn His fixed mind?  
What He doth plan, His hand completes.  
That which for me is set, He doth  
Perform—yea He doth work at will.  
For this His face doth give me pain,  
And terror fills my soul—I quake  
When I consider well His ways.  
For God hath made my heart to fear—  
He fills my soul with sore distress.  
For I am not dismayed, forsooth,  
Because 'tis dark me 'round, nor yet  
That He doth thickly veil my face.

## CHAPTER 24.

Since God doth set the times, and naught  
From Him is hid—Why then do they  
That know His heart, not see His ways?  
There be that do the landmarks change,  
And take perforce their neighbors' flocks  
And make them fat. They take the ass  
To rob the widow's son—Her ox  
By cruel hands doth go for pledge.  
From out the way they turn the poor,  
The meek do hide from them in groups.  
Behold, like asses wild, they seek  
Their food in desert lands—They work  
And seek with care their daily meat.  
The barren waste doth feed their sons,

In open field they reap their feed,  
And from the wicked glean their fruit.  
No bed doth them enfold at night,  
Nor covering shield them from the blast.  
The mountain storms do wet their skins,  
And chill with cold their naked limbs—  
Beneath the rocks they seek retreat  
And make their homes in dingy caves.

Yea more, there be that pluck in wrath  
The widow's child from off her breast,  
And take as pledge the poor man's goods.  
Deprived of clothes they go unclad,  
And hunger-pressed, to earn their food.  
They carry sheaves, and make the oil.  
Within their master's walls, they tread  
The juicy grape, yet die of thirst.  
From out the crowded streets are heard  
The groans of suffering men—The cries  
Of wounded souls do rend the air—  
Nor yet doth God with folly charge.  
Of such are they, forsooth, that hate  
The light, nor know the ways thereof,  
Its paths they scorn in foolish jest.  
The murderer comes, with torch in hand,  
To slay the poor—And like a thief  
At night he doth the needy rob.  
The adulterous eye doth wait, anon,  
Till evening shades appear—No eye,  
Saith he, shall me behold. To hide

His guilt, he doth his face conceal.  
In darkest night they seek their dens,  
And while 'tis day they're shut within.  
They know no light. The morning dawn  
Doth cast for them the pall of death;  
They know the gloom that death doth cast.  
As swift as waters do they pass,  
Their lot on earth is cursed, forlorn.  
The vintage path they tread no more.  
As drought and heat consume the snow,  
So hell shall take the men of sin.  
The womb, ashamed, shall him forget  
And hate as though it bare him not—  
On him the worms shall sweetly feed  
And crowd with death his lone abode—  
Remembered here on earth no more.  
Like broken trees his wicked life  
Is crushed to rise on earth no more.

The childless one he will devour,  
Nor doth he bless the widow's home.  
And by his power he leads astray  
The men of might, he riseth up  
In wrath and none is sure of life.  
They give a pledge and rest thereon,  
But he doth watch their ways with craft.  
Exalted now in sin, alas,  
How soon they fall and pass away.  
Yea, God doth bring them low, and they  
Like others all are swept from earth—

Their heads like ears of corn are cut.  
If nought be true that I have said,  
And all my words have been in vain,  
Who now of you will prove me false,  
And make my speech of none effect?

## CHAPTER 25.

Thus ended Job—And Bildad thus  
His argument in answer formed:—  
Dominion vast, and fear as well,  
To Him belong. He doth inspire  
The heavens with awe, and peace commands,  
Where threatening storms in terror rage.  
Are not His hosts in count beyond  
The ken of man? His armies grand  
Do rule supreme? Nor is there one  
On whom His light doth not arise  
And shine with searching beam and clear?  
How then can man before his God  
Be just, or he of woman born  
Be clean before the Almighty's eye?  
The moon doth pale before His face  
And hide from view its feeble light.  
And e'en the stars, more bright by far,  
Before His eye are all impure.  
How then can man, a feeble worm,  
Be pure before this awful God,  
Nor yet the son of man, a worm  
Begot, to crawl beneath His feet?



## CHAPTER 26.

In sharp sarcastic words did Job  
His answer form, and thus did speak:—  
How thou, indeed, the powerless soul  
Hast helped—And hast restored the arm  
Bereft of strength. Thy counsel wise  
Has led the fool in wisdom's ways,  
And knowledge too, both sound and full,  
Hast thou in rich abundance given.  
But whom did'st thou instruct with words,  
And guide his feet in wisdom's ways?  
On whom did'st thou bestow his breath,  
And bring to life his perished soul?

Beneath the waves and all their hosts  
Departed souls in fear abide.  
Sheol doth lie before His sight,  
And dark Abaddon hath no screen  
To hide before His searching eye.  
O'er empty vast He stretcheth forth  
The North, and swings the ponderous earth  
O'er empty void. With skillful hand,  
In thick wrought clouds He binds the floods,  
Nor rends the cloud beneath its load.  
Before His throne He draws the veil,  
And o'er it all doth spread His cloud.  
The boundary lines of waters vast  
His hand did set, and He did fix  
For day and night their sure confines.

At His rebuke the heavens do quake,  
The trembling pillars stand in awe.  
His power doth still the raging sea,  
And Rahab yields beneath His stroke.  
His breath in beauteous sheen doth clothe  
The heavens. The serpent, swift in flight,  
His skillful hand doth pierce athwart.  
But, lo, these mighty deeds are but  
A passing breath—of these we hear  
Alone a whisper faint. Who then  
Of us may know His thunderous power,  
Or comprehend His deep designs?

## CHAPTER 27.

But Job did still his cause implead,  
And thus resumes his formal speech:—  
As God, who me my right hath spoiled,  
Doth live—And He, the Almighty One,  
Who doth my soul provoke, still reigns—  
(For all the while my life remains,  
The breath of God my nostrils fills—)  
In truth my lips do speak no guile,  
Nor doth my tongue deceit proclaim.  
May God forbid that I should call  
You just—And mine integrity  
Will I not yield while life doth last.  
My righteousness I firmly hold,  
Nor will I let it pass—Nor shall

My heart with shame reproach my days.  
My foe shall like the wicked be,  
And he that doth against me rise,  
As godless men, before me stands.  
The godless man, what hope hath he,  
For God, forsooth, doth cut him off  
When he with gain delights his soul.  
Will God attend his yearning cry  
When troubles like a tempest come?  
Will he make God his sole delight  
And always call on Him for aid?  
But I, forsooth, will you instruct  
Concerning God, nor yet conceal  
The Almighty's wondrous works.  
But ye yourselves have seen His ways,  
Why then should ye be wholly vain?  
The wicked man shall thus with God  
His portion find—oppressors too  
Shall thus from God their meed receive.  
Though he be blessed with numerous sons,  
That thrive like fatted calves, and grow,  
The sword doth thirst to cut them down.  
In gnawing want his seed shall pine,  
And those escaped shall death consume—  
Unwept they lie in death forgot.  
Though as the dust he doth his gold  
Heap up—And as the clay prepare  
His raiment fine for years to come—  
He may prepare in eager lust,  
But ne'er shall wear the same, alas,

The just shall don his costly robes,  
His gold enrich the meek of earth.  
He like the moth did build his house,  
And as the keeper's booth did swing  
His bed aloft for quiet ease.  
In wealth he doth retire to rest,  
But ne'er shall rise—He scarce shall ope  
His eyes to see that he's no more.  
Then horrors wild, like surging waves,  
Shall chase his soul, and tempests black  
Shall steal his ghost from earth away  
In darkest night. The eastern gust  
Doth drive him off, and like a storm  
Shall hurl him forth from out his place.  
For God doth cast His arrows thick  
Upon his head, nor shall He spare,  
Yea though he fain would flee His hand  
T' escape the avenging wrath of God.  
With clapping hands shall men pursue  
The flying chase, and drive his soul  
With hissing scorn from out his home  
To find its place in deepest hell.

## CHAPTER 28.

In deep buried regions the silver lies hid,  
And gold for refining is dug from its place.  
The treasures of iron the earth yieldeth up,  
From hot smelting flint-rocks the brass molten flows.

To regions of darkness doth man put an end,  
And searches the lowest deep stratum of stone—  
Where broods the deep darkness and shadow of death.  
Where man has not trodden he sinks his deep shaft,  
Unheeded he labors beneath passing feet—  
He hangs in his basket and swings to and fro—  
The fields yield their produce in harvests of bread,  
While deep underneath it is rent as by fire—  
The place of the sapphires is found in its stones,  
And granite aboundeth in treasures of gold.  
That deep hidden pathway no eagle can find,  
Nor falcon discover with keen searching eye.  
No proud-footed beasts have that path ever trod,  
Nor fierce roaring lion its silence disturbed.  
He layeth His hands on the hard flinty rock,  
And heaves up the mountains and rooteth them out.  
He cuts out the channels among the deep rocks,  
And richest of treasures His eyes do behold.  
The streamlets that trickle, He stoppeth them up,  
And deep hidden treasures He bringeth to light.

But where then is wisdom, and where to be found,  
And where doth understanding make its abode?  
The price of this treasure no man can attain,  
Nor find it among those that live on the earth.  
The deep dark abyss saith, in me 'tis not found,  
Nor yet in my waves, saith the wide-spreading sea.  
It cannot be purchased for finest of gold,  
Nor silver be weighed for the prices thereof,  
It cannot be valued with Ophir's pure gold,

Nor onyx most precious, nor sapphires bright gems.  
The gold and the crystal are far from its worth,  
Nor fine golden jewels can stand for its price.  
No mention of corals or pearls shall be made,  
For wisdom in value doth rubies excel.  
The topaz of Egypt shall not be compared,  
Nor shall it be valued with purest of gold.  
Oh, whence then is wisdom, the place of its home,  
And where doth understanding make its abode?  
'Tis hid from the eyes of the living away,  
And closely concealed from the fowls of the air.  
Abaddon doth speak of its wonderful praise,  
And Sheol hath heard with his ears of its fame.

But God understandeth the way to the goal,  
And knoweth the places where wisdom is found.  
He looketh abroad to the ends of the earth,  
Beneath the whole heavens He searcheth the lands.  
He maketh the whirlwinds and fixeth their weight,  
And meteth the waters by measures exact.  
When making for rainstorms their certain decrees,  
A way for the lightning and thunder to roll,  
Then saw He true wisdom—itsself did appear—  
And He hath declared it, and made its ways known.  
Yea, He did prepare it, and search to find out.  
To man He hath spoken, and thus hath declared:—  
The fear of Jehovah is wisdom, indeed,  
And true understanding 's departing from sin.

## CHAPTER 29.

With sad complaint did Job again  
His speech prolong, and thus he spake:—  
Ah, that again I might be blest  
As in the days of yore, when God,  
Forsooth, did watch my steps to guide,  
When on my head His lamp did shine,  
And by His light through thickest dark  
My feet unharmed did walk at will.  
As in the fruitful autumn days  
The sacred care of God did watch  
My home—And e'en the Almighty One  
With me did dwell and peace bestow.  
My children then did me surround  
And bless my life with joys supreme.  
My paths did then with butter flow,  
And rocks did pour me streams of oil.  
And when I through the gate passed out,  
Or in the market place did sit,  
In reverence kind, the youths withdrew,  
The aged men did rise and stand,  
And princes quickly hushed their voice—  
With hands upon their mouths were dumb.  
The nobles held their peace—their tongues  
Refused to speak within their mouth.  
And when I spake, the ear did bless  
My words—The eye that saw my form  
Did testify my life to prove.  
The needy poor that cried, I helped,

Nor did the fatherless, that had  
No help, unblest from me depart.  
The starving ones have blest my name,  
And widows' hearts did sing for joy.  
With righteousness I then me clothed,  
My robe of justice I did make—  
A diadem to crown my head.  
The blind I did with eyes supply,  
And bless the helpless lame with feet.  
The orphan poor I made my sons,  
And searched the cause of strangers out.  
The jaws of wicked men I broke  
And plucked the spoil from out their teeth.  
And then I said, within my nest  
I shall in sweetest comforts die.  
But I shall yet prolong my days,  
And like the Phoenix rise again,  
To live anew my joyous days.  
By waters fresh my roots shall spread,  
And draw my life from living streams—  
All night my branch shall drink the dews,  
My leaves with balmy zephyrs play.  
New glories, too, shall crown my head—  
Within my hand my bow's renewed.  
To me, forsooth, did men give ear,  
And waited long in silence deep  
To hear my word—my counsel wise.  
Nor did they speak to me again—  
My words on them did gently drop  
Like quickening rain—and they for me



Did wait—with open mouths did wait—  
As for the rain, the latter rain.  
I laughed to scorn their childish grief  
O'er naught but cares of none effect—  
Nor could they cloud my cheerful face.  
I chose their way and sat as chief,  
And dwelt as king among mine own—  
As one that doth the mourners bless.

CHAPTER 30.

But now, alas, how changed my life!  
My former days how far reversed!  
The young, forsooth, do scorn my pain—  
The mocking waifs of lowest breed—  
Yea, those whose sires I did not deign  
To set with dogs to keep my flocks,  
Do laugh to vex my wearied soul.  
Wherein, I pray, might they put forth  
Their feeble hands t' afford me help,  
Since they are dead with rotten age,  
Nor can their mouths with meat supply?  
They're gaunt for food and hunger sick.  
They gnaw the roots in barren fields  
And seek their meat in deserts wild.  
Among the brush they hunt for docks,  
And dig the roots of sickly herbs  
To feed withal their starving young.  
For men did drive them forth from home,

And chase like lurking thieves away.  
They dwell in cliffs and deep ravines,  
In caves of earth and sheltering rocks.  
Like beasts they bray among the woods  
And stretch themselves beneath the brush.  
The sons of fools—of basest men,  
More vile than earth itself—and dung—  
As filth they're scourged from out the land.  
Yet now am I their song, their jest,  
My name a byword for their mouth.  
They hate my soul—with spit they foul  
My face, and run in haste away  
T' escape my hand—and lift the heel—  
Without restraint they vex my soul,  
And run at large before my face.  
Upon my right a horde arise  
That push my feet from side to side—  
They raise a mound to trip my steps  
And cause my feeble frame to fall.  
They mar my path, and aggravate  
My weary life when none can help.  
They came as through a widened breach,  
Like roaring waves in maddening rage,  
Amidst the crash they roll on me,  
And terrors wild assail my soul—  
Like wind they chase my soul away,  
And like a frightened ghost it flees.  
My safety like a cloud is gone,  
My soul doth pour itself in grief,  
And days of sore affliction come.

My bones at night are pierced within,  
My gnawing pains refuse to cease.  
The writhing pain doth mar my clothes,  
They closely cleave around my skin,  
And like a choking collar bind.  
He casts me down in miry clay,  
My frame doth stink with dirt and filth.

In pain I cry, Thou dost not hear,  
I stand and plead, Thou answerest not.  
Thou'rt cruel to me. Thy mighty hand  
Doth push Thyself 'gainst me with hate.  
Thou lift'st me up, the wind doth drive  
Me hence—it doth my flesh dissolve.  
Thou wilt me slay, I know full well,  
And bring me hence to where Thou hast  
For all on earth a house prepared.  
Yet doth not man stretch out his hand  
When he doth fall, or give a cry  
Of grief when swift destruction comes?  
Did I not weep with those that wept,  
And with the poor did grieve my soul?  
But now, alas, when I did look  
For good, for peace, then evil came—  
And darkness came in haste, forsooth,  
When I did wait for cheering light.  
My bowels boil and cannot rest,  
And suffering days prevent my peace.  
Without the light, I'm black with grief—  
As though the sun had parched my sin.

Amid the throng I stand and cry,  
And thus bemoan my sad estate:—  
The jackal doth my kinship claim,  
The ostrich too my union shares.  
My skin is black and doth decay,  
With blasting heat my bones are burned.  
My mourning doth my harp forestall,  
My pipe hath tuned her voice to weep.

## CHAPTER 31.

In compact firm I bound mine eyes,  
That they my soul should not offend.  
How then should I in lust be found,  
Or think, forsooth, upon a maid?  
What blessings come from God above,  
What rich rewards th' Almighty gives,  
And deals to each his portion due.  
For wicked men destruction comes,  
And dire distress for men of sin.  
Doth He not see my every way,  
And all my steps doth closely count?  
If I in lying ways have walked,  
Or if my foot hath sought deceit—  
(With even balance let Him weigh,  
That God may know my upright ways—)  
If from His path my steps have turned,  
Or if my eyes have led my heart  
Astray, to run in paths of sin,

Or yet my hands with blots are found,  
The marks and stains of sinful deeds—  
Then curse me, God—yea then, I pray,  
Let others eat what I have sown,  
And let my seed be rooted out.  
If e'er my heart has gone astray,  
Or laid in wait at others' doors,  
My lust to feed, or seek their hurt,  
Then let my wife another serve,  
And bow a slave at his behest.  
For this a crime of heinous sort,  
A sin that doth to death condemn—  
A fire that burns to Sheol's depths  
And all my blessings would consume.  
If I did slight the servants' cause  
When they their cases plead with me,  
How then should I contend with God  
And plead for justice from His hand,  
When He doth rise my works to judge?  
What answer should I give His quests,  
If I the poor no grace have shown?  
For did not He us both create,  
And fashion us alike withal?  
If I withheld the poor their wish,  
Or caused the widow's eyes to fail,  
Or if I ate my bread alone  
Nor gave the fatherless a share—  
(For I with him from youth grew up,  
And like a father kind was I,  
And from my birth her way I led—)

If I have seen the naked die  
For want of clothes, or seen the poor  
At night without a covering bed,  
And he not freely bless my soul  
Because my fleece did warm his skin—  
If I did lift my hand t' oppose  
The widow's son, because I saw  
My case in court 'gainst him secure,  
And I in strength did far excel,  
Then let my shoulder joint drop from  
Its blade in death, and broken be  
My arm from off its collar bone.

The wrath of God doth fill my soul  
With horrid fear—Nor can I yet  
Endure His thunderous power so great.  
If I on gold have built my hope,  
Or made my trust of finest gold—  
If I in wealth did make my boast,  
Because my hand did get me gain—  
If I adored the rising sun,  
Or e'er did bow my knee before  
The moon that walks in splendor bright,  
And if my heart hath been enticed  
In secret sin—or yet my hand  
Hath kissed my mouth in homage vile—  
This were a sin with death to judge,  
For I would have denied my God—  
If I rejoiced to see the fall  
Of him that did my soul despise—

If I did vaunt myself in scorn  
When he for sin to judgment came—  
(Nor did I yet my mouth permit  
To sin to ask on him a curse.)  
And if my servants have not said,  
When they from me did feed the poor:—  
Oh would that we could find yet more,  
That we might feed them with his meat.  
Nor in the street did strangers lodge,  
My beckoning door stood open wide  
To welcome weary passers by,  
And feed with bread their hungry mouths.  
If I like men concealed my sin  
And in my bosom deep did hide,  
Because I feared the sight of men.  
Or did contempt of neighbors 'round  
My guilty soul with terrors fill,  
That I my mouth in silence sealed,  
Nor passed for shame without my door.  
Would God that He would hear my plea,  
I then would show my just complaint.  
Behold I give my signature—  
Let now the Almighty answer give.  
Had I the charge that He has writ,  
And His indictment 'gainst my life,  
I'd not it hide in shame, forsooth,  
It should my guiltless breast adorn,  
And as a crown should deck my head.  
I should my every step declare,  
My inmost heart its thoughts should yield,

And like a prince before my God  
I'd stand in conscious freedom bold.  
Or if my land doth raise its voice  
To heaven for vengeance on my head,  
Or if the furrows bring complaint,  
That I for nought did eat its fruits  
To feed my greedy mouth with all,  
And did the owners bring to death  
With cruel want or wicked craft—  
Be such, indeed, my crime, so then  
Let thistles grow instead of wheat,  
And cockle choke the barley down.  
Thus ended Job his pleading words,  
Nor spake he more his right to show.

## CHAPTER 32.

Elihu then with anger hot  
Did vent his soul, and boldly spake:—  
I know that ye are blessed with age,  
And hoary hair adorns your heads,  
While I in years am very young,  
And stood in awe, and durst not show  
My mind so crude—I said, forsooth,  
That days should speak, and men of years  
Should teach the young in wisdom's ways.  
But notwithstanding I am young,  
A spirit doth in man prevail,  
The breath of God doth wisdom teach,



And give an understanding heart.  
Not all the men of age are wise,  
Nor is their judgment always true.  
And hence I dared to speak, and said:—  
Give ear to me, I pray, I too  
Will show my mind and plead my cause.  
I waited long to hear your words,  
My heart did drink your teachings in,  
Your reasonings did mine ears possess,  
While ye did strive to form your speech.  
Yea I did lend mine ear to catch  
Your words, but none of you, alas,  
Did Job convince nor answer give.  
Ye dare not plead and say, that ye  
In Job have wisdom found beyond  
Your highest ken—that God alone,  
Not man, hath power to thrust him down.  
But he hath not 'gainst me his words  
Put forth, nor yet will I presume  
To use your speech to answer Job,  
But words mine own shall speak my mind.

They all amazed did silent stand,  
As awed before some mighty one—  
From out their mouth their speech had gone,  
Nor could they answer yet a word.  
When I did wait—(For they no more  
Did speak, but silent stood, and dumb—)  
I said, I too will speak my part,  
And mine opinion show, forsooth.

I'm full of thought, my soul within  
Constraineth me that I must speak.  
My breast like wine doth heave for vent,  
And like new bottles swells to burst.  
But I will speak and find relief,  
That I may gain my breath. My mouth  
Shall answer give to foolish words,  
And silly souls instruct with truth.  
I will not spare in my defense,  
Nor flattering words escape my tongue—  
I know not how to speak in words  
Of flattering praise—And if I should  
The foolish justify in sin,  
How soon would God remove my life.

## CHAPTER 33.

Wilt thou, oh Job, my voice attend,  
And hear my words with earnest ear?  
For I with open mouth will speak,  
My tongue is free within my mouth,  
That I may speak without restraint.  
An honest heart shall frame my words,  
My lips shall purest knowledge teach.  
For God Himself hath made my soul,  
The Almighty's breath did give me life.

If thou canst now an answer give,  
Prepare thyself, arise and stand.

For I, indeed, am just as thou  
Before the face of God—I too  
Am formed of clay, a feeble man.  
Behold my dread shall not alarm  
Thy soul, nor fill thy heart with fear.  
Nor shall my hand with weight oppress  
Thy frame to add to thy complaint.  
For thou did'st surely speak—Mine ears  
Did hear thy voice when thou didst say:—  
I know, in truth, that I am clean,  
My feet have not transgressed His law,  
Nor yet in me can sin be found.  
Behold, He doth invent 'gainst me  
A feud, and counts me as His foe.  
He doth my feet in stocks confine,  
And strictly marketh all my ways.  
Behold, in this thou'rt far from right,  
And I will answer thee, oh Job,  
For God is greater far than man.  
Why dost thou strive against thy God,  
And dost contend in thy complaint,  
That He doth not His dealings note,  
Nor yet doth care for thy concerns?  
But God doth speak, His voice is heard.  
He once doth call, but man is dumb—  
Yea twice, yet man doth not regard.  
In dreams is heard the voice of God,  
In visions of the night His form  
Appears, when deepest sleep doth fall  
On men and slumberings close their eyes

Upon their beds—Then God doth ope  
The ears of men, His voice is heard,  
And there He doth instruction seal.  
The mind of men He holdeth back  
And doth withdraw his purpose wild,  
And hides from man his cherished pride.  
He keepeth back his soul from death  
And from the threatening sword unseen,  
He spares for careless men their lives,  
When to the grave they'd rush in haste.  
Upon his bed with chastening pangs  
He lies in grief, and all his bones  
With sharpest pains are sorely vexed.  
So vexed, his mouth abhors his bread,  
And daintiest meat his soul doth hate.  
His flesh, alas, cannot be seen,  
'Tis all consumed upon his frame.  
His bones, forsooth, before unseen,  
In ghastly form do now protrude.  
Yea more, his soul doth near the grave,  
The wings of death do cast their gloom,  
And brood in darkness o'er his bed.  
Destroyers too have drawn their sword,  
And swift destruction rusheth on.  
But should an angel linger near—  
A thousand serve at His behest—  
T' instruct his heart, and show to man  
The righteous way, his heart to teach,  
Then God will show His grace, and say:—  
Deliver now his soul from death,

And from the pit draw back his flesh,  
From Sheol save the sinking one,  
A ransom now for him I've found.  
His flesh shall grow more fresh and pure  
Than childhood's bloom, the days of youth  
Shall then return, and manly strength.  
He then shall pray, and God will lend  
A listening ear in favor kind,  
And show with joy His smiling face—  
His former grace shall He restore.  
With joy he then shall sing, and say:—  
I sinned, forsooth, I did pervert  
At will the righteous ways of God.  
Nor did He yet to me requite,  
But hath my soul redeemed, and from  
The pit did draw my sinking frame,  
That I in life may see the light.  
Lo, thus doth God in wisdom work,  
And oft with man doth wrestle long  
To draw his life from pending death,  
And fill his soul with living light.

Mark well, oh Job, my words attend,  
Be dumb, I pray, that I may speak.  
If thou, indeed, hast aught to say,  
Or wilt an answer frame, say on,  
For I will wait thy plea to hear.  
If naught thou hast, and wilt not speak,  
Nor farther plead thy cause with God,  
Then hold thy peace and list to me,  
For wisdom I thy heart will teach.

## CHAPTER 34.

Yet furthermore Elihu spake  
And thus again addressed his words:—  
Hear now, ye wise, my words attend,  
Ye men of lore give ear to me,  
That ye may test my words, and know  
That I the choicest wisdom speak.  
The mouth doth taste the savory meats,  
So doth the ear the words of men.  
Let us, indeed, the righteous choose  
And seek ourselves to know the good.  
For Job hath said: I know I'm just,  
But God my judgment hath denied,  
And doth refuse to hear my cause—  
Shall I, forsooth, my right belie,  
When none offense on me doth rest?  
The shaft of God doth pierce my wound,  
And I, without offense, must die.

Is there a man, I pray, like Job,  
Who drinketh scorn like waters sweet?  
He doth in league unite with those  
That practice sin, with wicked men  
He daily walks in union close,  
Nor heeds the righteous laws of God.  
And thus again he speaks in scorn:—  
What boots it man to serve the Lord,  
And find in God his sole delight?  
Hear now, I pray, ye wise of heart:

Shall man accuse his God of sin?  
Let God be far from wicked works,  
Nor can the Lord transgress His law.  
But man shall have his recompense,  
His work shall bring his just reward.  
For God doth not indulge in sin,  
Nor wrongly judge the cause of men.  
Who did entrust to Him the earth,  
And set Him o'er the world at large?  
Should He regard Himself alone,  
And turn His thoughts within, to think  
Of self and all His wondrous might,  
Then all on earth would die forlorn,  
And man should turn again to dust.  
If thou dost understanding have  
And canst discern my words, hear this,  
And to my voice give ear, I pray.  
Should he be judge that hates the right?  
Wilt thou condemn the Mighty One,  
The Just, who all doth judge aright?  
As if to kings 'twere fit to say:  
Ye are, indeed, the worthless ones,  
And godless men ye princes are.  
Much less should'st thou thy God profane  
Who careth not for princely powers,  
Nor doth the rich with favor court,  
Since rich and poor alike are His,  
And His supreme behest obey.  
They quickly die in midnight dark,  
Unwarned they pass in dread away—

Unseen the hand that doth them touch,  
And snatch them forth to Sheol's shades.  
And princes too obey the voice,  
When He doth speak and call them hence.  
His eyes behold the deeds of men,  
And all their ways are in His sight.  
No darkness there nor deathlike shade  
Where men may hide their deeds of sin.  
Nor needeth He to farther search  
Than see the hearts and deeds of men,  
That they should come to God in court.  
He doth in pieces break the men  
Of might,—nor doth He judge in wrath—  
And fills their stead with whom He will.  
He knows full well their wicked work  
And doth their lives at night o'erwhelm,  
And slay their souls with sudden death.  
As wicked men He smites them down  
In open sight of those around.  
He slays, because from Him they turned,  
Nor turned their feet within His ways.  
He thus doth hear the crying poor,  
And sends relief to suffering souls.  
When He doth choose in peace to reign  
Who then may dare to cause distress?  
And when He doth Himself conceal,  
Who can presume to see His face?  
With mighty nations thus He deals,  
And thus as well with men alone.  
Lest men should be ensnared in sin,



The hypocrite is held from rule.  
'Tis meet, indeed, to say to God:—  
I've justly borne Thy chastening hand,  
Thy law I will no more transgress,  
Teach Thou my sightless eyes the way,  
And if my life hath sinful been,  
I will Thy soul offend no more.  
Be this thy mind? 'Tis all the same,  
If thou refuse, or if thou choose,  
Yet He will recompense, not I.  
Speak then, I pray, what thou dost know.  
The wise of head that hear my words,  
And men of understanding hearts  
That sit beneath my voice, will say:—  
How Job did speak with empty words,  
How void of wisdom is his speech.  
Would God, that Job were tried enough,  
Till he might learn to answer right.  
Because like wicked men he speaks,  
He adds rebellion to his sin.  
He claps his hands in open scorn,  
And doth his words of hate increase.

## CHAPTER 35.

Elihu did his speech prolong,  
And thus again with Job did plead:—  
Think'st thou 'tis right when thou dost say:—  
My cause 'gainst God is wholly just,

And all my ways have righteous been—  
And say'st again: What boots it thee,  
If thou be righteous more than I?  
And—What doth profit me my life  
More than a life of sin, I pray?  
Yet I will answer give to thee,  
And thy companions too shall hear.  
Look up and see the heavens above,  
Behold the clouds, how high they be,  
If thou dost sin what's that 'gainst Him,  
Who dwells in hights beyond thy gaze?  
Or if thou multiply thy sins,  
Does that affect the Almighty God?  
Or if thou righteous be and just,  
Dost thou enrich Him aught, doth He  
From thy poor hand receive a boon?  
Thy sin may harm a man like thee,  
Whom thou by force or love may'st rule.  
Thy righteousness may bless a man,  
But neither moves the Almighty One.  
Crushed down beneath the oppressor's hand  
Do men cry out—The brawny arm  
Of mighty men doth make them groan.  
But none doth say: Where now is God,  
Who did my soul create alive,  
Who doth deliverance quickly bring,  
And fills the mouth with songs at night.  
He doth our hearts instruct and bless,  
Far more than savage beasts of earth.  
He leadeth us in wisdom's ways

More than the wisest fowls of heaven.  
They cry because of evil men,  
But none, alas, doth answer bring.  
For God is far from vain deceit,  
His ear is deaf, He doth not hear,  
Nor doth th' Almighty One regard.  
Yea, when thou say'st, they see Him not,  
The cause doth yet before Him stand,  
And wait thou still till He doth hear.  
And now because He doth His wrath  
Restrain, nor yet avenge thy crime,  
Doth He not strictly care for sin,  
And bring to judgment guilty souls?  
And thus 'tis plain, ye wise may see,  
My speech doth teach your thinking mind  
That Job did speak in vain deceit,  
And multiply his foolish words.

## CHAPTER 36.

Elihu spake yet more and thus  
With skill did plead his cause 'gainst Job:—  
Grant me, I pray, a moment more,  
And I will show thee yet more clear,  
For I still have somewhat to speak  
To show that God with thee is just.  
For I will fetch my thoughts from far,  
And fill your minds with ancient lore,  
And righteous ways ascribe to God.

My words, forsooth, shall not be false,  
Nor shall my pleading show deceit.  
With thee doth perfect knowledge dwell,  
And nought, perchance, is hid from thee.  
Though God, indeed, be great in might,  
In strength of heart He doth excel,  
Yet doth He not the weak disdain,  
Nor rob the feeble of their strength.  
He doth not spare the sinner's life,  
But doth the poor his right preserve.  
He doth His favors not withdraw  
From righteous souls—on loftiest thrones  
With kings He doth the just exalt,  
And bless for aye their high estate.  
And if in fetters bound they lie,  
Or by afflictions cords are held,  
He then doth show their wicked work  
That they with wanton hands have done.  
He doth their ears instruct aright,  
And warns their feet from paths of sin.  
If they, indeed, obey and serve,  
Then prosperous joys shall bless their days  
And pleasures fill their passing years.  
But if they still refuse to hear,  
And disobey His kind behests,  
They perish quick, the sword doth wait,  
They die unblest, forlorn, forgot.  
The hypocrite doth treasure up  
'Gainst God his wrath, nor will relent,  
Nor will he cry when God doth bind,

But with rebellion stouts his heart.  
They die in youth, 'mid palmiest days  
Destruction comes and cuts them down—  
Their lives among the vile cast out.  
He by affliction doth redeem,  
And teacheth wisdom with the rod.  
E'en so He doth allure thy soul  
From sorrow's gloom and straitened grief  
To place thy feet in freedom's path,  
And load thy board with richest food.  
But if thou join thy hand with those  
That treasure wrath against their God,  
He then will hold thee fast, nor yet  
Relent His hold to give thee rest.  
Beware lest wrath entice thy soul  
That thou rebel against thy God.  
Nor be thou led astray, forsooth,  
Because His ransom be so great.  
Nor will thy wealth suffice, nor gold,  
Nor all the powers of treasures great.  
Desire not thou that night when God  
Doth bring destruction swift and dire.  
Take heed, nor turn again thy foot  
To sin, for sin thou'ld rather choose  
Than bear the afflicting hand of God.  
For God doth lofty works perform,  
And who of men doth teach like He?  
Who hath appointed God His way,  
Or who of us can judge His work  
And say: Thou too hast sinned, alas!

Remember thou to magnify  
His work which men do celebrate.  
All men do watch His works with awe,  
From far and near His wonders see.

Behold, now, God's greatness, beyond our weak ken,  
Nor can we yet number His infinite years.  
He draweth the dew-drops and gathered the mists,  
The vapor distilleth and formeth the cloud  
That poureth its water in showers of rain,  
And droppeth rich blessings on nations of men.  
Yet who understandeth His spreading the clouds,  
His darkening pavilion with thunderings within?  
He mantles His person with garments of light,  
And covereth Himself in the billowy seas.  
He judgeth the peoples with lightnings and rains,  
And giveth abundance of food for their wants.  
He covereth His hands with the flashings of light,  
And giveth commandment concerning His foes.  
His thundering revealeth to man His great power,  
And telleth the cattle who bringeth the storm.

#### CHAPTER 37.

My spirit doth tremble with quakings of fear,  
It moveth and leapeth and leaveth its place.  
Attentively hear thou the noise of His voice,  
The mutterings of thunder that come from His mouth.  
He sendeth it under the heavens abroad,

And darteth His lightnings the earth all around,  
And after it roareth the voice of His might,  
His thundering majesty shaketh the heavens,  
He stayeth them not, nor restraineth His voice.  
What marvelous thunderings His voice doth produce,  
And deeds He performeth that we cannot know.  
He calleth the snow-flake, it falleth to earth,  
The smallest of rain-drops He causeth to form,  
And guideth the mightiest showers of rain,  
And sendeth them hastening to serve at His will.  
He sealet the hands of the peoples of earth,  
And teacheth the nations His wonderful works.  
The beasts of the forests do enter their dens,  
They rest in their coverts secure from the frost.  
Out from His chamber the whirlwind advances,  
The north wind that bringeth the frost and the cold.  
The breath of Jehovah produceth the ice,  
The beds of the rivers are narrowed with frost.  
He ladeth the clouds with the moistures of heaven,  
And poureth their treasures to water the earth.  
He spreadeth His lightnings abroad o'er His clouds,  
He turneth it round by His guidance, at will,  
And sendeth it forth to the ends of the earth,  
To do at His bidding the word of His mouth,  
For missions of mercy—for earth or for man,  
Or whether for judgment He calleth it forth,  
It still doth obey him, nor linger to heed.

Then hearken, oh Job, stand still and consider  
The wonderful workings of God in His might.

For canst thou consider how He doth arrange,  
And cause the bright lightnings to shine from the heavens?  
Or how He doth balance the clouds in the skies  
And bind up the waters—or canst thou acquire  
His wonderful workings and knowledge so great?  
He warmeth thy garments with gentlest of heat,  
When softly the zephyrs make quiet the earth.  
Or canst thou assist Him in spreading the skies,  
So strong and so polished like mirrors of brass?  
Oh, teach us, I pray thee, to speak unto Him,  
For we cannot reach Him while darkness doth reign.  
For shall it be told Him that I fain would speak?  
Should one seek to approach Him who'd swallow him up?  
E'en now doth His brightness restrain us from sight,  
When brightly it shineth above in the skies,  
The winds having swept them and cleared them from  
clouds.

The bright golden splendor doth come from the north,  
The majestic glory of heaven appears.  
We cannot discover the Almighty in full,  
He ruleth in power, with judgment divine.  
He aboundeth in justice, nor will He pervert.  
For this He is honored and revered by men,—  
He loveth the humble and hateth deceit.

#### CHAPTER 38.

Thus ended all. Then God did speak:  
From out the storm His voice did roll



Like thunders deep. His face concealed  
In thickest clouds, as when He did  
On Sinai's top His law reveal.  
To Job He called and thus He spake:—  
Who now is this that doth with words  
Of none effect pervert my law,  
And set at naught my counsel wise?  
Put on thy manly strength, I pray,  
And gird thy loins that I may test  
Thy strength, thy boasted wisdom prove.  
Come forth that I may ask of thee,  
And answer thou my quest, forsooth,  
If thou hast ken to know my ways.

E'er time began, when I did lay  
For earth her deep foundation strong,  
Where then wast thou, declare, I pray,  
If thou hast understanding wise.  
Or if thou knowest, who then went forth  
To set for earth her measure wide,  
Or who did stretch the line to fix  
Her length from north to farthest south?  
Whereon is laid her deepest stone  
Her strong foundation firm to build?  
Or who did lay her corner-stone  
When morning stars did join their songs  
In chorus sweet, and psalms of praise  
The joyous sons of God did sing?  
Or who did close with massive door  
The surging sea, when forth it came

As from the womb in joyous birth?  
Where then wast thou, when I did swathe  
The new-born sea in sheets of cloud,  
And darkness deep his swaddling band  
I made in haste, and set my bound  
For him, my bars and doors did fix  
To stay his fury wild, and said:  
Thus far shalt thou thy course pursue,  
Nor farther go—Thy waves that roll  
In vaunting pride, shall here be stayed.  
Did'st thou through all thy days command  
The morning light, and cause the dawn  
To know his bound, to lift from earth  
Her nightly robe, and shake there out,  
The wicked men that love the dark?  
As clay is changed beneath the seal,  
So earth her varied forms doth yield  
Beneath the rising light, and like  
A garment rich, her colors shows.  
From wicked men their light is hid,  
And God doth break the threatening arm.  
Did'st thou explore the nether seas,  
And search their hidden springs, or did'st  
Thou tread the deepest paths of earth?  
Or deeper still did'st thou pursue,  
And Sheol's gates to thee unfold?  
Or hast thou seen the doors of hell,  
And walked beneath the shades of death?  
Or did'st thou comprehend the earth,  
And all its vast expanse embrace?

Declare it all, if thou dost know,  
And prove thy ken—thy power so great?  
Canst thou direct the path that leads  
To where the light doth dwell, and where  
The darkness hath its own abode,  
That thou might'st lead them back to where  
They dwell, nor lose their wandering path?  
Thou knowest it all, for thou with them  
Wast born—Thy morning dawned when light  
Was born—Thy days like his are great.  
The treasure-house of snow, hast thou  
Gone in thereat, or hast thou seen  
The treasured hail that I reserve  
For troublous times, for days of war,  
When battles fierce do rage, anon.  
Where is the way whence light doth part  
Its rays, and whence the eastern wind  
Doth spread its wings o'er all the earth?  
And who hath dug in vaulted heavens  
The channels deep for flowing streams,  
And for the thunderbolt his path  
Did cut, to rend the clouds in twain,  
To cause the rain on deserts wild,  
Where man nor beast doth ever roam,  
To cause the tender herb to spring  
Where naught afore but death did reign.  
Hath rain, forsooth, an earthly sire,  
Or who did bare the drops of dew?  
From whose cold womb did ice come forth,  
Or who gave birth to heaven's hoar frost?

The streams grow hard like flinty stones,  
And ice doth shut the mighty deep.  
And canst thou bind the Pleiades  
With bands, or loose Orion's cords,  
And with thy hand their wanderings guide?  
Doth Mazzaroth obey thy voice,  
Or canst thou bring him forth at will?  
And dost thou guide Arcturus' train,  
His sons obey thy stern behests?  
And dost thou know the powers of heaven  
To set for man his destined course,  
And rule the earth with power unseen?  
Dost thou lift up thy voice that clouds  
Obey thy will, and send for thee  
Their copious showers of cheerful rain?  
Dost thou command the thunderbolts  
That they may go and say to thee:  
At thy behest we come to serve?  
Who hath the clouds with wisdom filled  
And taught their hidden path to know?  
And who doth know to marshal forth  
By count the clouds to serve their course?  
And who, I pray, doth pour from heaven  
Her bottled stores to wet with showers  
The hardened earth, with dust o'erspread,  
And gently melt the cleaving clod?  
Wilt thou the lioness supply  
When she doth roam in search of prey?  
Or wilt thou fill her young with meat  
When crouching in their secret dens,

And in their covert lie in wait?  
Or who doth give the raven food,  
And feed her young that roam afar  
For food, and cry in want to God?

## CHAPTER 39.

Dost thou arrange the time when in  
The mountains wild, the goats bring forth  
Their young, and when the hind doth calve?  
Or dost thou count their months, or set  
The time when they in labor bow  
And cast their sorrows forth in birth?  
Their young are strong—in open field  
Like corn they grow apace and thrive.  
In robust youth they leave their dam,  
They go, nor thence return again.  
And who did send the wild ass forth,  
And loose his bands, in freedom large  
To scour the plains in fearless joy?  
I made the wilderness his house,  
The barren land his happy home.  
He scorns the city's crowded streets,  
Nor hears the driver's threatening cry.  
The mountain range his pasture grows—  
He freely feeds on Nature's green.  
Or canst thou tame the unicorn  
To bend his will to thy command,  
And make his home beside thy crib?

Or canst thou guide his wayward feet  
To plough for thee thy furrows deep,  
And roll thy valleys at thy feet?  
Or wilt thou trust him for his strength,  
And leave thy labor to his charge?  
Dost thou believe that he will haul  
Thy seed, and garner home thy corn?  
Or did'st thou give the ostrich wings,  
Her pinions proud, and plumes so gay?  
Upon the sand she lays her eggs,  
And warms them with the summer's dust—  
She doth forget the roving foot  
Her eggs might crush, or desert beast  
In careless tread her nest destroy.  
She doth her young with harshness treat,  
And spurn as though they were not her's.  
Fearless she labors oft in vain,  
Since wisdom God withholdeth from her,  
Nor doth He understanding give.  
What times she lifts herself on high,  
She doth the horse and rider scorn.  
Dost thou with strength endow the horse,  
And clothe his neck with trembling power?  
And canst thou make him bound aloft  
And skip like locusts fierce—and snort,  
His nostrils big with glory wild?  
He doth the valley paw and stamp,  
With wild impatience fiercely mad,  
And in his strength he doth rejoice.  
He dasheth forth to meet the foe,

And mocks at fear, nor feels affright.  
Before the sword he doth not flee,  
The rattling quiver stirs his pride,  
He loves the lance and glittering spear.  
In fiercest rage he swallows up  
The ground in flight, nor trusts his ears  
For joy to hear the trumpet sound,  
And far away doth scent the foe.  
He hears the captain's thundering roar,  
The battle-cry of soldiers wild.  
Or dost thou guide the flying hawk  
To stretch his wings and seek the south?  
Or does the eagle rise at thy  
Command and build her nest on high?  
On lofty rocks she doth abide  
And dwelleth on the dizzy crags,  
Where ne'er the feet of men have trod—  
The rock of strength she makes her home.  
From thence she soars and seeks her prey,  
Her piercing eye doth see afar  
O'er hill and vale to search her meat.  
Her thirsty young delight the blood  
To suck and feast on captured prey.  
With want oppressed, she seeks the slain,  
And feasts on meat by others caught.

## CHAPTER 40.

Again the Lord did speak  
And thus declare His wondrous power:—

Will he contend, forsooth, with God,  
And dare to instruct the Mighty One?  
Let him that doth dispute with God  
His answer frame, his reason give.  
Then Job did humbly bow before  
The Lord, and answering thus he spake:—  
Behold I'm mean, oh Lord, and small,  
What shall I say to answer Thee?  
Upon my mouth I lay my hand,  
And shame doth fill my inmost heart.  
I once did speak to plead my cause,  
But I no more will answer give.  
Yea twice my lips did utter words,  
But I will not again contend.

And then the Lord from out the storm  
Did speak and answer give to Job:—  
Gird up thy loins and like a man  
Present thyself, and I will ask  
Of thee, that thou mayest answer give.  
Wilt thou my judgment disannul,  
Or wilt thou me condemn, forsooth,  
That thou might'st prove thy righteousness?  
Hast thou an arm like God, canst thou  
Like Him a thunder voice pour forth?  
Deck now thyself in lofty mien,  
With honor grand array thyself,  
And in majestic beauty stand.  
Send forth thy surging floods of rage,  
And smite in fury wild thy foes.



Behold the proud, and cast him down,  
Look on the vain, and bring him low,  
And tread the wicked down in haste,  
Yea, crush them deep beneath the dust,  
In hidden darkness bind their eyes.  
Then I will praise thy mighty power,  
With thine own hand to save thyself.

Consider now the behemoth,  
I pray, that mighty beast which I  
Did make as well as thee thyself.  
He roams in woods and pastures green,  
And like the ox doth eat the grass.  
See now the strength his loins display.  
The sinews of his belly, too,  
Possess a force like iron bands.  
And like some cedar trunk he bends  
His mighty tail. His thighs so stout  
Are knit with brawny muscles close.  
His bones are pipes of firmest brass.  
Like iron bars his massive limbs.  
He's chief of God's stupendous ways—  
With sword he doth provide his meat,  
The mountains wild bring forth his food,  
Where all the beasts do freely play.  
Beneath the shady tree he lies,  
And hides himself in reeds and fens.  
The leafy trees his covering make,  
The willows form his safe retreat.  
Though streams should swell and roll in rage,

He trembleth not, nor doth he care  
Though Jordan break upon his mouth.  
Shall man him trap before his eyes,  
Or through his nose a snare project?

## CHAPTER 41.

Canst thou with hook draw out leviathan,  
Or with a cord canst thou press down his tongue?  
Canst thou into his nose a hook project,  
Or thrust a spike athwart his mighty gill?  
Will he before thee supplicate or beg  
Thy grace, or speak to thee in softened tones?  
Will he indeed make terms of peace with thee,  
Will he consent to live with thee and serve?  
Or wilt thou play with him as with a bird,  
Or bind him for thy maids a gentle pet?  
And will the men o'er him a bargain strike,  
And to the Canaanites their booty part?  
Or canst thou fill his skin with iron barbs,  
And pierce his scaly head with fishing spears?  
Lay now thy hand on him and seize thy prey—  
But pause, I pray, and of the conflict think,  
And thou'lt no more presume with him to cope.  
Behold, his hope is vain who him assails,  
For one at sight of him in fear doth fall.  
Since none there be who dare his wrath disturb,  
Who then may stand before My face and live?  
Or who hath aught of good on Me bestowed,

That I by feeble man be held for debt?  
Since that beneath the heavens is all Mine own,  
Who then of you may dare with Me contend?  
Nor will I e'en his wondrous parts conceal,  
His comely portions all, nor yet his power.  
Who e'er hath yet his scaly skin removed,  
Or who will go between his double jaw?  
And who may dare to ope his facial door—  
His mouth, with horrid teeth beset around.  
His rows of scales so close do make him proud,  
So closely set are they, so tightly sealed,  
No air may pass between—so close they stick  
That none may break in twain their joint so strong.  
His monster nose doth breath a shining fire,  
And as the dawn of morning light his eyes.  
Out from his mouth a fiery stream doth pour,  
And streams of glittering sparks leap up in haste.  
His nostrils pour a cloud of ghastly smoke,  
As from a seething pot with crackling fire  
His breath doth kindle coals of glowing heat,  
And from his mouth a livid flame doth burn.  
His mighty strength doth lie within his neck,  
And terror wild doth go before his face.  
His solid flakes of flesh are closely joined,  
On him 'tis firmly cast, nor doth it move.  
His heart is cast as hard as flinty stone,  
Yea, like the nether stone, 'tis still more firm.  
The mighty are afraid when he doth rise,  
At sight of him they lose themselves with fear.  
The sword of him that strikes availeth not,

Nor spear, nor dart doth pierce his coat of mail.  
As straw he doth esteem the hardened iron,  
And brass to him is naught but rotten wood.  
The arrow doth not make him flee apace,  
He doth the sling-shot as the stubble fear,  
And clubs he lightly spurns like flimsy straw,  
The shaking spear doth make him laugh in scorn.  
His lair he makes of sharpened stones—He prints  
A threshing-sledge upon his miry bed.  
Like seething-pots he makes the deep to boil,  
The sea like foaming ointment doth appear.  
Behind him shines his path of seething foam,  
Like hoary frost the deep doth lash its waves.  
He doth on earth no rival find his like,  
One who like him is made devoid of fear.  
Fearless he looks on all the great of earth,  
And reigns as king o'er all the sons of pride.

## CHAPTER 42.

Then answered Job the Lord and thus he spake:—  
I know full well that that Thou canst all things do,  
Thy power doth rule, and none 'gainst Thee can stand,  
No purpose wise can lie beyond Thy ken.  
Who then is he that doth obscure His ways,  
And without knowledge doth oppose Thy power?  
For this I uttered words, nor understood,  
I spoke of wondrous things beyond my ken.  
Hear now, I pray, and I a word will speak,

I will of Thee demand, do Thou declare  
To me. Mine ears have heard of Thee, forsooth,  
But now my eye doth see, Thy form, it doth behold.  
At sight of Thee I do myself abhor—  
I do in dust and ashes now repent.

## THE EPILOGUE.

### THE FUTURE RESTORATION AND PROSPERITY OF JOB.

And it was so, that after the LORD had spoken these words unto Job, the LORD said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Now therefore, take unto you seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept, that I deal not with you after your folly; for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. So Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite went, and did according as the LORD commanded them: and the LORD accepted Job. And the LORD turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends: and the LORD gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house: and they bemoaned him and comforted him concerning all the

evil that the LORD had brought upon him: every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one a ring of gold. So the LORD blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: and he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first, Jemimah; and the name of the second, Keziah: and the name of the third, Keren-happuch. And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job: and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. And after this Job lived an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, *even* four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days.

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