

Job 41

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 Wilt thou draw out the leviathan with the hook, and press down his tongue with a cord? **2** Wilt thou put a rush-rope into his nose, and pierce his jaw with a spike? **3** Will he make many supplications unto thee? or will he speak softly unto thee? **4** Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him as a bondman for ever? **5** Wilt thou play with him as with a bird, and wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? **6** Shall partners make traffic of him, will they divide him among merchants? **7** Wilt thou fill his skin with darts, and his head with fish-spears? **8** Lay thy hand upon him; remember the battle, --do no more! **9** Lo, hope as to him is belied: is not one cast down even at the sight of him? **10** None is so bold as to stir him up; and who is he that will stand before me?

11 Who hath first given to me, that I should repay him? Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine. **12** I will not be silent as to his parts, the story of his power, and the beauty of his structure. **13** Who can uncover the surface of his garment? who can come within his double jaws? **14** Who can open the doors of his face? Round about his teeth is terror. **15** The rows of his shields are a pride, shut up together as with a close seal. **16** One is so near to another that no air can come between them; **17** They are joined each to its fellow; they stick together, and cannot be sundered. **18** His sneezings flash light, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. **19** Out of his mouth go forth flames; sparks of fire leap out: **20** Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a boiling pot and cauldron. **21** His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. **22** In his neck lodgeth strength, and terror danceth before him. **23** The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are fused upon him, they cannot be moved. **24** His heart is firm as a stone, yea, firm as the nether millstone. **25** When he raiseth himself up, the mighty are afraid: they are beside themselves with consternation. **26** If any reach him with a sword, it cannot hold; neither spear, nor dart, nor harpoon. **27** He esteemeth iron as straw, bronze as rotten wood. **28** The arrow will not make him flee; slingstones are turned with him into stubble. **29** Clubs are counted as stubble; he laugheth at the shaking of a javelin. **30** His under parts are sharp potsherds: he spreadeth a threshing-sledge upon the mire. **31** He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; **32** He maketh the path to shine after him: one would think the deep to be hoary. **33** Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear. **34** He beholdeth all high things; he is king over all the proud beasts.