



Ketouvim (hagiographes) - Job

Chapter 41

- 41,1 Behold, the hope of him is in vain; shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?
- 41,2 None is so fierce that dare stir him up; who then is able to stand before Me?
- 41,3 Who hath given Me anything beforehand, that I should repay him? Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is Mine.
- 41,4 Would I keep silence concerning his boastings, or his proud talk, or his fair array of words?
- 41,5 Who can uncover the face of his garment? Who shall come within his double bridle?
- 41,6 Who can open the doors of his face? Round about his teeth is terror.
- 41,7 His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.
- 41,8 One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.
- 41,9 They are joined one to another; they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.
- 41,10 His sneezings flash forth light, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
- 41,11 Out of his mouth go burning torches, and sparks of fire leap forth.
- 41,12 Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot and burning rushes.
- 41,13 His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.
- 41,14 In his neck abideth strength, and dismay danceth before him.
- 41,15 The flakes of his flesh are joined together; they are firm upon him; they cannot be moved.
- 41,16 His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, firm as the nether millstone.
- 41,17 When he raiseth himself up, the mighty are afraid; by reason of despair they are beside themselves.
- 41,18 If one lay at him with the sword, it will not hold; nor the spear, the dart, nor the pointed shaft.
- 41,19 He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.
- 41,20 The arrow cannot make him flee; slingstones are turned with him into stubble.
- 41,21 Clubs are accounted as stubble; he laugheth at the rattling of the javelin.
- 41,22 Sharpest potsherds are under him; he spreadeth a threshing-sledge upon the mire.
- 41,23 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a seething mixture.
- 41,24 He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.
- 41,25 Upon earth there is not his like, who is made to be fearless.
- 41,26 He looketh at all high things; he is king over all the proud beasts.