Job 39

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth? dost thou mark the calving of the hinds? 2 Dost thou number the months that they fulfil? and knowest thou the time when they bring forth? 3 They bow themselves, they give birth to their young ones, they cast out their pains; 4 Their young ones become strong, they grow up in the open field, they go forth, and return not unto them. 5 Who hath sent out the wild ass free? and who hath loosed the bands of the onager, 6 Whose house I made the wilderness, and the salt plain his dwellings? 7 He laugheth at the tumult of the city, and heareth not the shouts of the driver; 8 The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing. 9 Will the buffalo be willing to serve thee, or will he lodge by thy crib? 10 Canst thou bind the buffalo with his cord in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? 11 Wilt thou put confidence in him, because his strength is great? and wilt thou leave thy labour to him? 12 Wilt thou trust him to bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy threshing-floor?

13 The wing of the ostrich beats joyously--But is it the stork's pinion and plumage? 14 For she leaveth her eggs to the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, 15 And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the beast of the field may trample them. 16 She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labour is in vain, without her concern. 17 For +God hath deprived her of wisdom, and hath not furnished her with understanding. 18 What time she lasheth herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.

19 Hast thou given strength to the horse? hast thou clothed his neck with the quivering mane? 20 Dost thou make him to leap as a locust? His majestic snorting is terrible. 21 He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth forth to meet the armed host. 22 He laugheth at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from before the sword. 23 The quiver rattleth upon him, the glittering spear and the javelin. 24 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, and cannot contain himself at the sound of the trumpet: 25 At the noise of the trumpets he saith, Aha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

26 Doth the hawk fly by thine intelligence, and stretch his wings toward the south? 27 Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make his nest on high? 28 He inhabiteth the rock and maketh his dwelling on the point of the cliff, and the fastness: 29 From thence he spieth out the prey, his eyes look into the distance; 30 And his young ones suck up blood; and where the slain are, there is he.