

## **Job.**

Excerpted from The Latin Testament Project Bible,  
Translated by John G. Cunyus.

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Job 1.

There was a man in Uz's land named Job, and that man was straightforward and upright, fearing God and turning away from harm. And seven sons and three daughters were born to him. And his property included seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred donkeys, and a large family. And that man was very great among all the Orientals.

And his sons went, and made a feast in their homes, each one on his day, and sending messengers, called their three sisters, that they might eat and drink with them. And when the days of feasting ended, Job sent to them, and sanctified them, and, rising early, offered burnt offerings for each, for he said,

“Perhaps my sons sinned, and had  
blessed God in their hearts.”

Thus Job did on all occasions.

There was a certain day, then, when God's sons came so they could present themselves before the

Lord. Even Satan was present among them. The Lord said to him, “Where have you come from?”

Satan, responding, said, “I walked around the earth, and wandered over it.”

And the Lord said to him, “Have you not considered my slave Job, that no one on earth is like him – a straightforward man, and upright, and fearing God, and turning away from harm?”

Responding to Him, Satan said, “Job doesn’t fear God for nothing, does He? Haven’t you surrounded him, and his house, and all his wealth on every side? You’ve blessed his hands’ works, and set his possession apart on earth. Yet stretch out your hand a little, and touch all that he has, and see if he does not bless you to your face.”

So the Lord said to Satan, “Look, all that he has is in your hand; only do not stretch your hand to him.”

And Satan went out from the Lord’s face.

But when on a certain day Job’s sons and daughters ate and drank wine in the house of their firstborn brother, a messenger came to Job and said, “The oxen were plowing and the donkeys grazing beside them. And the Sabeans attacked them, and took all, and struck the helpers down with the sword, and I alone escaped so I could tell you.”

And while he still was speaking, another came and said, “God’s fire fell from heaven and, touching the sheep and the helpers, burned them up, and I alone fled so I could tell you.”

Yet while he was still speaking, another came and said, “The Chaldeans made three columns, and came into the camels, and took them, and struck the helpers down with the sword, and I alone fled so I could tell you.”

He was speaking, and, just then, another came in and said, “Your sons and daughters were feasting and drinking wine in the house of their firstborn brother. Suddenly, a violent wind came in from the desert region, and struck the house’s four corners which, collapsing, fell on your children, and they are dead. And I alone escaped so I could tell you.”

Then Job stood up, and tore his shirt and, tearing his hair, falling on the ground, he worshiped. And he said, “I came out naked from my mother’s womb, and I will go back there naked. The Lord gave. The Lord took away. May the Lord’s name be blessed.”

In all these, Job did not sin or speak any foolishness against God.

Job 2.

It happened when a certain day came, God's sons came and stood before the Lord. Satan likewise came among them, and stood in His sight, so that the Lord said to Satan, "Where have you come from?"

Satan, responding, said, "I walked around the earth, and wandered over it."

And the Lord said to Satan, "Haven't you considered my slave Job, that there is no one like him on earth, a straightforward man and upright, fearing God and turning away from harm, and still retaining his innocence? Yet you moved me against him, that I might afflict him for no reason."

To whom Satan, answering, said, "Skin for skin! Man will give all that he has for his life. If you stretch out your hand another time, and touch his mouth and flesh, then you too will see that he blesses you to your face."

So the Lord said to Satan, "Look, he is in your hand. Only preserve his life."

Then Satan, leaving the Lord's face, struck Job with a dismal, ulcerating infection, from the soles of his feet to the top of his head. Job, with a scrap of pottery, scraped away the discharge from his wounds, sitting on a manure pile.

But his wife said to him, “Are you still holding on to your straightforwardness? Bless God and die!”

Job said to her, “You’ve spoken like one of the fools. If we’ve accepted good from the Lord’s hand, why can we not accept harm?”

In all these, Job did not sin with his lips.

Then, three of Job’s friends came, hearing all the harm that had befallen him, each one from his home: Eliphaz the Themanite, and Baldad the Shuhite, and Sophar the Naamathite. For they agreed on coming together, so they could visit and console him. And when they had lifted up their eyes far off, they did not recognize him, and, crying out, they wept. And tearing their clothes, they threw dust over their heads in the air. And they sat with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and no one said a word to him, for they saw that his pain was fierce.

Job 3.

After this Job opened his mouth, and cursed his day of birth, and said,

    May the day perish in which I was born,  
        and the night in which it was said,  
            A man is conceived.  
    May that day be turned to shadows.  
    May God not look on it from above,

and may it not be illuminated by light.  
    May shadows obscure it,  
and may death's shadow occupy it with darkness,  
    and may it be wrapped in bitterness.  
    May a shadowy tornado possess that night.  
May it not be counted among the year's days,  
    or numbered among the months.  
    May that night be solitary,  
    nor worthy of praise.  
    May they curse it who curse the days  
which were prepared for arousing Leviathan.  
    May its stars be overshadowed by gloom.  
    May it wait for light and not see it,  
    nor the birth of dawn arising,  
    because it did not close up  
the doors of the womb who birthed me,  
    or take away harm from my eyes.  
    Why did I not die in the vulva?  
Why did I not immediately die out of the uterus?  
    Why was I received by knees?  
    Why nursed by breasts?  
For now I would be silent, sleeping,  
    and I would rest in my sleep,  
    with earth's kings and counselors,  
    who built solitudes for themselves,  
    or with princes who possess gold,  
    and fill their houses with silver.  
Or, like a hidden abortion, I would not have stood,  
    even as those who are conceived  
    have not seen light.  
    There, the lawless have ceased their tumult,

and there those drained of strength rested.  
And those formerly chained together,  
without aggravation,  
have not heard the task-masters' voice.  
Small and great are there,  
and a slave free from his master.  
Why was light given to the miserable,  
and life to those who are in bitterness of soul,  
who wait for death like those digging for treasure,  
and it does not come –  
they rejoice fiercely when they find the grave –  
to a man whose way is hidden,  
and God has surrounded him with shadows?  
Before I eat, I sigh,  
and like overflowing waters, thus is my roar –  
because the fear which I feared has come to me,  
and what I dreaded happened.  
Did I lie?  
Did I keep silence?  
Did I rest?  
Yet indignation came over me!

Job 4.

But Eliphaz the Themanite, answering, said,  
If we've begun to speak to you,  
perhaps you will take it badly.  
But who can agree with the idea you conceived?  
Look, you taught many,  
and strengthened weak hands.  
Your words strengthened the wavering,

and you comforted trembling knees.  
But now, the blow comes to you  
and you are unsettled.  
It touched you, and you are disturbed.  
Where is your reverence,  
your strength, your patience,  
and the perfection of your ways?  
Remember, I pray you!  
Who innocent ever perished,  
or when have the upright been destroyed?  
On the other hand, I have seen those  
who work iniquity, and sow sorrows,  
and reap them,  
to perish by God's breath,  
and to be consumed by His anger's spirit.  
The lion's roar and the lioness's voice  
and the young lions' teeth are broken in pieces.  
The tiger perished because it had no prey,  
and the young lions have starved.  
Far away from me a hidden word was spoken,  
and almost furtively  
my ears' veins heard his whispering,  
in horrible nightmares,  
when sleep is in the habit of occupying men.  
Fear had me, and trembling,  
and all my bones were terrified.  
And when a spirit passed before me,  
my body's hairs stood on end.  
The image of someone  
whose appearance I did not know  
stood before my eyes,

and I heard a voice like a gentle breeze.  
Will man be justified in comparison with God,  
or will a human be purer than the One making him?  
Look, those who serve Him are not stable,  
and He found fault in His angels.  
How much more those who live in houses of clay,  
who have foundations of dirt,  
will be consumed, if only by worms!  
They will be cut down from morning even to night,  
and because no one understands,  
they will perish eternally.  
But those who are left  
will be carried away from them.  
They will die, and not in wisdom.

Job 5.

So call, if it is possible  
that someone respond to you,  
and turn to some of the holy ones!  
Truly, anger destroys a fool,  
and envy kills the little one.  
I saw a fool firmly rooted,  
and immediately I cursed his beauty.  
His sons will be far from safety,  
and they will be crushed in the gate,  
and there will be no one who can rescue;  
whose harvest the starving will eat,  
and an armed man will plunder him,  
and the thirsty will drink up his riches.  
Nothing on earth happens without a reason,

and pain isn't born from dirt.  
Man is born to labor as a bird is born to flight.  
From which thing I will pray to the Lord,  
and direct my eloquence to God,  
who works great and unknowable  
and marvelous deeds without number;  
who gives rain on earth's face,  
and irrigates all by waters;  
who places the humble on high,  
and raises the grieving to safety;  
who scatters the schemes of the malignant,  
that their hands cannot complete what they began;  
who catches the wise in their cleverness,  
and undoes the twisted ones' counsel.  
By day they will meet shadows,  
and as if in night, so they will blink at midday.  
Again, he will make safe  
from the sword of their mouths,  
and the poor from the violent ones' hands.  
And hope will be to the needy one,  
but lawlessness will draw in her mouth.  
A man who is corrected by the Lord is blessed.  
Therefore, do not reject the Lord's rebuke –  
because He wounds, and comforts;  
He strikes, and His hands heal!  
He will free you from six tribulations,  
and in a seventh harm will not touch you.  
In famine He will pluck you up from death,  
and in war from the sword's hand.  
You will be hidden from the tongue's abuse,  
and you will not fear calamity when it comes.

You will laugh at destruction and hunger,  
and will not fear the earth's beasts,  
yet your pact will be with the region's rocks,  
and earth's beasts will be peaceful to you.  
And you will know that your tent has peace  
and, looking over your appearance, you will not sin.  
You will know, likewise,  
that your seed will be multiplied,  
and your descendants will be like the field's grass.  
You will go to the grave in abundance,  
as a treasure is buried in its time.  
Look, this is so, as we've investigated.  
What you heard, let your mind consider!

Job 6.

But Job, answering, said,

If only my sins by which I earned wrath  
and the calamities which I suffer  
could be weighed out in a scale!

This would appear heavier than the sea's sand.

This is why my words are full of suffering –  
because the Lord's arrows are in me!

As a result, indignation drinks my spirit,  
and the Lord's terrors march against me.

Will a wild ass bray when it has grass,  
or an ox moo when it stands before a full manger?

Or can what isn't preserved be eaten,  
or can someone taste something that, tasted,  
deals death?

What things my soul wouldn't touch before,

now, in the face of anguish, are my food.  
Who can grant that my petition  
might come before Him,  
and that God would give what I ask,  
and He who began may finish destroying me,  
loosen His hand, and cut me down?  
And this would be consolation to me,  
that the One afflicting me  
with pain not restrain Himself,  
nor would I speak against the Holy One's words.  
For what is my strength that I sustain this,  
or who is my end, that I bear it patiently?  
My strength is not a rock's strength,  
nor is my flesh bronze.  
Look, there is no help for me in me,  
and even those I depend on pull back from me.  
Who takes away mercy from his friend,  
abandons fear of the Lord.  
My brothers have passed by me like a torrent  
which rushes rapidly through the valleys.  
Those who fear the frost,  
snow will rush in upon them.  
In time, they will be scattered, they will perish.  
As if heated, they will melt away from their place.  
The ways of their paths are enveloped.  
They will walk into a void and perish.  
Consider Theman's paths, Saba's roads,  
and wait a little while.  
They were confused because I have hoped.  
Likewise, they came to me,  
and were covered by shame.

Now you've come and, seeing a little of my trouble,  
you are afraid.

Did I ever say, Bring me something,  
or, Give your riches to me?

Or, Free me from the enemy's hand,  
or, Snatch me away from the hand of the strong?

Teach me, and I will shut up.

And if perhaps I didn't know, show me!

Why did you tear down by words of truth  
when there is no one who could argue with you?

You dress up fancy talk to rebuke that way,  
and offer your advice to the wind.

You rush in against the orphan,  
and struggle to undermine your friend.

Still, finish what you started!

Hear me out and see if I am lying!

Answer me, I pray, without contention,  
and saying what is right, you judge,  
and you won't find iniquity on my tongue,  
nor will foolishness live in my throat.

Job 7.

Man's life on earth is a military campaign,  
and his days like a hired soldier's days.

As a slave longs for shade,  
and a hired soldier waits for his obligation's end,  
so also I had empty months,  
and counted out laborious nights to myself.

If I sleep, I say, When will I wake up?

And then I will long for evening,

and be filled with sufferings until darkness.  
My flesh is covered with infection  
and powdery filth.  
My skin withers and is shrunken.  
My days sped by faster  
than a weaver's web is cut down,  
and they are consumed without any hope.  
Remember that my life is a breath,  
and my eye will not return to see good,  
nor will human sight look at me!  
Your eye will be on me, and I will not exist.  
As a cloud is consumed and passes away,  
so one who descends to the dead will not rise,  
nor come back again to his house,  
nor will his place know him any more.  
For this reason also, I will not restrain my speech.  
I will speak in my spirit's tribulation.  
I will discuss with my soul's bitterness.  
Am I a sea creature, or a dolphin,  
that you've shut me in a cage?  
If I say, My bed will console me,  
and I'll find relief talking to myself on my blanket,  
You will terrify me with dreams,  
and strike me with horror by visions.  
Rather than this thing,  
my soul would choose hanging,  
and my bones death.  
I have given up hope!  
Already I don't want to live anymore!  
Spare me, for my days are nothing!  
What is a man that You magnify him,

or that You set Your heart toward him?  
You visit him at daybreak,  
and quickly probe him.  
How long will You not spare me or let me go,  
so I can swallow my own spit?  
Have I sinned?  
What can I do to you, O Keeper of men?  
Why have You set me against You,  
and I've become so painful to myself?  
Why not take away my sin,  
and why not carry away my iniquity?  
Look, now I'll go to sleep in the dust,  
and if You look for me in the morning,  
I will not be there!

Job 8.

But Baldad the Shuhite, answering, said,  
How long will you talk like this,  
and your mouth's words be like twisting wind?  
God doesn't subvert justice, does He,  
or the Omnipotent undermine what is right,  
even if your children sinned against him,  
and He left them in the hand of their iniquities?  
Nevertheless, if you rise up  
toward God at daybreak,  
and make your plea before the Omnipotent,  
if you go forward, clean and right,  
He will watch toward you at once,  
and restore the peaceful dwelling of your fairness –  
so much so that prior things will appear small,

and your legacy will be greatly multiplied.  
Just ask the former generation,  
and diligently search the fathers' recollection!  
We are of yesterday, of course, and we do not know,  
because our days on earth are like a shadow.  
They will teach you, too.  
They will speak to you,  
and give eloquence from their heart.  
Can a marsh plant live without liquid,  
or a bullrush without water?  
Even if it is already flowering,  
it is hardly picked by hand  
before all its leaves dry up.  
The ways of all who forget God are like that,  
and the hypocrite's hope will perish.  
His lack of self-control will not please,  
and his faithfulness is like the thread  
of a spider's web.  
He will lean on his house and it will not stand.  
He will prop it up, but it will not rise.  
He seems to be moist before the sun comes up,  
and in his garden his seed grows.  
Yet his roots will thicken over a pile of stones,  
and he will dwell among rocks.  
If life takes him from his place,  
it will deny him and say, I did not know you.  
For this is his way's consolation –  
that others will germinate,  
springing up from the earth.  
God will not reject simplicity,  
nor will He extend a hand to the malignant,

until your mouth is full of laughter,  
and your lips with jubilation.  
Those who hated you will be dressed in confusion,  
and the dwelling of the lawless will not stand.

Job 9.

And answering, Job said,  
Of course I know it is so,  
and that man will not be justified  
in comparison to God.  
If someone wanted to contend with Him,  
he wouldn't be able to answer Him  
one time in a thousand.  
He is wise in heart and strong in power.  
Who resisted Him and had peace?  
He is the One who moved mountains,  
and those whom He overthrew in His fury  
did not know;  
who moves earth from its place,  
and its columns are shaken;  
who commands the sun, and it does not rise,  
and dims the stars, as if under a seal;  
who alone stretched out the skies,  
and walks on the sea's waves;  
who makes Arcturus and Orion,  
and the Hyades, and the inner south;  
who does great, unknowable, and marvelous works,  
of which there is no number!  
If He were to come to me, I will not see.  
If He were to leave, I will not understand Him.

If He suddenly questions, who will answer Him,  
or who can say, 'Why are you doing this?'  
God – whose wrath no one can resist,  
and beneath whom those who carry the world  
bend down.

How much, then, am I that I should respond to him,  
and speak my words with Him;  
who, even if I had a measure of right,  
I will not answer,  
yet will beg mercy from my Judge!  
And when He hears me calling on Him?  
I do not believe He would hear my voice –  
for He will contend with me from a tornado,  
and He will multiply my wounds,  
even without reason.

He will not grant my breath to rest,  
and He fills me with bitterness.  
If strength is sought, He is the mightiest.  
If fairness in judgment,  
no one will dare speak testimony on my behalf.  
If I wanted to justify myself,  
my mouth will condemn me.  
If I show myself innocent,  
He will prove me wicked.  
Even if I were straightforward,  
my soul won't know,  
and it will weary me of my life.  
It is one thing that I have spoken:  
He consumes both innocent and lawless.  
If He strikes, let Him kill at once,  
and not laugh at the innocent's punishment!

Earth is given into a lawless hand.  
He covers the face of His judges.  
If it isn't Him, who is it then?  
My days flew faster than runners.  
They fled, and have not seen the good.  
They passed away like ships carrying fruit,  
like an eagle flying to prey.  
When I say, By no means will I speak so,  
I change my face, and am twisted by pain.  
I feared all my works,  
knowing that You will not spare the wrongdoer.  
But if even so I am lawless,  
why did I labor for nothing?  
If I were washed as if with snow-melt,  
and my hands were cleaned most purely,  
still You would stain me with filth,  
and my garments would detest me –  
for I will not be answering to a man who is like me,  
or to someone who can be heard in court with me.  
There isn't another who is strong enough  
to argue with both of us,  
and put his hand on both of us.  
Let him take His rod away from me,  
and His fear not terrorize me!  
And I will speak and not fear Him,  
yet afraid, I can't answer!

Job 10.

He wearies my soul of my life.  
I will let go of my eloquence against myself.

I will speak in my soul's bitterness.  
I will say to God, Don't condemn me!  
Tell me why You judge me so!  
It doesn't seem good to You  
if You abuse and oppress me, Your hands' work,  
and aid the lawless ones' counsel, does it?  
You don't have eyes of flesh, do You,  
or will You also see as a man sees?  
Are Your days like man's days,  
or Your years like human times,  
that You inquire about my iniquity,  
and scrutinize my sin?  
And You should know  
that I have done nothing lawless,  
when there is no one who can rescue  
from Your hand.  
Your hands molded me and made me, all in order,  
and thus, suddenly, You throw me down.  
Remember, I pray, that You have made me like dirt,  
and will return me to dust!  
Haven't You squeezed me out like milk,  
and congealed me like cheese?  
You dressed me in skin and flesh,  
and made me of bones and sinews.  
You gave me life and mercy,  
and your visitation kept my breath.  
It is lawful that You hide these in Your heart.  
Nevertheless, I know  
that You remember everything.  
If I sinned,  
and You held back from me at that time,

why don't You allow me  
to be cleansed from my iniquity?  
And if I were lawless, the fault is mine.  
Yet if I am fair, I will not lift up my head,  
full as it is of affliction and misery.  
And because of pride, You seize me like a lioness,  
and, turning back, torture me unbelievably!  
You strengthen Your own witnesses against me,  
and multiply Your anger against me,  
and punishments make war against me!  
Why did You lead me out of the vulva?  
If only I had been consumed,  
that no eye could see me,  
I might have been like someone who didn't exist,  
taken from womb to the tomb.  
Aren't my few days almost finished?  
Let me go, then, that I may grieve my pain a little,  
before I go, and do not return,  
to the land of shadows, and death's hidden gloom,  
the land of misery and darkness,  
where death's shadow is, and no order,  
and its inhabitant enduring horror.

Job 11.

But Sophar the Naamathite, answering, said,  
Will someone who speaks much and will not listen,  
or a long-winded man be justified?  
Will men be silent to you only,  
and when you mock others,  
will you be disputed by no one –

for you said, My word is pure,  
and I am clean in Your sight!  
And, If only God would talk with you,  
and would open His lips to you,  
so He could show you wisdom's secrets,  
and that His law is complicated –  
and you would know that you have finished  
much less from God than your iniquity merits.  
Maybe you understand God's footsteps,  
and you will discover the Omnipotent  
even to perfection.

It is higher than the sky!

What will you do?

It is deeper than the inferno!

How will you know about that?

His measure is longer than the earth,  
and wider than the sea.

If He were to overturn everything,  
or press all together in one,  
who could contradict Him?

For He knows human vanity,  
and, seeing iniquity, doesn't He consider it?

A vain man is raised in pride,  
and like wild ass's colt,  
he believes himself born free.

But you hardened your heart,  
and stretched out your hands against Him.

If you put behind you  
the iniquity that is in your hand,  
and lawlessness does not remain in your tent,  
then you will be able

to lift your face, without stain,  
and will be stable, and will not fear.  
You also will forget misery,  
and will remember it like waters which pass.  
And brightness like the noonday,  
will rise up to you at evening,  
and where you considered yourself consumed,  
you will rise again as a light-bearer.  
And you will have faith,  
the promise to you being hope,  
and, embedded safely, you will sleep.  
You will rest,  
and there will be no one who terrorizes you,  
and many will beg mercy to your face.  
But the eyes of the lawless will be troubled,  
and escape will perish for them,  
and their hope will be a soul's abomination.

Job 12.

But answering, Job said,

Then you are the only men  
and wisdom will die with you.  
A heart is in me also, just like in you,  
nor am I inferior to you –  
for who doesn't know this that you know?  
Who is mocked by his friend as I am  
will invoke God, and He will hear him,  
for the fair one's simplicity is mocked!  
A lamp despised in the thoughts of the rich  
is prepared for the decided time.

The tents of thieves overflow,  
yet they audaciously provoke God,  
when He has given all in their hands.  
Why don't you question cattle,  
and they will teach you,  
and sky's birds, and they will show you?  
Talk to the dirt and it will answer you,  
and the sea's fish will tell.  
Who doesn't know that the Lord's hand  
made all these,  
in whose hand is every living being's soul,  
and the breath of all human flesh?  
Doesn't the ear judge between words,  
and the palate of one eating judge flavor?  
Wisdom is in the old,  
and prudence in many seasons.  
With Him is wisdom and strength;  
He has counsel and intelligence.  
If He destroys there is no one who will build,  
and if He shuts man in,  
there is no one who will open.  
If He holds the waters fast all will dry up,  
and if He sends them, they will undermine the land.  
Strength is with Him and wisdom.  
He has known both the deceiver  
and the one who is deceived.  
He leads counselors to a foolish end,  
and brings judges into stupor.  
He loosens a king's belt,  
and encircles his kidneys with a rope.  
He leads away priests without distinctions,

and overthrows nobles,  
changing a truthful lip  
and taking away the old men's doctrine.

He pours out disdain on princes,  
and relieves those who had been mistreated –  
who reveals profound truths from darkness,  
and produces death's shadow in light;  
who multiplies peoples and will destroy them,  
and will restore the undermined to wholeness;  
who changes the heart of the princes  
of earth's people,  
and deceives them, so that they march in vain  
through impassable country.

They will blink as if in darkness and not in light,  
and He will make them wander, as if drunk.

Job 13.

Look, my eye has seen everything.  
My ear has heard, and I understood each.  
By your own standard, I have known,  
nor am I your inferior.

It doesn't matter!

I will speak to the Omnipotent.

I want to dispute with God!

First, by showing you as fabricators of lies,  
and keepers of the dogmas of the perverse!

And if you would just shut up,  
you might convince yourselves to be wise!

So, listen to my rebukes!

Pay attention to my lips' judgments!

Does God need your lie,  
that you speak deceits on His behalf?  
Will you favor His face,  
and struggle to judge on God's behalf?  
Will that please Him,  
from whom nothing can be hidden?  
Will He be deceived by your frauds like a man?  
He Himself will dispute you,  
because you have favored His face in secret.  
As soon as He is moved, He will trouble you  
and His terror will rush in against you.  
Your memory will be like ashes,  
and your necks will be driven back in grief.  
Shut up a little,  
while I speak whatever my mind  
may suggest to me!  
Why do I tear my flesh with my teeth,  
and carry my soul in my hands?  
Even if He kills me, I will hope in Him.  
Even so, I will defend my ways in His sight.  
And He will be my securer,  
for not every hypocrite will come into His sight.  
Hear my word,  
and perceive mysteries with your ears!  
If I am judged,  
I know that I will be found fair.  
Who is it who will judge me?  
Let Him come!  
Why am I consumed silently?  
Spare me two things –  
then I will not hide from Your face:

Keep Your hand off me,  
and don't terrorize me by fear of You!  
Call me, and I will answer You,  
or certainly I will speak, and You can answer me!  
How many iniquities and sins do I have?  
Show me my crimes and offenses!  
Why do You hide Your face,  
and consider me Your enemy?  
You show Your power against a leaf  
which the wind takes away.  
You hunt down dry stubble,  
for You write bitter judgments against me.  
Do you want to consume me for my youth's sins?  
You put my foot in a fetter.  
You watched all my ways.  
You judged my footsteps' tracks –  
I, who am like something  
which will be consumed by rot,  
like a garment which is eaten by moths.

Job 14.

Man born of woman living a brief moment,  
full of many miseries –  
comes forth like a flower and is destroyed.  
He vanishes like a shadow.  
He will never endure in his place.  
And do You consider it fair  
to open Your eyes over one like him,  
and bring him to You in judgment?  
Who can make him clean,

conceived of unclean seed?  
Isn't it You, who are unique?  
Man's days are few.  
The number of his months is with You.  
You established his limits, which cannot be passed.  
Pull back from him a little,  
that he may rest until his desire should come!  
His days are like a hired soldier's.  
A tree has hope.  
If it is cut down, it will grow green again.  
Its branches will bud.  
If its root grows old in the soil  
and its trunk decays into dust,  
at the scent of water it will germinate and bear fruit,  
like when it was first planted.  
But, truly, when man dies,  
and is laid out and eaten up,  
where is he, I ask?  
In the same way sea's waters ebb away,  
and empty rivers dry up,  
so man when he falls asleep  
will not wake back up until sky grinds away.  
He will not awaken or get up from his sleep.  
Who can give me this,  
that You protect me in the inferno,  
that You hide me until Your fury passes over,  
that You give me a time  
when You will remember me?  
You don't believe a dead man  
will live again, do You?  
All of my days now I campaign on.

I wait until my release comes.  
You will call and I will answer You.  
You will stretch out Your right hand  
to Your hands' work.  
You indeed have numbered my steps,  
but You spare my sins.  
You sealed my offenses as if in a small sack,  
yet have been concerned with my iniquity.  
A mountain, falling, will flow away,  
and a rock is moved from its place.  
Waters wear away stones,  
and earth is consumed little by little by flood,  
and You, therefore, destroy men in the same way.  
You strengthened him a little,  
that he may pass away forever.  
You will change his face and drive him out.  
Whether his children will be noble or ignoble,  
he will not know.  
Yet his flesh will ache while he still lives,  
and his soul will mourn over itself.

Job 15.

But Eliphaz the Themanite, answering, said,  
Will the wise respond  
like someone talking into the wind,  
and will he fill his stomach with fire?  
You contest by words Him who is not your equal,  
and you say what is not helpful to you.  
How much is in you!  
You have removed fear

and taken away your prayers before God –  
for your mouth has shown your iniquity,  
and you have imitated the blasphemers' tongue.

Your mouth will condemn you and not I,  
and your lips will answer you.

Were you the first man born,  
and formed before the hills?

Have you heard God's counsel  
and will His wisdom be beneath you?  
What have you known that we are ignorant of?  
What do you understand that we do not know?

Old men and elders are among us,  
much older than your parents.

Isn't it great that God would console you,  
but your twisted words will prevent this!

Why does your heart lift you up,  
and why do you have astonished eyes,  
as if from great thoughts?

Why does your breath swell against God,  
that you offer such words from your mouth?

What is man that he be spotless,  
and that he seem fair, born of woman?

Look, among God's holy ones  
no one is unchanging,  
and the heavens are not clean in His sight.  
How much more detestable and useless is man,  
who drinks iniquity like waters?

I will show you.

Listen to me, because I have seen!

I will tell you.

The wise will acknowledge,

and do not hide their fathers,  
to whom only the land is given,  
and a stranger will not pass through them.  
All his days the lawless is proud,  
yet the number of years of his tyranny is uncertain.  
The sound of terror is always in his ears,  
and when there is peace, he suspects plots.  
He does not believe  
that he can come back from darkness,  
watching for the sword everywhere.  
When he moves himself to look for bread,  
he's already known that a day of shadows  
is prepared in his hand.  
Tribulation will terrify him,  
and anguish will surround him,  
like a king who prepares for battle –  
for his hand aimed against God,  
and he flexed his muscles against the Omnipotent.  
He has run against him with head upright,  
and is armed with a fat neck.  
Fatness has covered his face,  
and lard hangs from his sides.  
He has lived in destroyed cities,  
and in deserted houses which are reduced to rubble.  
He will not grow rich,  
nor will his substance last,  
nor will he send his root into the earth.  
He will not step back from shadows.  
A flame will dry up his branch,  
and he will be carried away by his mouth's breath.  
Pointlessly deceived by error,

he will not believe that he can be redeemed  
even by something precious.  
He will perish before his days are full,  
and his hand will wither.  
He will be struck like a vineyard  
whose grapes are in first flower,  
and like an olive tree casting off its bloom –  
for a gathering of hypocrites is sterile,  
and fire will devour their tents  
who willingly take bribes.  
He conceived pain  
and gave birth to iniquity,  
and his womb prepares frauds.

Job 16.

But Job, answering, said,

I have heard such things often.  
All of you are burdensome comforters!  
Will windy words have no end,  
or will something bother you if you speak?  
I could talk like you, too,  
if only your soul were in my soul's place.  
I could console you by words, too,  
and shake my head over you.  
I could build you up by my mouth,  
and move my lips as if showing  
consideration for you.  
But what should I do?  
If I spoke, my pain will not ease.  
Even if I were quiet, it wouldn't recede from me.

But now my pain has oppressed me,  
and all my limbs are reduced to nothing.  
My wrinkles speak testimony against me,  
and a liar rises up against my face,  
contradicting me.  
He has brought together his fury against me,  
driving against me.  
He has ground his teeth at me.  
My enemy has looked at me with terrifying eyes.  
They opened their mouths against me, cursing.  
They struck my jaw.  
They are satisfied by my punishments.  
God closed me in with the treacherous  
and handed me over into the hands of the lawless.  
I, who was wealthy, am suddenly penniless.  
He had me by the neck. He has broken me  
and placed like a banner for Himself.  
He has surrounded me with his lances.  
He wounded my manhood.  
He has not spared me,  
and has poured out my guts on the ground.  
He struck me with wound after wound.  
He rushed in at me like a giant.  
I have sown sackcloth over my skin,  
and covered my strength with ashes.  
My face is swollen with tears,  
and my eyelids have been darkened.  
I have suffered these things  
without iniquity on my hands –  
when I had pure prayers to God.  
Earth, do not cover up my blood,

nor let my cry find a hidden place in you!  
Because, look, my witness is in the sky,  
and my confidante is in the highest.  
My friends are talkers.  
My eye pours out tears to God.  
If only a man could be judged  
the same way against God  
as a human being is judged against his companion!  
Because, look, a few brief years pass  
and I walk a path from which I will not return.

Job 17.

My breath will be diminished.  
My days will be shortened,  
and only the grave is left to me.  
I have not sinned,  
yet my eye will stay in bitterness.  
Free me and put me beside You,  
and then let anyone's hand fight against me!  
You made their heart far from discipline,  
and, as a result, they will not be lifted up.  
He promises plunder to partners,  
yet his children's eyes will be lacking.  
He placed me like someone in a common proverb,  
and I am an example before them.  
My eye is darkened by indignation,  
and my members are reduced as if to nothing.  
The fair will be astounded by this,  
and the innocent will be stirred up  
against the hypocrite.

And the fair will have his way,  
and by clean hands he will add strength.  
Therefore, all of you are turned upside down,  
and you come, and I will not find anyone  
wise among you.

My days have passed by.  
My ideas have been scattered, twisting my heart.

They have turned night to day,  
and after darkness, in turn, I hope for light.

If I hold out, my house is in the inferno!

I have strawed my bed in darkness.

I said to rot, You are my father;  
to worms, You are my mother and my sister!

So, where is my reward now?

Who considers my patience?

All mine will descend into the deepest inferno!  
You don't believe rest will be there for me, do you?

Job 18.

But Baldad the Shuhite, answering, said,

To what end will you throw around words?

Understand first, and so we may speak!

Why were we considered like cattle,  
and were we unworthy before you –  
you who are ruining your soul in your fury!

Will earth be abandoned for your sake,  
and rocks be moved from their place?

Won't the light of the lawless be extinguished,  
and the flame of his fire not shine forth?

The light will be darkened in his tent,

and the lamp which is over him will be put out.

His power's step will be closed in,  
and his counsel will throw him down,  
for he has put his feet in a trap,  
and he walks in its mesh.

His foot's sole will be caught in a trap,  
and thirst will burn in him.

His trap is hidden in the ground,  
and his snare on the path.

Therefore, the hunter's traps will terrify him,  
and will wrap around his feet.

May his strength be reduced by hunger,  
and starvation invade his sides!

May it devour the beauty of his skin!

May firstborn death consume his arms!

May his confidence

be wrenched away from his tent,  
and destruction trample him like a king!

May his companions live in his tent,  
because he no longer exists!

May sulphur be scattered in his dwelling!

May his roots dry up below,  
and his harvest diminish above!

May his memory perish from the earth,  
and his name not be celebrated in public places!

He will expel him from light into darkness,  
and will take him out of the world.

His seed will not be found,  
nor his offspring among his people,  
nor other reminders at all in his country.

In his day they will be astounded at his end,

and horror will break through to the important.  
Therefore, these are the tents of the treacherous,  
and this is his place who ignores God.

Job 19.

But Job, answering, said,

How long will you afflict my soul,  
and grind me down with words?

Look, ten times you confound me,  
and you aren't ashamed pushing me down!

Of course, if I am ignorant,  
my ignorance will be with me.

But you build against me  
and argue with me by taunting me.

At least know this:

that God has not afflicted me with a fair judgment.

He has surrounded me by His blows.

Look! I will shout, suffering violence,  
and no one will hear!

I will protest fiercely,  
yet there is no one who will judge!

He has hedged my path, and I cannot go across,  
and has placed darkness in my way.

He robbed me of my glory,  
and took away the crown from my head.

He destroyed me completely and I perish,  
and, like an uprooted tree, He took away my hope.

His fury is aroused against me,  
and so He considered me as His enemy.

At the same time, His bandits came

and made themselves a road through me,  
and besieged my tent all around.

He made my brothers far from me,  
and my acquaintances pull back from me  
like strangers.

My neighbors abandoned me,  
and those who knew me have forgotten me.  
My house's inhabitants and my slave women  
treat me like a stranger,  
and I am like a homeless man in their eyes.

I called my slave and he didn't answer.

I pleaded with him by my own mouth.

My wife shuddered at my breath,  
and I begged the sons from my womb.

Even fools despised me.

When I passed by them, they ridiculed me.

Those who once counseled me detested me,  
and the one whom I loved most turned against me.

My flesh is eaten up.

My bone clings to my skin  
and only lips are left near my teeth.

Have mercy on me!

At least you have mercy on me, my friends,  
because the Lord's hand has touched me!

Why do you persecute me like God,  
and fill yourselves with my flesh?

Who may grant me that my words be written down?

Who may give me that they be noted in a book,  
by an iron pen and a lead plate,  
or carved firmly in stone!

For I know that my redeemer may live,

and in the end, I may be raised up from earth.  
And I will be surrounded once more by my skin,  
and in my flesh I will see God –  
whom I myself will see,  
and my eyes catch sight of, and not another.  
My hope is laid up in this, in my heart.  
So why are you now saying, Let's pursue him,  
and find the root of the word against him?  
Flee, then, from the sword's face,  
because the sword is iniquity's avenger,  
and understand that judgment will take place!

Job 20.

But Sophar the Naamathite, answering, said,  
Because of that,  
my various thoughts follow themselves,  
and my mind is taken away by different ideas.  
I will hear the doctrine which you advocate to me,  
and my intelligence's breath will answer me.  
This I know from the beginning,  
since man was placed on earth:  
that the praise of the lawless may be brief,  
and the hypocrite's joy punctured in an instant.  
If his pride should mount to the sky,  
and his head should touch the clouds,  
in the end he will be lost like a pile of dung,  
and those who saw him will say, Where is he?  
Like a vanishing dream he will not be found.  
He will pass away like a nightmare.  
The eye which saw him will not see him,

nor will his place consider him further.  
His children will be ground down by poverty,  
and his hands will pay him back his pain.  
His bones will be filled by his youth's vices,  
and they will sleep with him in dust.  
For when harm seems sweet in his mouth,  
he will hide it under his tongue.  
He will spare it, and will not leave it behind,  
and will hide it in his throat.  
His bread in his stomach  
will turn into an asp's poison inside.  
He will vomit the riches which he devoured,  
and God will extract them from his gut.  
He will suck the asp's head.  
The viper's tongue will kill him.  
May he not see even rivulets of streams,  
flowing with honey and butter.  
He will pay for all that he did,  
nor yet be consumed alongside the multitude  
of his accomplishment.  
Thus also he will be held back,  
because, breaking in,  
he stripped the poor man's house.  
He tore down and did not build,  
nor was his belly satisfied.  
When he has what he wants,  
he won't be able to keep it.  
Nothing remained from his own food,  
and, because of this  
nothing will endure from his goods.  
He will be hemmed in when he is full.

He will boil, and every pain  
will rush in against him.  
If only his belly might be filled,  
that God may drive out on him fury's anger,  
and rain his conflict down on him!  
He will flee iron weapons,  
and throw himself under a bronze arrow.  
Drawn out and coming forth from their sheaths,  
and flashing in their bitterness,  
they will advance, and horrible blows  
will come upon him.  
All shadows are hidden in his darkness.  
Fire which is not lit will devour him.  
The one left in his tent will be afflicted.  
Skies will reveal his iniquity,  
and earth will rise up against him.  
His house's offspring will be exposed.  
He will be taken away in God's furious day.  
This is a lawless man's portion from God,  
and his actions' legacy from the Lord.

Job 21.

But Job, answering, said

Hear my words, I pray,  
and you will act out penance!  
Put up with me, as I too will speak,  
and after my words it will be seen if you laugh!  
Is my dispute against man,  
that rightly I shouldn't be saddened?  
Pay attention to me and be astounded,

and put your finger over your mouth!  
Even I, when I am reminded, am terrified,  
and shaking rocks my flesh.  
Why, then, do the lawless go on living?  
They are lifted up, and comforted by riches.  
Their seed endures before them,  
uproar of their neighbors,  
and grandchildren in their sight.  
Their homes are safe and peaceful,  
and God's correction is not over them.  
Their ox has conceived and doesn't abort.  
Their cow has given birth  
and is not deprived of her calf.  
Their little ones go out like flocks,  
and their infants exult in luxuries.  
They have tympanies and harps,  
and rejoice to the sound of pipes.  
They lead their days in good,  
and descend to the inferno, in an instant –  
who said to God, Leave us alone,  
and, We don't want knowledge of Your ways.  
What is the Omnipotent that we should serve Him,  
and what good is it to us if we pray to Him?  
Nevertheless, because their goods  
are not in their hands,  
let the counsel of the lawless be far from me!  
How often the lamp of the wicked  
will be extinguished,  
and a flood come over them,  
and He will divide the pains of His fury.  
They will be like chaff before the wind's face,

and like ash when the whirlwind stirs it.  
God will store up the father's pain for his children,  
and when He repays, then he will understand.

His eyes will watch his destruction,  
and he will drink from the Omnipotent's fury.

For what will belong to him  
from his house after him,  
if the number of his months will be cut in half?

Will someone teach God knowledge,  
who judges the highest ones?

This one dies strong and healthy, rich and happy.

His guts are full of fat,  
and his bones' marrow is nourished.

Someone else, truly, dies in bitterness of soul,  
apart from any resources.

Yet, at the same time, they will sleep in dust,  
and worms will cover them.

Of course I knew your twisted thoughts  
and opinions against me,

for you say, Where is the prince's house,  
and Where are the lawless ones' tents?

Question whoever you please from passersby,  
and you will recognize he understands these too –

because a harmful man will be guarded  
on the day of judgment,  
and led to the day of fury.

Who will argue his way before God,  
and who will repay to Him what He does?

He will be led to the grave,  
and will keep vigil in a heap of the dead.

He was sweet to the gravel of Cocyti,

and will bring every man after him,  
and before him they are numberless.  
How then, will you console me vainly,  
when your response is shown to be  
repugnant to truth?

Job 22.

But Eliphaz the Themanite, answering, said,  
Man can't be compared to God, can he,  
even when he is of perfect knowledge?  
What benefit is it to God if you are fair,  
or what do you confer on Him  
if your way is spotless?  
Will He dispute you, fearing you,  
and will He come with you into judgment,  
and not on account of your many harmful deeds  
and your infinite iniquities?  
For you took away  
your brothers' pledge without cause,  
and stripped the naked of clothes.  
You haven't given water to the weary,  
and took bread away from the hungry.  
You possessed the land by your arm's strength,  
and, being most powerful, you took it.  
You sent widows away empty,  
and broke the orphans' strength.  
This is why you are captured by snares,  
and a hunter's trap disturbs you suddenly.  
And you supposed you wouldn't see shadows,  
and the flood-waters' force wouldn't oppress you.

Or did you think that God is higher than the sky  
and lifted up over the peaks of the stars,  
and you say, What did God know,  
and, can He judge as if through darkness?  
His hiding place is the clouds,  
nor does He consider us,  
and He walks near the sky's corners.  
Do you want to keep the path of the ages,  
which treacherous men have trampled –  
who are taken away before their time,  
and a river undermined their foundation,  
who said to God, Turn away from us,  
and considered Him as if the Omnipotent  
could do nothing,  
when He had filled their homes with good!  
Let their opinions be far from me!  
The fair will see and rejoice,  
and the innocent will mock them.  
Wasn't their building cut down,  
and their remnants devoured by fire?  
Submit, therefore, to Him, and have peace,  
and through this you will have the best results!  
Receive the law from His mouth,  
and put His teachings in your heart!  
If you return to the Omnipotent,  
you will be built up,  
and you will make iniquity far from your tent.  
He will give you stones for dirt,  
and for stones torrents of gold,  
and the Omnipotent will be against your enemies,  
and silver will be piled up for you.

Then you will enjoy delights from the Omnipotent,  
and will lift up your face to God.  
You will pray to Him and He will hear you,  
and you will repay your promise.  
You will discern a thing and it will come to you,  
and light will shine in your ways –  
for who was humbled will be in glory,  
and who lowered his eyes – he will be saved.  
The innocent will be saved,  
but he will be saved by his hands' cleanness.

Job 23.

But Job, answering, said,  
Now also, my speech is in bitterness,  
and my affliction's hand  
is made worse than my moaning.  
Who may grant me that I know and I find Him,  
and I come even to His throne?  
I will set judgment before Him,  
and my mouth will be filled with reproaches,  
so I could know the words with which  
He would respond to me,  
and understand what He would say to me.  
I don't want His tremendous strength  
to contend with me,  
or the immensity of His greatness to crush me.  
Let Him propose fairness against me,  
and my cause may come to victory!  
If I walk to the east, He doesn't appear.  
If to the west, I will not understand Him.

If to the left, what can be done?  
I will not find Him.  
If I turn to the right, I will not see Him.  
Truly, He knows my way,  
and has proved me like gold  
that passes through fire.  
My foot has followed His steps.  
I have kept His way and not turned aside from it.  
I have not turned back from His lips' commands,  
and I have hidden His mouth's words in my breast –  
for He is unique,  
and no one can turn away from His awareness,  
and whatever His soul has wished, this He does.  
When He has completed His will in me,  
many other similar things are ready for Him also.  
Therefore, I am agitated by His face,  
and disturbed by fear considering Him.  
God has melted my heart,  
and the Omnipotent has disquieted me –  
for I have not perished  
on account of impending shadows,  
nor has He covered my face in gloom.

Job 24.

Times are not hidden from the Omnipotent,  
but those who know Him do not know His days.  
Some have taken away boundary posts.  
They have torn apart flocks and eaten them.  
They have driven away the orphan's donkey,  
and taken the widow's ox for a pledge.

They have undermined the poor man's way,  
and oppressed together earth's humble ones.

Others go toward their work  
like wild asses in the desert,  
and prepare their children's bread,  
watching for prey.

They don't work their own field,  
and they harvest the vineyard  
of one whom they oppress by force.

They have sent men out stripped, taking their coats,  
to whom there is no covering in winter,  
whom mountain rains drench,  
and, having no blanket, they embrace stones.

They worked violence, plundering orphans,  
and they robbed the common poor,  
stripped and walking without clothing,  
and they have taken away the hungry' man's grain.

They napped amid the treasures  
of those who, having trampled the wine press,  
still thirst.

They made men groan from the city,  
and the wounded ones' soul cried out,  
and God did not suffer them to go unpunished.

They were rebels to the light.

They have not known His ways,  
nor have they turned back by His paths.  
Early in the morning the murderer gets up.

He destroys the needy and the poor.

Truly, at night he will be like a robber.

The adulterer's eye watches the gloom, saying,  
Eye will not see me, and he will cover his face.

He breaks through homes in darkness,  
as in day they had agreed among themselves,  
and they have not known the light.

If dawn should arise suddenly,  
they are judged by death's shadow,  
and they carry on in darkness as if in light.

He is light on the waters' face.

Let cursing be his portion on earth,  
nor may he walk by the way of the vineyards!  
Let him pass from snow melt to too much heat,  
and his sin lead even to the dead!

Let mercy forget him, his sweetness be for worms!

Let him not be remembered,  
but be destroyed, like an unfruitful tree –  
for he has struck the childless,  
and she who has not given birth,  
and he has not done right by the widow.

He has torn down the strong in his strength,  
and when he stands, he will not trust his life.

God gave him room for repentance,  
and he misused it in pride.

Yet God's eyes are on his ways.

They were lifted up a short while,  
yet will not remain.

And they will be humiliated,

like all, and taken away,

and like heads of grain they will be crushed.

For if this isn't so, who can show me to be a liar,  
and put my words before God?

Job 25.

But Baldad the Shuhite, answering, said,  
Power and terror are with Him,  
who makes concord in His highest places.  
Is there a number of His soldiers?  
Over whom will His light not rise?  
Can man be justified compared to God,  
or appear clean, born of woman?  
Look, even the moon does not shine  
and the stars are not pure in His sight.  
How much more rotting man,  
and man's son, a worm!

Job 26.

But Job, answering, said,  
Whose helper are you?  
One who is feeble?  
And are you sustaining one whose arm isn't strong?  
To whom have you given counsel?  
Perhaps to one who has no wisdom?  
Have you shown your great prudence?  
Whom did you want to teach?  
Isn't it Him who made your breath?  
Look, giant beasts groan beneath waters,  
and those who live with them.  
The dead is stripped open before Him,  
and destruction's covering is nothing –  
who stretches out the north over the void,  
and hangs the earth over nothing!  
who binds up waters in His clouds,

that they not erupt together downward;  
    who holds His throne's face,  
    and spreads out His cloud over it!  
    He prescribed the waters' limit,  
        even to the point where  
        light and darkness are ended.  
    The sky's columns tremble together,  
        and are terrified at His nod.  
In His strength, seas are gathered suddenly,  
and by His prudence He pounds the proud.  
    His breath adorned the skies,  
    and by His hands' midwifery  
    the twisting serpent is led forth.  
Look, these are said about a portion of His ways!  
    When we have heard  
    hardly a tiny drop of His word,  
who can consider the thunders of His immensity?

Job 27.

And Job also added, resuming his parable, and said,  
    God lives, who has taken away my cause,  
    and the Omnipotent, who brought my soul  
        to bitterness –  
    because, as long as breath remains in me  
        and God's spirit is in my nostrils,  
        my lips will not speak iniquity,  
        nor will my tongue meditate on lies!  
    Far be it from me that I judge you to be fair!  
I will not turn away from my innocence until I die.  
    I have not deserted my justification,

which I began to have,  
for my heart has not reproached me in all my life.

Let my enemy be like the lawless,  
and my adversary like the treacherous!  
For what hope is there for the hypocrite  
if he plunders greedily?

God will not free his soul.  
God won't hear his cry, will He,  
when anguish comes over him,  
nor will he be able to delight in the Omnipotent,  
or invoke God at all times.

I will teach you by the hand of God  
what the Omnipotent has, nor will I hide it.

Look, you all have known it,  
so why do you speak vanities without cause?  
This is the lawless man's portion with God,  
and the violent ones' inheritance  
which they will receive from the Omnipotent.

If his children are multiplied,  
they will go to the sword,  
and his grandchildren will not be filled with bread.  
Who are left from him will be buried in destruction,  
and their widows will not weep.

If he amasses silver like dirt,  
and prepares garments like clay,  
he will prepare, indeed, but the fair will wear them,  
and the innocent will divide his silver.

He has built his house like a moth,  
and made a shelter like a watchman.

A rich man when he sleeps  
will carry nothing away with him.

He opens his eyes and will find nothing.  
Poverty will wash over him like water.  
A storm will oppress him by night.  
A burning wind will take him, and carry him away,  
and, like a tornado, will rip him from his place.  
And He will send it over him,  
and not spare from His hand.  
In great haste, he will flee.  
God will draw his hands tight over him,  
and will hiss at him, considering his position.

Job 28.

Silver has beginnings of its veins,  
and gold is found, which is purified.  
Iron is taken from the earth,  
and stone melted by heat becomes bronze.  
He set a time for darkness,  
and he himself considers a purpose for all things:  
stones, likewise, gloom and death's shadow.  
A rushing stream divides from a traveling people  
those whom the foot of needy men  
have forgotten, unreachable.  
The land from which bread arises  
is undone by fire in its place.  
Its stones are the place of sapphires,  
and its clods are gold.  
The bird has not known its path,  
nor has the vulture's eye seen it.  
The peddlers' children have not walked over it,  
nor has the lioness passed through it.

He stretches out his hand to stone.  
He overturns the roots of mountains.  
He cuts streams into rocks,  
and his eye sees everything precious.  
Even the rivers' depth is examined,  
and he has brought hidden things to light.  
Where indeed can wisdom be found,  
and who is the place of understanding?  
Man does not know its price,  
nor is it found among those living at ease on earth.  
The abyss says, It is not in me,  
and the sea speaks, It is not with me.  
Fine gold will not be given for it,  
nor will silver be weighed out in its exchange.  
It will not be traded for dyes of India's colors,  
nor most precious stones of sardonyx or sapphire.  
Gold will not adequate for it, nor blue dye,  
neither can golden vases be exchanged for it.  
The most exalted and eminent  
will not be remembered in comparison to it.  
Yet wisdom is derived from hiddenness.  
Topaz from Ethiopia will not be equal to it,  
nor will it be constructed from purest inks.  
From where, then, will wisdom come,  
and who is the place of understanding?  
Wisdom is hidden from the eyes of all the living  
and unseen by the sky's birds.  
Destruction and death said,  
We have heard its fame with our ears.  
God knows its way,  
and He has known its place,

for He looks upon the world's limits,  
and sees all things that are under the sky –  
and weighed out waters by measure,  
when He placed a law on the rains,  
and on the way of thundering storms.  
Then He saw it, and has told of it,  
and prepared, and investigated.  
And He said to man,  
Look, fear of the Lord, this is wisdom,  
and to turn away from harm is intelligence.

Job 29.

And Job also added, resuming his parable, and said,

Who may grant me  
that I may be like in former months,  
like the days in which God kept me;  
when His lamp shone over my head,  
and I walked to His light in darkness?  
As I was in the my youth's days,  
when God was in my tent's secret place,  
when the Omnipotent was with me,  
and my servants around me;  
when I washed my feet with butter,  
when a rock poured out streams of oil to me;  
when I went to the city's gate,  
and they prepared a seat in the streets for me?  
Young people saw me and hid,  
and the old, rising up, stood.  
Princes ceased talking  
and put their finger over their mouth.

Leaders restrained their voice,  
and their tongue stuck in their throat.  
The ear hearing blessed me,  
and the eye seeing returned testimony to me,  
because I freed the poor man crying out,  
and the orphan who had no helper.  
The blessing of those about to perish came over me,  
and I consoled the widow's heart.  
I was dressed in fairness,  
and I dressed myself  
by my judgment's garment and crown.  
I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame.  
I was a father to the poor  
and the cause I did not know,  
I investigated most carefully.  
I broke the lawless ones' jaws,  
and took away the prey from their teeth.  
And I said, I will die in my little nest,  
and like a palm tree, I will multiply my days.  
My root opened beside waters,  
and the dew will stay in my harvest.  
My glory will always be renewed,  
and my bow will be restored in my hand.  
Those who heard me expected a wise opinion,  
and were silent, eager for my counsel.  
Nothing was heard to add to my words,  
and my eloquence dripped down over them.  
They waited for me like rain,  
and they opened their mouth  
as if to a late rain shower.  
If at any time I laughed at them,

they did not believe it,  
and my face's light did not sink to the ground.  
If I wanted to go to them, I sat as leader,  
and when I sat down,  
I was like a king surrounded by an army –  
yet I consoled the grieving.

Job 30.

But now, those junior in age mock me –  
whose fathers I did not consider worthy  
to put with my flocks' dogs –  
whose strength of hand was nothing to me,  
and they were considered unworthy of life itself,  
sterile from poverty and hunger,  
who gnawed away in solitude,  
made filthy by calamity and misery.  
And they chewed grass and tree bark,  
and a juniper's root was their food;  
who stole these from valleys.

When they found one, they ran to it shouting.

They lived in dried up rivers  
and in earth's caves, or on gravel;  
who were happy among themselves  
and considered it to be delightful  
to be under thorn bushes –  
children of fools and the worthless,  
not standing out even in the earth's depths!

Now I am sung about in their songs,  
and I have become a proverb to them.  
They detest me and flee far from me,

and aren't afraid to spit in my face –  
for He opened a quiver and afflicted me,  
and put a bit in my mouth.

They rose up quickly  
to the right of my calamity's dawn.

They undermined my feet  
and overwhelmed my paths like waves.

They weakened my way.

They plotted against me, and prevailed –  
and there was no one who brought help.

As if through a broken wall or an opened door,  
they rushed in at me,  
and tumbled down into my miseries.

I am reduced to nothing.

You have taken away my desire like the wind,  
and my health has vanished like clouds.

But now my soul shrivels up within me,  
and days of affliction possess me.

By night my bone is pierced by pains,  
and those who eat me do not sleep.

My garment is consumed by their number,  
and they enclosed me like a shirt's collar.

I am like dirt, and similar to embers and ashes.

I cry out to You and You don't hear me.

I stand and You don't look at me.

You changed toward me in cruelty  
and You oppose me in the hardness of Your hand.

You lifted me up,  
and, as if throwing me on the wind,  
struck me powerfully.

I know that you will hand me over to death,

where a house is established for all the living.  
Nevertheless, You do not stretch out Your hand  
to their consumption,  
and if they have fallen, You Yourself will save.  
I used to weep for him who was afflicted,  
and my soul suffered with the poor.  
I expected good, and harms came to me.  
I waited for light and darkness erupted.  
My guts have boiled up without any rest.  
Days of affliction have come over me.  
I walked along grieving, without anger.  
Rising up in a crowd I cried out.  
I was a brother of dragons,  
and a companion of ostriches,  
My skin is blackened over me,  
and my bones have dried out before the heat.  
My guitar is turned to mourning,  
and my pipe to weeping's voice.

Job 31.

I made an agreement with my eyes  
that I wouldn't think about a young woman,  
for what portion would God have in me above,  
and the Omnipotent is an inheritance from on high?  
Is not destruction to the lawless,  
and alienation to workers of lawlessness?  
Does He not consider my ways,  
and number all my steps?  
If I have walked in vanity  
and my foot hurried into deceit,

let Him weigh me in a right scale,  
and let God know my simplicity!  
If my step turned from the way,  
and my heart followed my eyes,  
and a stain sticks to my hands,  
let me sow and another eat,  
and my offspring be wiped out.  
If my heart has been deceived over a woman,  
and if I have plotted against my friend's doorway,  
let my wife be a whore to another,  
and let others bend down to her –  
for this is sin and the greatest iniquity!  
It is fire devouring even to destruction,  
and eradicating all offspring.  
If I have disdained dealing fairly  
with my slave and my slave women  
when they disputed against me,  
what, then, can I do  
when God rises up to judge me?  
When He demands, what will I say to Him?  
Didn't He who made me in the womb  
also make him,  
and hasn't One formed us both in the vulva?  
If I denied to the poor what they desired,  
and made the widow's eyes wait;  
if I ate my morsel alone  
and the orphan did not eat from it –  
because compassion has grown with me  
from my infancy,  
and came out with me from my mother's womb –  
if I despised the one perishing

because he had no clothing,  
and the poor man without cover;  
if his sides have not blessed me,  
and he was not warmed by my sheep's fleece;  
if I raised my hand against the orphan,  
even when I saw myself superior in the gate,  
let my shoulder fall from its socket,  
and my arm be broken with its bones!

For I always feared God  
like a flood swelling over me!  
I could not bear His weight.  
If I considered gold my strength,  
or said to fine gold, My confidence;  
if I rejoiced over my many riches,  
and because my hand received much;  
if I saw the sun when it shines,  
and the moon glowing clearly;  
and my heart was led on in secret,  
and I kissed my hand with my mouth –  
which is the greatest iniquity  
and a denial against God most high –  
if I rejoiced at his ruin who hated me,  
and have been thrilled when harm found him;  
(For I have not given my throat to sinning,  
that I not aspire, cursing his soul!)  
if my tent's men did not say,  
Who can give us some of his food,  
that we may be full –  
the stranger did not stay outside my doorway.  
It opened to the traveler!  
If I hid my sin like a man,

and buried my iniquity in my chest;  
if I have been too frightened at a crowd,  
and the disdain of neighbors terrorized me,  
and I was silent too much,  
and did not go out my door...

Who can give me a hearing,  
that the Omnipotent may hear my desire,  
and He who judges write a book,  
so I may carry it on my shoulder,  
and hold on to it like my crown!  
I will announce to Him each one of my steps,  
and offer it like a prince.  
If my land cries out against me  
when its furrows weep,  
if I have eaten its fruit without paying,  
and afflicted its laborers' soul,  
let briars spring up for me instead of grain,  
and thorns for barley!

Job's words are ended.

Job 32.

But these three men omitted to answer Job, because he seemed just to himself. And Elihu, son of Barachel Buzites, of the family of Ram, angry and indignant, was furious at Job because he was claiming himself to be just before God. He was also angry with his friends, because they had not found a rational response, but had only condemned Job.

Therefore, Elihu waited while Job spoke, because those who were speaking were older than him. But when he had seen that the three could not answer, he was vehemently angry. And answering, Elihu, son of Barachel Buzites, said,

I am younger in age, and you are older.

For this reason I gave you place.

I was afraid to show you my opinion –  
for I hoped that age might speak better,  
and many years might teach wisdom.

But as I see, a breath is in men,  
and the Omnipotent's inspiration  
gives understanding.

The long-lived are not wise,  
nor do old men understand judgment.

Therefore I will speak. Listen to me!

I too will show you my knowledge.

For I waited through your speeches.

I heard your prudence while you debated words.

And as long as I thought  
you would say something, I considered.

But now I see that it is not possible  
to argue with Job

or for you to respond to his words,  
unless perhaps you say, We found wisdom.

God threw him down, not man.

He said nothing to me,  
and I will not respond to him  
according to what you said.

They were afraid.

They haven't answered further  
and they took away words from themselves.  
Because, therefore, I have waited  
and they have not spoken,  
they stood and did not answer further,  
I too will answer my part,  
and will show my knowledge –  
for I am full of words,  
and my gut's breath crowds me.  
Look, my gut is like new wine without a vent,  
which bursts new containers.  
I will speak and breathe a little.  
I will open my lips and answer.  
I will not favor man's person,  
and I will not equate God with man,  
for I do not know how long I will stand,  
and if my Maker will take me away  
after a little while.

Job 33.

So listen, Job, to my eloquence,  
and understand all my words!  
Look, I have opened my mouth.  
My tongue will speak in my jaws.  
My words come from my heart's simplicity,  
and my lips will speak a pure sentence.  
God's spirit made me,  
and the Omnipotent's breath has given me life.  
If you can, answer me,  
and stand up before my face!

Look, God made both me and you,  
and I too was formed from the same dirt.  
Nevertheless, let my wonder not frighten you,  
and my eloquence not be heavy to you.  
You have spoken, therefore, in my ears,  
and I have heard the sound of your words.

‘I am clean, without fault, spotless,  
and there is no iniquity in me.  
Because He finds faults in me,  
therefore, He has counted me as His enemy.

He placed my feet in a fetter.  
He watched over all my ways.’

This is the thing, therefore,  
in which you are not justified.

I will answer you  
that God may be greater than man!  
You contend against Him,  
because He did not respond to you in all words.

God speaks once  
and does not repeat the thing itself twice.

In sleep, in a vision at night,  
when drowsiness has rushed in over men  
and they sleep in bed,  
then, He opens men's ears  
and, teaching them, instructs discipline,  
that He may turn man away  
from those things that he is doing,  
and free him from pride,  
snatching his soul away from corruption,  
and his life, that he not cross over to the sword.  
He rebukes him also by pain in his bed,

and makes all his bones dry up,  
that bread may become detestable to him in life,  
and food which before was desirable to his soul.

His flesh will be consumed,  
and the bones which were touched  
will be stripped bare.

His soul will come close to corruption,  
and his life deadly.

If an angel were speaking on his behalf,  
one from a thousand,

that he may tell a man's equity,  
he will have mercy on him, and say, Free him,  
and let him not descend to corruption.

I have found in him that which I may pardon.

His flesh is eaten by sufferings.  
Let him revert to the days of his youth.

He will plead with God,  
and God will be pleased with him,  
and he will see his face in jubilation,  
and repay a man his fairness.

He will regard men, and man will say,  
I sinned, and truly fell short,  
and I have not received as I deserved.

He has freed his soul  
that he not continue to destruction,  
but, living, may see light.

Look, God does all these three times for each one,  
that He may call back their souls from corruption,  
and enlighten by the living's light.

Listen, Job, and hear me,  
and be quiet while I speak!

But if you have something  
that you can say, answer me!  
Speak, for I want you to appear fair,  
which, if you don't have it, listen to me!  
Be quiet and I will teach you wisdom.

Job 34.

And so Elihu, pronouncing even this, spoke.

Hear my words, wise men, and you will learn!

Pay attention to me,

for the ear proves words by hearing  
and the throat judges foods by tasting.

Let us choose judgment by ourselves,  
and see among ourselves what is best,

for Job has said, I am fair,

and, God has undermined my judgment,  
for there is a lie in judging me.

My arrow is violent, apart from any sin.

Who is a man like Job is,

who drinks mockery like water,  
who goes with those who work iniquity  
and walks with lawless men?

For he said, 'Man will not please God,  
even if he has run with Him.'

Therefore, prudent men, hear me!

May lawlessness be far from God,  
and iniquity far from the Omnipotent!

For God repays a man's work to him,  
and He restores according to each one's ways.  
For truly God will not condemn without reason,

nor will the Omnipotent subvert judgment.  
What other has He appointed over the earth,  
or whom did He place  
over the world which is made?  
If He directs His heart to Himself,  
and He brings His Spirit and breath to Himself,  
all flesh will die at once,  
and man would return to dust.  
Therefore, if you have intelligence,  
hear what is said, and pay attention  
to the voice of my eloquence!  
Can one who does not love fairness be healed?  
And how can you condemn Him  
who is fair in so much –  
who says to a king, Apostate,  
and calls leaders lawless;  
who does not favor the persons of princes,  
nor has He approved of the tyrant  
when he disputes against the poor –  
for all are works of His hands!  
They will die suddenly,  
and peoples will be disturbed at midnight  
and will pass away,  
and they will take away the violent without a hand –  
for His eyes are on men's ways,  
and He considers all their steps.  
There is no darkness  
and there is no shadow of death,  
that one who works iniquity may hide there.  
for neither is there further power in men  
that he may come to God in judgment.

He will destroy uncountable multitudes,  
and will cause others to stand in their place –  
for He has known their works,  
and therefore He will bring night,  
and they will be destroyed.  
He strikes them like the lawless,  
in the place of those seeing,  
those who, as if diligent,  
have backed away from him,  
and do not want to understand all His ways,  
that the cry of the needy  
might be made to come to Him,  
and He might hear the voice of the poor.  
For to Him giving peace,  
who is he who will condemn?  
From where He has hidden His face,  
who is one who will contemplate Him,  
either over a nation or over all men,  
who makes a hypocritical man reign  
because of the people's sins!  
Because, therefore, I have spoken to God,  
I will not keep you from speaking.  
If I have erred, you teach me!  
If I have spoken iniquity,  
I will not add another word.  
Will God ask it of you,  
because He has displeased you –  
for you began to speak and not me!  
If you knew something better, speak!  
Let intelligent men speak to me,  
and let a wise man hear me.

But Job has spoken foolishly,  
and his words do not sound discipline.  
My father, let Job be proved to the end!  
Do not break off from treacherous men!  
Because he added blasphemy on top of his sins,  
let him be tied up among us in the meantime,  
and then let him provoke God  
to judgment by his words!

Job 35.

Therefore, Elihu again spoke these things.

Does your thought seem fair to you  
that you say, 'I am more righteous than God?'  
For you said, 'What is right does not please You,'  
or, 'What benefit is it to You if I sin?'

So I will respond to your words,  
and to your friends with you.

Look up at the sky and consider.

Contemplate the ether,  
because it may be higher than you.

If you sin, how do you harm Him?  
And if your iniquities are multiplied,  
what will you do against Him?

Again, if you live fairly, what will you give Him,  
or what will He accept from your hand?

Your lawlessness will harm a man who is like you,  
and your fairness helped a son of man.  
Because of a multitude of oppressions,  
they will cry out,  
and will weep because of the strength

of the tyrants' arm.  
Yet he has not said, Where is God who made me,  
who has given songs in the night,  
who shows us more than earth's beasts,  
and teaches us more than sky's birds?  
They will cry out there and He will not hear,  
because of the pride of the harmful –  
for God will not listen in vain,  
and the Omnipotent will consider  
each person's causes,  
even when you have said, He does not consider.  
To judge is before Him, and wait for Him,  
for now, He is not inflicting His fury,  
nor is He punishing crime overwhelmingly.  
Therefore, Job opens his mouth for nothing,  
and multiplies words without knowledge.

Job 36.

Adding also this, Elihu said,  
Bear with me a little, and I will show you,  
for I still have that which I may speak for God!  
I will repeat my knowledge from the beginning,  
and I will prove my Maker fair,  
for truly my words are far from lying,  
and perfect knowledge will be proved to you.  
God does not throw down the mighty  
when He Himself is mighty too.  
Yet He does not save the lawless,  
and He gives judgment to the poor.  
He does not take His eyes away from the fair,

and He places kings on thrones forever,  
and they are built.

And even if they have been in chains,  
and are bound by poverty's ropes,  
He will show them their acts and their crimes,  
because they have been violent.

And He will also open their ear that He may rebuke,  
and speak that they turn back from iniquity.

If they hear and see, they will complete  
their days in good, and their years in glory.

Yet if they will not hear,  
they will pass away by the sword,  
and be consumed in foolishness.

Liars and cheats provoke God's anger,  
nor will they cry out when they have been chained.

Their soul will die in a storm,  
and their life among the effeminate.

He will snatch the poor man away from his anguish,  
and He will open his ear in tribulation.

Therefore, He will save you broadly  
from a narrow mouth,  
not having a foundation beneath it.

Yet your table's rest will be peaceful,  
full of prosperity.

Your cause is judged like the lawless.

You will recover cause and judgment.

Therefore, do not let anger overcome you  
so that you oppress another,

nor let a multitude of bribes turn you away!

Lay aside your greatness, apart from tribulation,  
and all the robust their strength!

Do not draw out the night  
that people may climb up before them!  
Beware that you do not turn away toward iniquity,  
for you have begun to follow this after misery!  
Look, God is the highest in His strength,  
and no one among law-givers is like Him.  
Who can scrutinize His ways,  
or who can say to Him, You have worked iniquity?  
Remember that you do not know His work,  
of which men have sung.  
All men see Him.  
Each one watches far away.  
Look, God is great, conquering our knowledge!  
The number of His years cannot be guessed,  
who takes away drops of rain,  
and pours out storms like the raging seas,  
which flow from clouds,  
that cloak all things above!  
If He wanted, He would extend clouds like His tent,  
and flash His light from above the poles,  
and likewise cover the seas –  
for He judges peoples through these,  
and gives food to many mortal creatures.  
He hides light in hands,  
and takes it, that it may come forth again.  
He tells His friend about it,  
that it may be his possession,  
and he may climb up to it.

My heart feared over this,  
and was moved from its place.  
Listen to the report of His voice in terror,  
and the sound proceeding from His mouth.  
He considers all things under the skies,  
and His light stretches over the earth's ends.  
The sound will roar after Him.  
He will thunder in the voice of His greatness,  
and will not be found when His voice is heard.  
God will thunder awesomely in His voice,  
who makes great and unsearchable things;  
who commands snow that it may fall on earth,  
and winter rains, and storms of His greatness;  
who seals every man in the hand,  
that they may know each of His works.  
A beast will go into its den,  
and will stay in its cave.  
Storms will rise out of the interior places,  
and cold from Arcturus.  
By God's breath, frost forms,  
and again waters are poured out broadly.  
Grain desires the clouds,  
and the clouds disperse their light,  
which process by circuit  
wherever the will of the One governing will lead,  
to all that He has commanded  
over the face of the world of earth,  
whether in one tribe, or in His land,  
or in whatever place He has commanded  
of His mercy to be found.  
Hear these, Job!

Stand and consider God's wonders!  
You don't know when God commands the rains,  
that they show the light of His clouds, do you?  
You haven't known the clouds' great paths  
and perfect knowledge, have you?  
Aren't your clothes hot  
when the south wind blows over the earth?  
Were you perhaps with Him?  
Did you make the skies, who were poured out  
most solid, like bronze?  
Show us what we may say to Him.  
We, of course, are wrapped up in darkness.  
Who will tell Him what I say?  
If he even speaks, man will be devoured!  
But now they do not see light.  
Air is suddenly gathered into clouds,  
and the passing wind will make them flee.  
Gold comes from the north,  
and fearful praise to God.  
We cannot find Him worthily,  
so great in strength and judgment  
and fairness it cannot be told.  
Therefore, men will fear Him,  
and they will not dare to contemplate Him,  
all who seem to be wise to themselves.

Job 38.

But the Lord, answering Job from a tornado, said,  
**Who is this wrapping opinions in ignorant words?  
Cover your privates like a man!**

I will question you, and you answer me.  
Where were you when I laid earth's foundations?  
Tell me, if you have understanding!  
Who placed its measures, if you know,  
or who stretched out a line over it?  
Over what were its bases solidified,  
or who set down its cornerstone,  
when the morning stars praised Me together,  
and all God's sons rejoiced?  
Who closed the sea's doors when it erupted  
like one proceeding from the vulva,  
when I made a cloud its garment,  
and wrapped it in gloom, as if in an infant's diaper?  
I surrounded it by My limits,  
and set bar and doors.  
And I said, You will come this far  
and proceed no further,  
and here you will shatter your waves' swells.  
Did you command morning from your birth,  
or show dawn its place?  
And have you struck earth's ends  
and driven the lawless from it?  
Will it be restored as the clay of a seal,  
and will it stand like a garment?  
Their light will be taken away from the lawless,  
and the raised arm will be broken.  
Have you gone into the sea's depths,  
or walked around the abyss's ends?  
Are death's gates open to you,  
or have you seen darkness's doorways?  
Have you considered the earth's breadth?

Tell me, if you know all!  
In what pathway may light live,  
and who is the place of shadows,  
that you may lead each to its limits,  
and know the paths to its house?  
Did you know, then, that you would be born,  
and understand your days' number?  
Have you gone into snow's storerooms,  
or seen the hail's treasures,  
which I have prepared for the enemy's time,  
in the day of combat and war?  
By what road is light dispersed,  
is heat divided over earth?  
Who gave a course to fiercest storms,  
and a way to the sounding thunder,  
that it may rain on earth,  
away from men in the desert, where no mortal lives;  
that it may fill up the trackless and desolate,  
and produce green grass?  
Who is the rain's father,  
or who gave birth to drops of dew?  
From whose womb has ice come forth,  
and who birthed the sky's frost?  
Waters harden like rocks,  
and the surface of the abyss is bound up.  
Will you be able to join together  
the vibrations of the Pliades' stars,  
or can you undo the Arcturi's course?  
Have you produced the morning star in its time,  
and made evening rise up over earth's sons?  
Have you known sky's order,

and do you place its reason on earth?  
Have you raised your voice in the fog,  
and will the waters' force hide you?  
Will you send lightning and it will go,  
and returning, it will say to you, Here we are?  
Who put wisdom in man's guts,  
or who gave the rooster its understanding?  
Who told the skies' reason,  
and who will make sky's music sleep?  
When was dust formed on earth,  
and when was soil joined together?  
Will you capture the lioness's prey,  
and fill her cubs' soul,  
when they lie down in a den,  
and lie in wait in caves?  
Who prepares for the crow its meat,  
when its chicks cry out to God,  
hungry because they have no food?

Job 39.

Have you known the time of birth  
of the wild goat among the rocks,  
or watched the deer giving birth?  
Have you numbered the months of their conception,  
and known the moment of their birth?  
They are bent down over the newborn,  
and give birth, and, bellowing, cry out.  
Their children are weaned.  
They go on to pasture.  
They go out and do not return to them.

Who set the wild ass free, and loosed its chains,  
to whom I have given a home in solitude,  
and its tent is in a salty wasteland?

He scorns a crowded city.

He does not hear the task-master's shout.  
He looks around over the mountains of his pasture.

He searches for green grass.

Will the rhinoceros want to serve you,  
or will she stay by your hay stall?

Will you tie the rhinoceros to your reins,  
or will she break up the valley's clods behind you?

Will you have faith in her great strength,  
and relinquish your labors to her?

Will you trust her that she will return seed to you,  
and will she gather in your threshing floor?

An ostrich feather is like the feather  
of an owl or a hawk.

When she leaves her eggs on the ground,  
do you perhaps warm them in the sand?

She forgets that a foot may step on them,  
or that beasts of the field may destroy them.

She is hardened toward her children  
as if they weren't hers,

She labored for no reason,  
not fearing to gather them up,  
for God has deprived her of wisdom,  
nor has He given her intelligence.

When the time comes, she raises her wings high.

She mocks the horse and the one riding it.

Will you give strength to a horse,  
or capture the whinny in its neck?

Will you stir him up like locusts?  
The glory of his nostrils is terror.  
He paws the ground with his hoof.  
He prances boldly in running.  
He goes out against armed men.  
He disdains fear, nor falls back from the sword.  
The quiver echoes above him.  
The rider will brandish spear and shield.  
Impetuous and raging, he drinks up the ground,  
nor considers the blaring trumpet.  
Where the bugle is heard, he will say, A-ha!  
He smells the battle far off,  
the leaders' exhortation, and the army's shouting.  
Does the hawk grow feathers  
according to your wisdom,  
spreading its wings to the south wind,  
or will the eagle fly up at your command,  
and put its nest on the high hill?  
It stays in the rocks and lives in the steep stones  
and inaccessible cliffs.  
It looks for meat from there.  
Its eyes watch from far away.  
Its chicks will lap up blood,  
and wherever there is a dead body,  
it is quickly there.

And the Lord added, and spoke to Job,  
Will one who contended with God  
so easily be quiet?  
Surely one who argued against God  
must answer Him!

But Job, answering the Lord, said,  
I have spoken lightly.  
What can I answer?  
I will put my hand over my mouth.  
I have spoken once what I wish I had not said,  
and another time, to which I will not add more.

Job 40.

But the Lord, answering Job from a tornado, said,  
Cover your privates like a man!  
I will question you, and you answer me.  
Will you make My judgment useless,  
and condemn Me that you may be justified?  
And if you have an arm like God,  
and if you can thunder in a voice like His,  
surround yourself with beauty,  
and rise up on high, and be glorious,  
and dress yourself spectacularly.  
Scatter the proud by your fury,  
and, looking at every arrogant man, humble him!  
Look down on all the proud and confound them,  
and destroy the lawless in their place!  
Hide them in ashes at once,  
and plunge their faces into the pit,  
and I will confess that your right hand can save you!  
Look, Behemoth, whom I made with you,  
will eat hay like an ox.  
His strength is in his hips,  
and his power in his belly's cord.

He binds up his tail like cedar.  
His testicles' sinew is wrapped tightly.  
His bones are like brass tubes,  
his cartilage like iron plates.  
He is the beginning of God's ways, who made him.  
He will apply his sword,  
by whom mountains bear grass.  
All the field's beasts will play there.  
He sleeps in secret beneath the shadow of a reed,  
and in wet places.  
Shadows protect his shadow.  
The rivers' willows will surround him.  
Look, he will swallow a river and not be amazed.  
He has confidence that the Jordan  
could flow into his mouth.  
Will he capture him like a hook in his eyes,  
and pierce his nostrils like logs?  
Can it be that you will  
take out Leviathan with a hook,  
and bind his tongue with a rope?  
Will you put a ring in his nostrils,  
and pierce his jaw with a buckle?  
Will he multiply prayers to you,  
or speak softly to you?  
Will he make a pact with you,  
or will you take him as your eternal slave?  
Will you play with him like a bird,  
or bind him for your slave girls?  
Will friends kill him?  
Will traders divide him?  
Will you fill nets with his skin,

and baskets of fish with his head?  
Put your hand on him.  
Remember the war,  
nor will you have anything further to say!  
Look, his hope will frustrate him,  
and he will be thrown down in sight of all.

Job 41.

I will not arouse him like the cruel,  
for who can resist My face?  
Who gave to Me before that I should repay him?  
All things under sky are mine.  
I will not spare him and his mighty words,  
prepared for begging mercy.  
Who has opened his garments' face,  
and who will enter the middle of his mouth?  
Who will open the gates of his face?  
His teeth's circle of is fearsome.  
His body is like molded shields,  
compacted like armor pressed together.  
One is joined to another  
and not even an air-hole passes through them.  
One will adhere to the other,  
and, having each other,  
by no means will they be separated.  
His snort is fire's splendor,  
and his eyes like the eyelids of morning.  
Flames proceed from his mouth,  
like kindled torches of fire.  
Smoke pours from his nostrils,

as if from a blazing pot, inflamed.  
His breath makes coals burn,  
and flame comes out from his mouth.  
Strength will dwell in his neck,  
and poverty will go before his face.  
His body's members are connected to each other.  
He will hurl lightning against him,  
and they will not be carried to another place.  
His heart will be hardened like a stone,  
and drawn tight like a blacksmith's anvil.  
When he is taken away, angels will fear,  
and they will be purged by terror.  
When the sword finds him,  
it won't be able to stop him,  
nor a spear, or a breastplate –  
for he will consider iron like straw,  
and bronze like rotted wood.  
An archer will not make him run away.  
A sling's stones bounce off him like stubble.  
He will consider a hammer like stubble,  
and will mock one brandishing a spear.  
The sun's rays will be beneath him.  
He will spread out gold for himself like dirt.  
He will make the deep sea boil like a pot.  
He will make it like when ointments boil.  
A path will shine after him.  
He will esteem the abyss like an aging man.  
There is no power on earth which compares to him,  
who was made to fear no one.  
He sees all sublimely.  
He is king over all pride's sons.

Job 42.

But Job, answering, said to the Lord,

I know that You can do all things,  
and no thought lies hidden from You.

Who is he who hides counsel without knowledge?

Therefore I have spoken foolishly,  
and what exceeded beyond the manner  
of my understanding.

Hear, and I will speak.

I will question and you show me.

I have heard you with the hearing of the ear,  
yet now my eye sees you.

Therefore I reproach myself  
and do penance in embers and ashes.

But after the Lord had spoken these words to Job,  
He said to Eliphaz the Themanite,

My fury is enraged at you and at your two friends,  
because you haven't spoken rightly before me  
like my slave Job.

Therefore, bring up for yourselves  
seven bulls and seven rams.

Go to my slave, Job,  
and offer a holocaust for yourselves.

But Job, my slave, will pray for you.  
I will accept his face, that your foolishness  
not be charged against you,  
for you have not spoken rightly about Me,  
like my slave, Job.

Therefore, Eliphaz the Themanite, and Baldad the Shuhite, and Sophar the Naamathite, went out and did as the Lord had spoken to them, and the Lord accepted Job's face.

The Lord likewise was turned also to Job's penitence, when he had prayed for his friends, and the Lord added all that Job had possessed twice over.

But all his brothers and all his sisters and all who knew him before came to him and ate bread with him in his house, and grieved over him. And they comforted him over all the harm which the Lord had inflicted on him. And each one gave to him one sheep and one gold earring.

But the Lord blessed Job's ends more than his beginning, and his possession was fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand female donkeys. And there were to him seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of one Length of Days, and the name of the second Drops of Healing, and the name of the third Horn of Plenty.

But women as spectacular as Job's daughters were not found in all the land. And their father gave them an inheritance among their brothers.

But Job lived after this one hundred forty years, and saw his children and the children of his children, up to the fourth generation. And old and full of days, he died.