

¹Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?²Canst thou put an hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?³Will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft words unto thee?⁴Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?⁵Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?⁶Shall the companions make a banquet of him? shall they part him among the merchants?⁷Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spears?⁸Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more.⁹Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?¹⁰None is so fierce that dare stir him up: who then is able to stand before me?¹¹Who hath prevented me, that I should repay him? whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.¹²I will not conceal his parts, nor his power, nor his comely proportion.¹³Who can discover the face of his garment? or who can come to him with his double bridle?¹⁴Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth are terrible round about.¹⁵His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.¹⁶One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.¹⁷They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.¹⁸By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.¹⁹Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.²⁰Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as

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out of a seething pot or caldron.²¹ His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.²² In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him.²³ The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.²⁴ His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.²⁵ When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid: by reason of breakings they purify themselves.²⁶ The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.²⁷ He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.²⁸ The arrow cannot make him flee: slingstones are turned with him into stubble.²⁹ Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.³⁰ Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp pointed things 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 a 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 a king over all the children of pride.

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