

¹Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth? or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?² Canst thou number the months that they fulfil? or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?³ They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones, they cast out their sorrows.⁴ Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up with corn; they go forth, and return not unto them.⁵ Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?⁶ Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings.⁷ He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.⁸ The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.⁹ Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib?¹⁰ Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee?¹¹ Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?¹² Wilt thou believe him, that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn?¹³ Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?¹⁴ Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust,¹⁵ And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may

break them.¹⁶ She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers: her labour is in vain without fear;¹⁷ Because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.¹⁸ What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider.¹⁹ Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?²⁰ Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.²¹ He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.²² He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.²³ The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.²⁴ He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.²⁵ He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.²⁶ Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?²⁷ Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?²⁸ She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place.²⁹ From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.³⁰ Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she.