

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 out of a seething pot or caldron. ²¹His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. ²²In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into joy before him. ²³The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved. ²⁴His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. ²⁵When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid: by reason of breakings they purify themselves. ²⁶The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. ²⁷He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. ²⁸The arrow cannot make him flee: slingstones are turned with him into stubble. ²⁹Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear. ³⁰Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire. ³¹He maketh the deep to boil like a pot: he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. ³²He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary. ³³Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear. ³⁴He beholdeth all high things : he is a king over all the children of pride.