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THE · POEM · OF



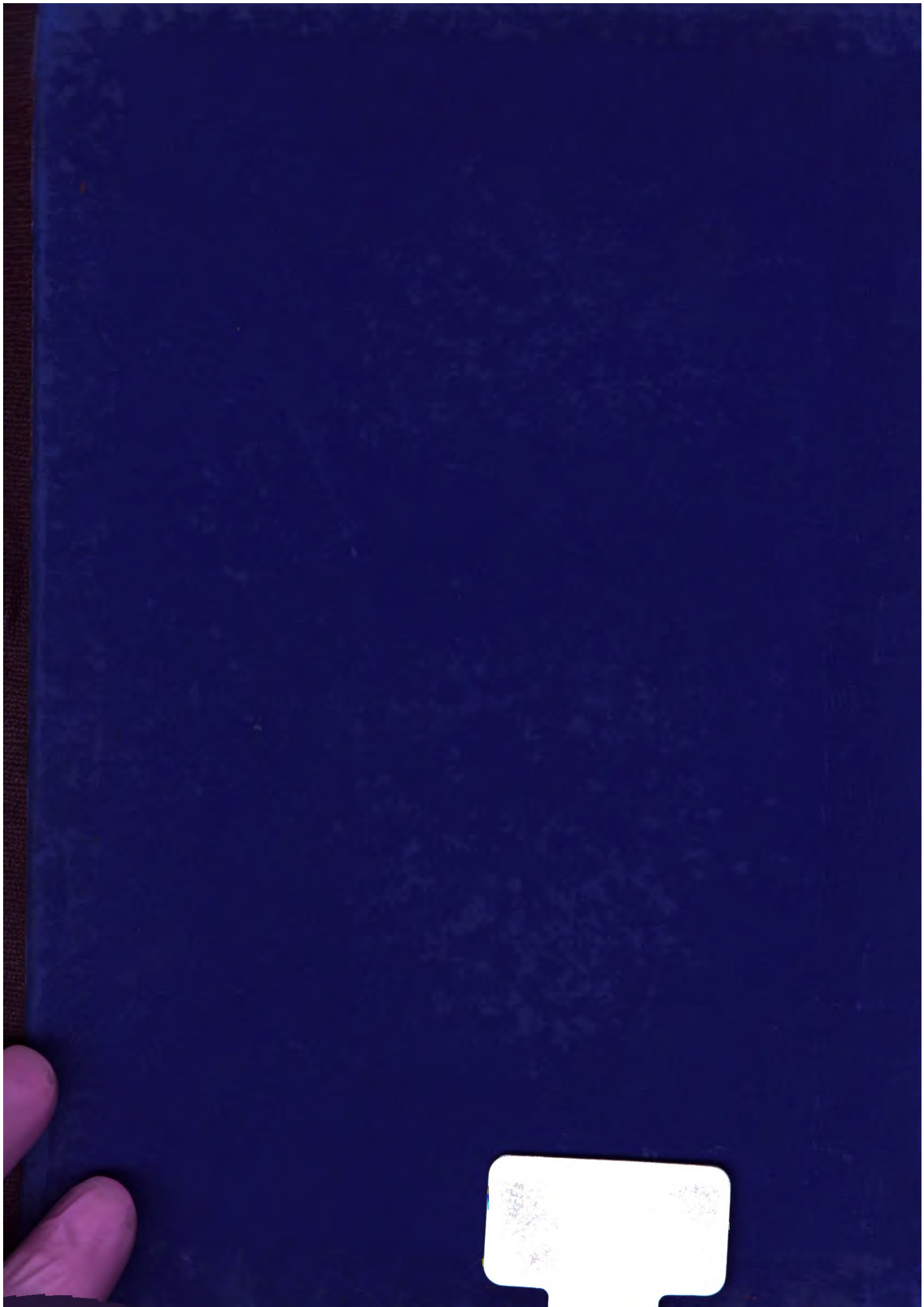
THE  
BOOK  
OF  
JOB.



THE · EARL · OF · WINCHILSEA.

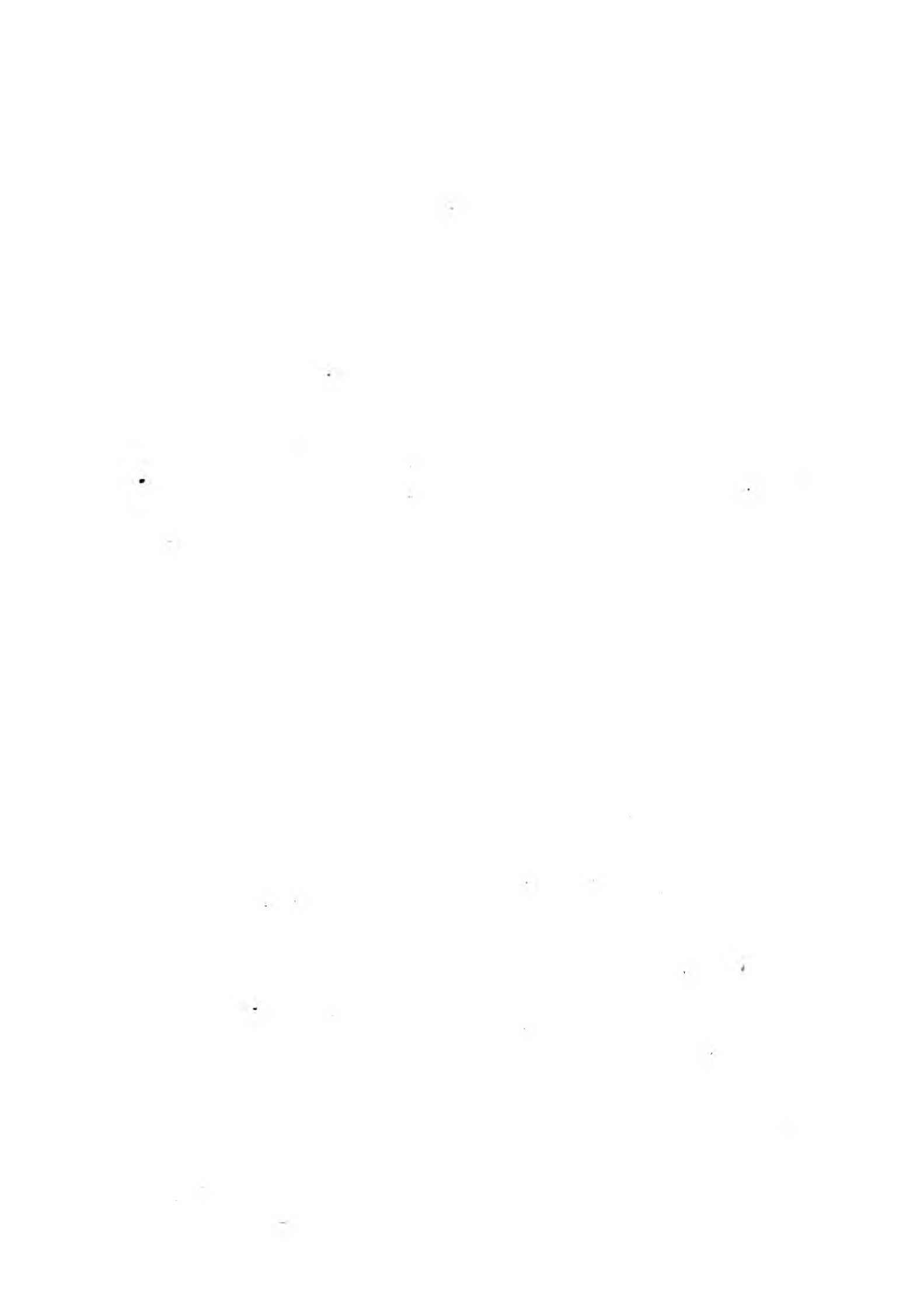












THE  
POEM OF THE BOOK OF JOB  
DONE  
INTO ENGLISH VERSE.





THE  
POEM OF THE BOOK OF JOB

DONE

INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA,  
(LATE VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.)

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“The pencil of the Holy Ghost has labour'd more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.”—BACON'S ESSAYS.

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LONDON:  
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

M.DCCC.LX.

147. e. 33.





## P R E F A C E .



No man who ever gave it a thought, has doubted that the Book of Job is an Eastern poem of unexampled magnificence ; still less will any one doubt it who has endeavoured to restore it to its original state.

Grand in subject, simple and unembarrassed in action, replete with glowing pictures of Eastern life, it represents with authority, that which all the greatest poems of antiquity have shadowed forth in doubt and obscurity, viz. : the contest between the Powers of Good and Evil for the possession of man. This argument lies at the root of the *Prometheus Bound* ; the Nemesis of the House of Atreus ; and the evil star of *Ædipus*. The ancients did not fail to perceive that the best men were often victims of a train of calamities which, personally, they do not appear to have merited ; but in endeavouring to solve this problem, they wandered into



every phase of fable and conjecture; and ended, in fact, by confessing that the matter was too hard for them.

There never yet was a nation of atheists; or, perhaps, an individual that in his heart believed what his tongue might utter—viz., “that the world and all within it are the result of chance.” The wonders of nature, the capacity of man for knowledge, the recurrence of day and night, the regularity of seed-time and harvest, the beautiful and apparent order of the universe, intimating though it may the presence of a disturbing Cause, are too marvellous and complete in themselves to admit of such a solution. Yet, the wisest men have been the most puzzled to explain the sight of their eyes, and to erect a satisfactory system which should supply at once the rule and the exception; accounting for the coexistence of a sustaining and disturbing cause in nature, and reconciling the divinity of man’s soul, with his infirmities and his crimes. How fruitless and grotesque in many instances these efforts have been, it is needless to relate; but it may be safely remarked that few of the wildest legends of the Red Indian, or Central African, are equal in absurdity to the theories of the refined Greek and imaginative Brahmin. At the first view of the Homeric poem,

the want of a solid basis on which to rear the supernatural cannot fail to strike every observer. Homer (be he one or many) was far too great a master to ignore the continual interference of a Supreme Power in the concerns of the world, and the daily life of men. He accounted for its action after his kind, and his genius has shown us a court of Gods, distinguished only by a little more power, and a little less probity, from the heroes they patronized. The inevitable result of this picture must have been to diminish the respect of his hearers for the deities whose freaks, friendships, and infirmities he has satirized so rudely. With all his anger and faults, Achilles is a more gallant knight and a more respectable character than Ares; and the world would have had reason to rejoice if Hector could have changed places with the Olympian Zeus. This weak point, then, in his materials meets Homer at every turn; and, intimately blended as his history is with supernatural action, he totally fails in giving dignity to the intercourse between Gods and men. His Gods are greater and wiser than men, simply because it suits him to tell us that they *are*, not because he exhibits their superiority either by precept or example. In short, the progress of the story

tacitly disproves his own conclusion, and leaves him, no doubt, aware of the fact.

In the poem of the Book of Job, however, we are met by no such difficulty. The author speaks with authority; and marvellous as the tale is, it is intelligible to the meanest understanding, and betrays in itself no contradiction. It presents the Almighty in a new and astonishing relation with man; but still just, inscrutable, and omnipotent. Grant his machinery to Homer, and the result is still poor, uncertain, and disappointing; but grant the machinery of the Book of Job, and the action of the poem is not only sublime, but reasonable and consistent. The special difference between these two works, then, is this:—The one gains, the other loses, whenever the supernatural is introduced. Job's three friends are beset with the same difficulties which bewildered the Greek poets and philosophers. They obstinately refuse to admit that a man can reap otherwise than he sows; and persist in declaring that Job must have committed some great and secret crime, which had brought down upon him such signal punishment. The patriarch, on the contrary, strong in his own innocence, takes a much higher view of man's condition, and the ways of the Almighty. He can understand that it may

be “good for him to be afflicted,” even without a cause, and acknowledges that God is just in all his ways, at the same time that he resolutely denies the truth of the charges brought against him. In this respect Job’s views are much in advance of his age, and he is rewarded accordingly. Even under the Jewish dispensation, temporal prosperity was held to be the test of virtue, and calamity the badge of vice. It was reserved for the Christian dispensation to explain how this rule could be true in many instances, but fail of universal application; and that could only be done by introducing man to another life hereafter, which should restore the balance, and make up for the inequalities and shortcomings of this. The plot of the poem is simple, but majestic; and there is no situation in the whole range of poetry comparable to the introductory scene, where Satan is represented as tempting his Maker, and cunningly devising for a good man the severest trials to which a mere mortal was ever subjected.

The manners and customs of the East are introduced in splendid profusion; and allusions to natural objects are thrown in, with a richness and propriety that embraces almost every phase of illustration, and leaves little for any successor to accomplish. It is difficult to

conceive keener or more cutting satire than that with which Job, (for all his patience,) accosts his friends. Narrow-minded bigots as they are, they deserve it richly; and we do not hear that he was ever accused of handling them too roughly. In the meantime, his caustic remarks add point to his moral reflections, and relieve several passages from the charge of tediousness. Job was, as we know, the pattern of a well-regulated patience; but it is clear from his example that none is required to forfeit the true spirit of a man, or to put up tamely with impertinent attacks which are neither desired nor deserved. The work is truly colossal; and yet it scarcely seems to have reached the popularity which it merits. I attribute this chiefly to the absence of rhythm and cadence in the translation, without which every poem must appear bald and unsatisfactory; and it has been my object in the following pages to remedy this defect at the smallest possible sacrifice of fidelity to the original.

The reader will scarcely fail to observe the singular facility with which the text lends itself to the ballad metre: a form of verse which is knit up with our language, and speaks home to the feelings of every one who is, as he ought to be, an admirer of genuine

Anglo-Saxon English. Great as the Biblical translation of this poem is, and an imperishable monument of our language in its best day, it appears to me that some passages are obscure from the mere absence of poetical amplification, and others from the translators' ignorance of the local colouring of the East.

When passages of this sort occur, I have taken upon me to open them out a little, or to paraphrase them slightly. I have also occasionally introduced cognate ideas; but have studiously avoided inserting any thought which was not to be found in the original. This I hold to be the first duty of a conscientious translator. I do not apologize for employing many quaint old English words which have now unfortunately fallen into disuse. They belong naturally to the period at which the poem was translated, and those who may complain of their simplicity will scarcely deny their force. They are to be found in all the best ballads of our language,—I mean the oldest; and they flourish in the sermons of Latimer, which are as fine models of pithy and pointed discourse as any with which I am acquainted.

To conclude, if it be thought by good judges that I have given a version of this incomparable poem



after the manner of Clement Marot,\* rather than that of Sternhold and Hopkins, and that I have succeeded in catching somewhat of the spirit, without departing too widely from the text of the original, I shall have attained the object of my wishes, and have done some service to the public.

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\* See Note on opposite page.

## NOTE.



THE two following specimens are selected from Clement Marot's version of the Psalms :—

### PSALME XIX.



*“ Cæli enarrant Gloriam Dei.”*



Les cieux en chacun lieu  
La puissance de Dieu  
Racontent aux humains :  
Ce grand entour espars,  
Nonce de toutes pars  
L'ouvrage de ses mains.  
    Jour après jour coulant  
Du Seigneur va parlant  
Par longue experience :  
La nuict suivant la nuict  
Nous presche et nous instruit  
De sa grand' sapience.

Et n'y a nation,  
Langue, prolotion,  
Tant soit d'estranges lieux,  
Qui n'oye bien le son,  
La manière et façon,  
Du langage des cieux.

Leur tour partout s'estend,  
Et leur propos s'entend  
Jusques au bout du monde :  
Dieu en eux a posé  
Palais bien composé,  
Au soleil cler et monde.  
Dont il sort ainsi beau  
Comme un epoux nouveau,  
De son paré pourpris,  
Semble un grand prince à voir,  
S'egayant pour avoir  
D'une course le prix.

D'un bout des cieux il part,  
Et atteint l'autre part,  
En un jour, tant est viste :  
Autre plus, n'y a rien.  
En ce val terrien,  
Qui sa chaleur évite.

La très-entière loy  
De Dieu souverain Roy,  
Vient l'ame restaurant ;  
Son temoignage seur  
Sapience en douceur,  
Monstre à l'humble ignorant.

D'iceluy Roy des Rois  
Les mandements sont droits,  
Et joye au cœur assignent ;  
Les commandements saints  
De Dieu sont purs et sains,  
Et les yeux illuminent.

L'obeïssance à lui  
Est un très-saint appui  
A perpetuité ;  
Dieu ne fait jugement,  
Qui veritablement  
Ne soit plein d'équité,  
Ces choses sont encor'  
Plus desirables qu'or,  
Fut-ce fin or de touche :  
Et en un cœur sans fiel  
Sont plus douces que miel,  
Ne pain de miel en bouche.

Qui servir te voudra,  
Par ses poincts apprendra  
A ne se fourvoyer ;  
Et en les observant  
En aura te servant  
Grand et riche loyer.

Mais on se trouvera  
Qui ses fautes saura  
Nombrer, penser, ne dire ?  
Las ! de tant de pechez,  
Qui me sont tous cachez,  
Purge-moi—très-cher Sire.

Aussi des grans forfaits  
Temerairement faits  
Soit ton serf relaché,  
Qu'ils ne regnent en moi,  
Si serai hors d'esmoi,  
Et net de grand peché.  
Ma bouche prononcer,  
Ni mon cœur ne rien penser  
Ne puisse, qui ne plaise  
A toi, mon Defendeur,  
Sauveur, et Amendeur  
De ma vie mauvaise.

## PSALME CXIV.

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*“ In exitu Israël de Ægypto.”*

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Quand Israël hors d’Égypte sortit,  
Et la maison de Jacob se partit  
D’entre le peuple estrange,  
Juda fut faire la grande gloire de Dieu,  
Et Dieu se fit prince du peuple Hebrieu.  
Prince de grand’ louange.

La mer le vid, qui s’enfuit soudain,  
Et contremont l’eau du fleuve Jourdain  
Retourner fut contrainte.  
Comme moutons montaignes ont sailli ;  
Et si en ont les costaux tressailli  
Comme aignelets en crainte.

Qu’ avois tu mer à t’enfuir soudain ?  
Pourquoy à mont l’eau du fleuve Jourdain,  
Retourner fus contrainte ?  
Pourquoy avez monts en moutons sailli,  
Pourquoy costaux en avez tressailli,  
Comme aignelets en crainte ?



Devant la face du Seigneur, qui tout peut,  
Devant le Dieu de Jacob, quand il veut,

Terre tremble craintive :

Je dy le Dieu, le Dieu convertissant  
La pierre en lac, et le rocher puissant  
En fontaine d'eau vive.



## CONTENTS OF PART ONE.

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WHO Job was.—His prosperity.—His righteousness.—The Court of Heaven.—Dialogue between the Lord and Satan.—All that Job hath is given into Satan's hand.—Ruin, desolation, and woe.—Job humbleth himself before God, and preserves his integrity.—Another Court in Heaven.—Another Dialogue between the Lord and Satan.—Job given into Satan's hand, with command to spare his life.—Job's wife tempteth him.—Job's three friends.—Job curseth his day.—He describes the rest of the grave.—Speech of Eliphaz, the Temanite.—He accuseth Job indirectly of having committed wickedness.—The vision of the night.—Eliphaz describes the flourishing condition of the wicked, and his sudden fall.—Man is born to trouble.—Despise not the chastening of the Almighty.—Description of his life whom God protects.—Job describes his affliction.—He reproaches his friends with their uncharitableness.—He solicits them to revise their judgment.—The days of man are vanity.—Job confesses his sin, and asks for a respite.—Speech of Bildad the Shuhite.—He also accuseth Job of sin.—The place of the wicked man shall know him no more.—Job's reply.—He describes the power of God.—He asks to be made acquainted with the nature of his sin.—He affirms his innocence.—He asks again for respite.—Reply of Zophar.—He makes a fierce attack upon Job.—The advantages of innocence.—Job retorts with irony.—The wicked prosper in the earth.—God doeth according to his will.—Job reproves his friends for taking God's part upon them.—He affirms that he shall be justified in the end.—Man's days are few and evil.—Answer of Eliphaz the Temanite.—He taunts Job with presumption and sin.—The lot of the wicked.—His presumption.—His end.—Job replies, God hath afflicted

him without a cause.—He taunts his friends with vanity.—Reply of Bildad the Shuhite.—The wicked come to decay.—Job's answer.—He is accounted as a stranger by his family and friends.—He entreats his friends to have pity on him.—He declares that his Redeemer liveth.—Answer of Zophar.—He is piqued by Job's taunts.—The wicked shall restore the spoil.—He shall be empty, and destroyed.—Job's rejoinder.—The wicked go unpunished, but his time shall come.—Eliphaz answers.—He accuseth Job of a variety of crimes.—He promises Job prosperity as the fruit of repentance.—Job's answer.—Who shall find out God?—Wherefore do the wicked prosper?—Men groan because of their power.—But their evil day shall come.—Bildad replies again.—Job retorts.—God's mighty works.—He maintains his own righteousness.—The heritage of the oppressor.—The wonderful works of God.—Where is the place of understanding?—The fear of God is man's wisdom.—Job regrets his former prosperity, vain hopes, and disappointments.—Job insulted by nameless men.—The youth rise up against him.—God heareth not his cry.—His desolation.—He invokes judgment on himself if he have sinned.

THE  
POEM OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

—  
*First Part.*  
—

CANTO I.

1.

THERE lived within the land of Uz  
A man, and Job his name,  
Perfect and upright, one who fear'd  
His God, and eschew'd shame.  
Seven goodly sons were born to him,  
And fairest daughters three,  
The greatest man of all that dwelt  
In the wide East was he !  
For him seven thousand sheep were penn'd,  
Three thousand camels brows'd,  
Five hundred yoke of oxen plough'd,  
And he was greatly hous'd.

Who Job  
was.

His pro-  
sperity.

His sons in mirth and pleasaunce pass'd  
Their joyous lives away,  
In feast and pageant, song and dance,  
And each one had his day.  
And when their days of feasting came,  
With morning Job arose,  
And to burn offerings for them  
He did himself dispose.

His right-  
eousness.

“ For it may be my sons have sinn'd,  
“ And cursèd God,” quoth he,  
“ In the folly of a youthful heart,  
“ And the recklessness of glee.”

## 2.

The Court  
of Heaven.

Now upon a day, the sons of God  
Came service meet to do,  
Before the presence of the Lord—  
And Satan, he came too.

Dialogue  
between  
the Lord  
and Satan.

Then said the Lord to Satan,  
“ Whence, Satan, comest thou ? ”—  
And he answer'd, “ From the Earth I come,  
“ From going to and fro,  
“ And from walking up and down in it,  
“ Even and morn, I trow.”

Then said the Lord to Satan,

“Hast thou consider'd this—

“That there is none on Earth like Job,

“My servant true, I wis?

“A perfect and an upright man

“In conduct and in thought?”

But Satan answer'd there again—

“Doth Job fear God for nought?

“Hast thou not hedged him round about,

“And bless'd him in the land,

“Increas'd his substance, fenc'd his house?

“But put forth now thine hand,

“Touch him in all he hath, and bring

“Destruction on his race,

“And just and perfect though he be,

“He'll curse thee to thy face!”

Then said the Lord to Satan,

“All that he hath is thine!

“His wealth into thy power I give,

“But he himself is mine.”

So Satan left the assembled thrones,

And went forth on his way

From the dread presence of the Lord,

To murder and to slay.

All that  
Job hath is  
given into  
Satan's  
hands.



## 3.

And there was a day when all his sons  
 And daughters eke were found  
 Within their eldest brother's house,  
 And meat and wine went round.  
 And there came a messenger and said,

Ruin,  
 desolation,  
 and woe.

“ The oxen were at plough,  
 “ And the asses fed beside them  
 As heretofore, I trow ;  
 “ But the robbers of Sabæa came  
 “ And made them all a prey,  
 “ And slew thy servants with the sword,—  
 “ I only fled away !”

The words were yet upon his lips,  
 When still another came,  
 Saying—“ Fallen is God's fire from Heaven ;  
 “ And perish'd in the flame  
 “ The sheep, and all the shepherds  
 “ Consumed to ashes lie ;  
 “ And of all that goodly company  
 “ There is none 'scaped but I !”  
 And while he yet was speaking  
 Another came, and said,—

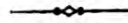
“ Chaldæa’s tribes made out three bands,  
   “ And treacherously sped,  
 “ And fell upon the camels,  
   “ And prosper’d in the theft,  
 “ And slew thy servants with the sword,—  
   “ And I alone am left.”  
 And yet while he was speaking,  
   There came one more also,  
 Saying,—“ Thy sons and daughters  
   “ Were met to feast I trow,  
 “ Within their eldest brother’s house,  
   “ When from the Waste amain,  
 “ There came the simoom’s deadly blast—  
   “ A mighty hurricane  
 “ Smote the four corners of the house—  
   “ It fell—and dead they be !”  
 “ And I alone of all have ’scaped  
   “ To tell the tale to thee !”

## 4.

Then Job arose and rent his haick  
   In twain, and shaved his head,  
 And fell down sorrowing on the ground,  
   And worshippèd, and said,

Job hum-  
 bleth him-  
 self before  
 God, and  
 preserves  
 his inte-  
 grity.

“ Naked I came into the world,  
 “ And naked shall return,  
 “ But gratitude to God above  
 “ Shall still be my concern.  
 “ It was the Lord that sometime gave,  
 “ The Lord hath ta'en away ;  
 “ And whatso'er may be His will,  
 “ Bless'd be His name alway !”



## C A N T O I I.

## 5.

Another  
Court in  
Heaven.

And once again the sons of God  
 Came service meet to do  
 Before the presence of the Lord—  
 And Satan he came too.  
 Then said the Lord to Satan :  
 “ Whence, Satan, comest thou ?”  
 And he answer'd, “ From the Earth I come,  
 “ And from going to and fro,  
 “ And from walking up and down in it,  
 “ Even and morn, I trow !”

Then said the Lord to Satan :

“ Hast thou consider'd this,  
 “ That there is none on Earth like Job,  
 “ My servant true, I wis?  
 “ A perfect and an upright man  
 “ In thought, and word, and deed :  
 “ And still he holdeth fast his faith,  
 “ In this his utmost need ?  
 “ Although thou moved'st me with guile  
 “ Mine arrows to employ,  
 “ To punish him for no misdeed,  
 “ And without cause destroy.”

Then Satan answer'd : “ Skin for skin,'  
 “ All a man hath he'll give,  
 “ Children, and honour, wealth and fame  
 “ For the poor boon—to live !  
 “ But put forth now thine hand on him,  
 “ And touch his flesh and bone,  
 “ Thereafter, if he curse thee not  
 “ His righteousness I'll own !”

And the Lord said unto Satan :  
 “ See ! he is in thine hand,  
 “ But be thou careful of his life,  
 “ For such is my command !”

Job given  
 into Sa-  
 tan's hand,  
 with com-  
 mand to  
 spare his  
 life.

So Satan left the Presence,  
 And Job forthwith he smote  
 With a plague of boils from his head's crown  
 To the sole beneath his foot :  
 And he took withal a potsherd  
 To scrape himself that night ;  
 And among the ashes he sat down  
 A weary woful wight !

## 6.

Job's wife  
 tempteth  
 him.

Then said his wife to him : “ Behold,  
 “ In thine extremity  
 “ Wilt thou be constant of thy word ?  
 “ Husband ! curse God and die.”  
 But he return'd for answer :  
 “ Thou speakest now as one  
 “ Of the foolish women speaketh ;  
 “ I prithee, wife, be done !  
 “ What, shall we then receive sometime  
 “ Good at the hand of God ;  
 “ And shall we not take evil too,  
 “ And learn to kiss the rod ?”

## 7.

Now when Job's three friends heard of all  
 This evil and disgrace  
 That had come upon him in his hour—  
 They left each man his place ;  
 And Eliphaz, the Temanite,  
 And Bildad, Shuah's son,  
 And Zophar of Naäma came—  
 To comfort him each one.  
 And when they lifted up their eyes  
 Far off, and knew him not,  
 They lifted up their voice and wept,  
 And hasted to the spot ;  
 And each man rent his bornoose,  
 And scatter'd towards Heaven  
 Dust on his self-abasèd head.  
 And days they sat down seven,  
 And seven long nights beside him,  
 On the ground in speechless grief ;  
 For they saw how great his sorrow was,  
 And passing all relief.

Job's  
 three  
 friends.





## CANTO III.

## 8.

Job cur-  
seth his  
day.

And after this Job answer'd  
 And spake a word in scorn,  
 Saying, "Cursèd be the luckless day  
 "That ever I was born!  
 "Let that day be in darkness,  
 "Let it not see the light;  
 "Neither let God regard it—  
 "The day, nor eke the night!  
 "Let the shadow of death stain it—  
 "And a cloud for ever dwell  
 "Upon its forehead; let it be  
 "Black as the pit of Hell!  
 "As for that night, let terror  
 "And darkness make it drear!  
 "Let it not be number'd with the months,  
 "Or joinèd to the year!  
 "Oh, solitary let it be!  
 "And let the voice of joy  
 "Sound never through its weary hours  
 "That mournful souls employ.

“ Let them curse it that curse the day !  
“ Mirk let its gloaming be !  
“ And let it look for light in vain—  
“ And morning never see.  
“ Because it shut not up the doors  
“ That usher’d me to Earth ;  
“ And hid not sorrow from mine eyes,  
“ And slew me in the birth !  
“ For now should I have lain unvex’d,  
“ And stillness wrapt my breast ;  
“ I should have slept in quiet—  
“ I should have been at rest—  
“ With the kings and counsellors of earth,  
“ Whose cunning sometime bid  
“ Them build in desolation’s womb  
“ The lonely pyramid.  
“ Or with the princes that had gold  
“ And riches once in store,  
“ Who fill’d their palaces with gems,  
“ And their chests with silver ore.  
“ Or as those hapless infants  
“ That died ere they were born—  
“ That came not to maturity,  
“ Untimely fruits forlorn !

He de-  
scribes the  
rest of the  
grave.

“ There the wicked cease from troubling,  
“ And the weary are at rest ;  
“ There the prisoners rest together,  
“ And are no more oppress’d.  
“ There—meet at last the small and great,  
“ And the servant he is free  
“ From his master, and beyond the reach  
“ Of lordly contumely.  
“ Wherefore is light’s exceeding boon  
“ Of misery the dole,  
“ Or life bestow’d on them that lie  
“ In bitterness of soul ;  
“ Which long unceasingly for death,  
“ And yet it cometh not ;  
“ And dig more for it than for some  
“ Long hidden treasure’s spot ;  
“ Which do rejoice exceedingly,  
“ And are merry, and behave  
“ Themselves as treasure-finders,  
“ When they can find a grave.  
“ All natural appetites are gone—  
“ I may not eat for sighs—  
“ I am pourèd out like water  
“ From the rainy season’s skies ;

“ For the thing I greatly fear’d is come  
 “ Upon me in its wrath,  
 “ And that I was afraid of  
 “ Has beset me in the path !  
 “ I was not confident of heart,  
 “ Nor lap’t in sloth and shame,  
 “ Neither was I presumptuous—  
 “ And yet my sorrow came.”



## C A N T O I V.

## 9.

Then Eliphaz the Temanite  
 Spoke first, and answer’d thus :—  
 “ If we essay to comfort thee,  
 “ Wilt thou be wrath with us ?  
 “ But look upon it as thou wilt,  
 “ Who can himself withhold  
 “ From speaking, that doth see thee now  
 “ In strong delusion bold ?  
 “ Behold, in thy prosperity  
 “ Thou hast instructed many,  
 “ And thou hast strengthen’d the weak hands  
 “ Oft’nest and best of any.

Speech of  
Eliphaz,  
the Te-  
manite.

“ Thy words have cheer’d the breaking heart,  
   “ Strengthen’d the feeble knee,  
 “ And have upholden many  
   “ That had fallen but for thee !  
 “ But now it cometh to thy turn,  
   “ And thou faintest ’neath the weight ;  
 “ It toucheth thee, and thou art down,  
   “ And thy fear is very great.  
 “ Is this the fruit of confidence ?  
   “ This fall did hope display ?  
 “ And doth this look like innocence  
   “ And uprightness of way ?  
 “ Remember me an instance  
   “ Hath the innocent, I pray,  
 “ Ever perish’d, or the righteous been  
   “ Cut off before his day ?  
 “ For thus it is, as I have seen—  
   “ And ever they that plough  
 “ Iniquity and wickedness  
   “ Shall reap the crop they sow !  
 “ By the blast of God they perish,  
   “ Consumèd by the breath  
 “ Of his nostrils, they are stricken down—  
   “ Their punishment is death !

He accu-  
 seth Job  
 indirectly  
 of having  
 committed  
 wicked-  
 ness.

## 10.

“ The roaring of the lion,  
“ And the fierce lion’s voice,  
“ And the teeth of the young lions,  
“ Are broken without choiçe ;  
“ The grim old lion perisheth,  
“ And all for lack of prey,  
“ And the whelps are scatter’d abroad,  
“ And wander far away.  
“ Now a wondrous thing was told to me,  
“ In secret was it brought,  
“ And mine ear received somewhat thereof  
“ As I lay entranced in thought.  
“ In the visions of the night it came,  
“ When all things are at rest ;  
“ When deep sleep falleth upon men  
“ With daily toil oppress’d.  
“ Fear came upon my spirit,  
“ And terror made me quake,  
“ And caused my limbs to tremble,  
“ And all my bones to shake !

## 11.

The vision  
of the  
night.

“ Before my face a spirit pass’d,  
   “ And each particular hair  
 “ Stood up upon my creeping flesh,  
   “ And I stood trembling there.  
 “ And there it stood, severe and still,  
   “ But I could not discern  
 “ Its form or its similitude,  
   “ Or its proportions learn :  
 “ An image was before mine eyes,  
   “ And silence was around—  
 “ And I heard a voice which said to me—  
   “ Shall mortal man be found  
 “ More pure than God his Maker—  
   “ Than the great King more just,  
 “ Who with folly charged his angels,  
   “ And in seraphs put no trust?  
 “ Then how much less in them that dwell  
   “ In houses made of clay,  
 “ Whose foundation lieth in the dust,  
   “ Where moths do fret and fray ;  
 “ Which are destroyèd from the morn  
   “ Till evening every day !

“ They perish without wisdom,  
 “ They wither without wit;  
 “ Their excellence departs—they die—  
 “ And none regardeth it.



C A N T O V.

12.

“ Call now, if there be any  
 “ That will hear and not gainsay ;  
 “ And to which of all the saints indeed,  
 “ Wilt thou now turn, I pray ?  
 “ For the foolish man is slaughter'd  
 “ In the error of his ways,  
 “ And the hatred envy kindles  
 “ The silly upstart slays.  
 “ I have seen the foolish taking root,  
 “ And spreading far and wide,  
 “ But suddenly his house was gone,  
 “ And curses check'd his pride ;  
 “ There is no safety for his race—  
 “ No rest in field or town ;

Eliphaz describes the flourishing condition of the wicked, and his sudden fall.



Man is  
born to  
trouble.

“ His children none delivereth,—  
 “ In the gate they are crush’d down.  
 “ His harvest lies among the thorns,  
 “ For hungry knaves to eat ;  
 “ His substance robbers swallow,  
 “ And to the waste retreat.  
 “ Although affliction cometh not  
 “ From the dust that flies around,  
 “ And trouble is no crop that springs  
 “ Spontaneous from the ground ;  
 “ Yet the dole of man is trouble ;  
 “ Misfortune is his share ;  
 “ As the sparks of fire fly upwards,  
 “ And lose themselves in air :  
 “ Seek unto God I pray thee ;  
 “ To Him thy cause commend !  
 “ For He doeth things unsearchable,  
 “ And marvels without end.  
 “ He giveth rain upon the earth,  
 “ Wat’ring the fields forlorn,  
 “ He setteth up the lowly,  
 “ And exalteth them that mourn.  
 “ The devices of the crafty—  
 “ The enterprise of wrong,

“ He bringeth to defeat and scorn,  
   “ And disappoints the strong.  
 “ In their own toils he takes the wise,  
   “ In the net that they have hidden ;  
 “ And the counsel of the froward  
   “ Is utterly forbidden.  
 “ They meet with darkness in the day,  
   “ And glamour mocks their sight ;  
 “ They grope around at noon-tide,  
   “ As in the dead of night ;  
 “ But the poor he saveth from their sword,  
   “ And from their mighty hand,  
 “ And from their mouth that would devour  
   “ All weak ones in the land.  
 “ So the poor hath hope—for God with him—  
   “ What tyrant need he dread ?  
 “ And iniquity doth stop her mouth,  
   “ And is admonishèd !

## 13.

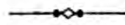
“ Behold the man is happy  
   “ Whom God corrects in love,  
 “ Therefore despise thou not in vain  
   “ The chast’ning from above :

Despise  
 not the  
 chastening  
 of the  
 Almighty.

“ For He maketh sore and bindeth up,  
   “ Healing the troubled soul—  
 “ He woundeth, but it is for good—  
   “ And his own hands make whole.  
 “ He shall deliver thee six times  
   “ In trouble and alarm ;  
 “ Yea, and in seven, no evil  
   “ Shall touch thee to thine harm.  
 “ From death He shall redeem thee  
   “ When famine strips the fields ;  
 “ And in war He shall defend thee  
   “ From the sword that power wields ;  
 “ From the scourge of the licentious tongue  
   “ Thine honour shall be free ;  
 “ And when destruction cometh  
   “ Afraid thou shalt not be.  
 “ Thou shalt laugh at death and famine,  
   “ And shalt not be afraid  
 “ Of the fiercest beast that wonneth  
   “ In the deepest forest’s shade.  
 “ For the rock shall give thee shelter  
   “ And solace thy fatigue ;  
 “ And the beasts of field and desert  
   “ Shall with thee be at league.

Descrip-  
 tion of his  
 life, whom  
 God pro-  
 tects.

“Thou shalt dwell at home in safety,  
“And thou shalt surely know  
“That thy tent shall be maintain’d in peace,  
“And sin thou shalt not do.  
“Thou shalt also know assuredly  
“That it shall come to pass,  
“That thy seed shall be exceeding great,  
“And thine offspring as the grass.  
“Thou shalt come unto thy grave in  
“A full old age at last;  
“As a shock of corn is garner’d  
“When Summer heats are past.  
“Lo, this is mine experience,  
“I have search’d it, so it is:  
“Hear it—and know it for thy good,  
“And present help, I wis!”



## C A N T O VI.

14.

But Job made answer then and said:  
“Oh, that my grief were weigh’d,

“ And the bulk of my calamity  
“ Were in the balance laid !  
“ For now it would be heavier  
“ Than the sand of all the sea,  
“ Therefore my words are swallow’d up,  
“ And my heart sinks in me.  
“ For the arrows of the Almighty  
“ Are within me, and I fail ;  
“ Their poison drinks my blood up,  
“ And makes my spirit quail.  
“ Over his fodder loweth  
“ The ox, or the wild ass,  
“ Tell me, ye cunning masters, doth  
“ He bray when he hath grass ?  
“ Can that which is unsavoury  
“ Be eaten without salt ?  
“ Or in the white of egg can taste  
“ Find aught for praise or fault ?  
“ The things my soul refused to touch,  
“ And whilome loathed to eat,  
“ In this my day of misery  
“ Are given me for meat.  
“ Oh, that I might have my request ;  
“ That God would grant to me

Job de-  
scribes his  
affliction.

- “ The thing that most I long for—  
    “ To die, and cease to be !  
“ That it would please the Holy One  
    “ To destroy me from the land ;  
“ That He would slay me—letting loose  
    “ The terrors of his hand.  
“ Then should I yet have comfort, I  
    “ Would steel myself in sorrow ;  
“ Let Him not spare ; for my release  
    “ Would be at hand to-morrow.  
“ What is my strength that I should hope ?  
    “ And of what sort mine end,  
“ That I should wish my life prolong’d  
    “ In trust that days should mend ?  
“ Is my strength like the strength of stones,  
    “ Or is my flesh like brass,  
“ Am I so utterly distraught,  
    “ That your conceits must pass ?  
“ To him that is afflicted, some  
    “ Pity should be show’d  
“ By his friend—but ye forsake God’s fear,  
    “ And aggravate the load.

## 15.

He re-  
proaches  
his friends  
with their  
uncharita-  
bleness.

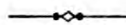
“ E’en as a brook, my brethren  
 “ Have dealt deceitfully,  
 “ And as the stream of brooks that pass  
 “ Away without supply ;  
 “ Which by reason of the winter’s ice,  
 “ Are blackish as they flow ;  
 “ Wherein the ice is melted,  
 “ And hidden lies the snow.  
 “ What time they feel the summer’s heat—  
 “ Eftsoones they disappear ;  
 “ They vanish when it waxeth hot,  
 “ In the season of the year.  
 “ The paths of their once pleasant way  
 “ Are lightly turn’d aside ;  
 “ They go to nothing in their strength—  
 “ And perish in their pride.  
 “ The troops of Tema look’d for them  
 “ Through all the thirsty plain ;  
 “ And the companies of Sheba  
 “ Waited for them in vain.  
 “ They were confounded in their hope,  
 “ Because they saw them not ;

- “ They were horror-stricken when they came  
“ To the parch’d and wither’d spot.
- “ E’en as these mocking waters,  
“ Of no account are ye ;
- “ Ye see how great my casting down,—  
“ And are afraid of me.
- “ But did I say—bring treasures !  
“ Restore what I have lost ;
- “ Give me a portion from your flocks,  
“ Or a present at your cost ?
- “ Or did I say—deliver me  
“ From the enemy’s strong hand,
- “ Or redeem me with a ransom,  
“ From the mighty in the land ?
- “ Teach me, and I will hold my tongue !  
“ Make me but understand
- “ Wherein I have offended—right  
“ Words have genuine force ;
- “ But whither tends your argument ?  
“ What is your reasoning’s course ?
- “ Do ye imagine wordy war,—  
“ And victory to find
- “ O’er speeches of the desperate,  
“ Which are but as the wind ?



He solicits  
them to re-  
vise their  
judgment.

- “ Yes, ye o’erwhelm the fatherless,  
 “ Ye mar, and do not mend ;  
 “ And dig, in your mock charity,  
 “ A pitfall for your friend !  
 “ Now be content—look on me with  
 “ A less reproachful eye !  
 “ There is no falsehood in it—  
 “ It is patent if I lie !  
 “ Review your harsh opinion !  
 “ Return again, I pray !  
 “ Let it not be iniquity !—  
 “ For I am clean this day.  
 “ Doth evil dwell upon my tongue ?  
 “ And is my taste perverse ?  
 “ And can my judgment not discern  
 “ A blessing from a curse ?



## C A N T O VII.

16.

- “ Is there not an appointed time  
 “ To man upon the Earth ?

“ Are not his days of less account  
   “ Than a hireling’s days are worth ?  
 “ As a hireling looks for his reward,  
   “ And a slave desires the shade,  
 “ So months of vanity on me.  
   “ Are wearisomely laid.  
 “ When I lie down, ‘ when shall I rise  
   “ ‘ And night be gone ? ’ I say ;  
 “ I am full of tossings to and fro  
   “ Till the dawning of the day.  
 “ My flesh is clothed with noisome worms,  
   “ And clods of ashes too,  
 “ My skin is broken, and become  
   “ Loathsome and foul to view.  
 “ Swifter than weaver’s shuttle  
   “ My days of penance fly ;  
 “ They are spent without enjoyment,  
   “ And without hope pass by.  
 “ Oh, remember that my life is wind !  
   “ Mine eye shall see no more  
 “ The good that was my portion  
   “ In the happy days of yore !  
 “ The eye of him that hath seen me,—  
   “ Shall search in vain the spot,

The days  
of man are  
vanity.

“ Thine eyes are fix’d upon me,  
“ I perish, and am not !  
“ As the cloud is presently consum’d,  
“ And vanisheth in rain ;  
“ So he that goeth to the grave  
“ Shall come no more again.  
“ To his house he shall no more return,  
“ Or seek his pleasant store ;  
“ And his place among the elders  
“ Shall know him never more.  
“ In the anguish of my spirit  
“ Will I speak without control ;  
“ And publish my complaint therefore  
“ In bitterness of soul.  
“ Am I a monster of the deep,  
“ Or an overwhelming sea,  
“ Or a whale—that in thy jealousy  
“ Thou sett’st a watch on me ?  
“ When I say : ‘ My bed shall comfort me,  
“ ‘ My couch shall ease my grief ;’  
“ Then thou scarest me with visions,  
“ And forbiddest me relief.  
“ So that my soul electeth  
“ Surrender of my breath,

- “ And chooseth rather than my life  
 “ The present doom of death.  
 “ I loathe my life—I would not live  
 “ Alway—let me alone!  
 “ For my days are days of vanity,  
 “ And my heavy lot to groan.  
 “ What is man, that thou shouldst make him great,  
 “ To make him feel thy power?  
 “ That thou shouldst visit him each morn,  
 “ And try him every hour?  
 “ Respite! some slender respite!—  
 “ Let me alone a little!  
 “ Depart awhile from troubling me,  
 “ Till I swallow down my spittle.  
 “ I have sinn’d, O my Preserver!  
 “ What shall I do to thee?  
 “ Why hast thou made me loathe myself,  
 “ And found a mark in me?  
 “ Why dost thou not expunge my sin,  
 “ And pardon the unjust?  
 “ For some morning thou wilt seek me,  
 “ And I shall sleep in dust.”

Job confesses his sin, and asks for a respite.



## C A N T O VIII.

17.

Speech of  
Bildad the  
Shuhite.

Then answer'd Bildad the Shuhite, and said—

“ How long wilt thou continue

“ To speak these things? how long

“ Shall the words of thy contentious mouth

“ Be like the whirlwind strong?

“ Doth God pervert the matter?

“ Or doth He judge amiss?

“ Or doth the Almighty Judge pervert

“ Immutable Justice!

“ What, if thy sons have sinned,

“ Doing evil in their day,

“ Against Him, and for their fault's sake

“ He hath cast them now away?

“ If thou wouldst seek unto the Lord

“ Betimes with pure intent,

“ And make thy supplication

“ Unto the Omnipotent;

“ If thou wert pure and upright,—

“ Surely He would awake

“ Now for thee, and thy dwelling strong

“ In righteousness would make!

“ Though thy beginning were as naught,  
“ And small exceedingly,  
“ Yet the plenty of thy latter end  
“ Beyond compare should be.  
“ For inquire, I prithee, search it out !  
“ Of the former age demand !  
“ And prepare thyself to weigh the lore  
“ Of our fathers in the land,  
(“ Since we are but of yesterday,  
“ And haply nothing know,  
“ Because our days upon the earth  
“ Like shadows come and go.)  
“ Shall they not teach thine ignorance,  
“ And tell thee all their thought,  
“ And utter words out of their heart  
“ With antique wisdom fraught ?  
“ Can the flag grow without water ?  
“ Or the rush without the mire ?  
“ While yet 'tis green, and not cut down,  
“ And to thine eye entire,  
“ At once, 'fore any other herb  
“ It withereth away,—  
“ So are the paths of hypocrites,  
“ That forget God, and stray.

He also  
accuseth  
Job of sin.

“ Whose hope shall be cut off betimes,  
 “ And whose empty trust shall be  
 “ A spider’s web—a gossamer  
 “ Of frail consistency !  
 “ He shall lean for succour on his house,  
 “ But it shall not endure ;  
 “ He shall hold it fast—it shall not stand—  
 “ Nor shall its posts be sure.  
 “ He is green before the sun ; his branch  
 “ In his garden shoots forth free ;  
 “ But his roots are wrapp’d about the heap,  
 “ In the rock’s vicinity.  
 “ If God destroy him from his place,  
 “ It shall deny him then ;  
 “ Saying—I have not seen thee,  
 “ When didst thou flourish, when ?  
 “ Behold the fruit of wicked ways !  
 “ For this is all his joy ;  
 “ And out of earth shall others grow  
 “ That shall his wealth employ.  
 “ Behold God will not cast away  
 “ The just and perfect man ;  
 “ So, neither will He help the bad,  
 “ Nor prosper error’s plan.

The place  
 of the  
 wicked  
 man shall  
 know him  
 no more.

“ With laughter, an’ thou beëst good,  
 “ He’ll fill thy mouth always,  
 (“ The music of a guileless heart,)  
 “ And thy lips with joy and praise.  
 “ They that hate Thee shall be clothed with  
 “ The livery of shame,  
 “ And the wicked man’s abiding-place  
 “ No permanence shall claim.”



## C A N T O IX.

18.

Then Job answer’d, and said :—

“ Just so,—I know it of a truth ;  
 “ But how shall man be just  
 “ Before the judgment-seat of God,  
 “ Which is but idle dust ?  
 “ If he will now contend with Him,  
 “ And his feeble reason show,  
 “ Can he answer of a thousand  
 “ One poor conclusion ? No !

Job’s re-  
ply.



“ But God, He is the wise in heart,  
 “ The omnipotent in strength :  
 “ Who hath risen up against Him  
 “ And come to weal at length ?  
 “ Which doth remove the mountains,  
 “ And they are not aware ;  
 “ Which overturneth them in wrath,  
 “ And scattereth them elsewhere :  
 “ Which shaketh earth out of her place,  
 “ With her pillars and her ties ;  
 “ At whose command the stars are seal’d,  
 “ And the sun forgets to rise :  
 “ Which spreadeth out alone th’ expanse  
 “ Of heaven’s canopy,  
 “ And treadeth on the boiling waves,  
 “ And walketh on the sea :  
 “ Which maketh great Arcturus  
 “ And the chambers of the South,  
 “ Orion and the Pleiades,  
 “ By an edict of his mouth :  
 “ Which doeth great and mighty works,  
 “ Whereof men stand in doubt ;  
 “ Yea, and wonders without number,  
 “ And things past finding out.

He de-  
 scribes the  
 power of  
 God.

“ Lo! He goeth by me, and I gaze  
“ In wonder on the spot ;  
“ He passeth on upon his way,  
“ And I perceive Him not.  
“ If God will not indeed withdraw  
“ The fierceness of His wrath,  
“ The proud, and those that help them,  
“ Must stoop beneath His path.  
“ Then how much less shall I attempt  
“ An answer to his might,  
“ Or choose out words to reason with  
“ The very Lord of right ;  
“ Whom, though I now were righteous,  
“ Yet would I not gainsay ;  
“ But I would supplicate my Judge,  
“ And still for mercy pray.

## 19.

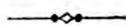
“ If I had called on the Lord,  
“ And He had answer'd me,  
“ Yet would I not believe it now,  
“ That such good cheer should be.  
“ For He breaketh me with tempests  
“ And woundeth past relief,

“ He willeth not that I take breath,  
“ But filleth me with grief.  
“ What boots it if I speak of strength?  
“ Lo, He is strong indeed!  
“ And if of judgment, who shall set  
“ My soul a time to plead?  
“ If I justify myself, my mouth  
“ Shall give my heart the lie;  
“ If I say that I am perfect,  
“ A reprobate am I!  
“ Tho’ I were, in troth, a perfect man,  
“ Yet could I never know  
“ My soul, or understand the life  
“ Appointed me below.  
“ The perfect and the wicked He  
“ Destroyeth—this is sure:  
“ If the scourge slay suddenly, He’ll laugh  
“ At innocence secure.  
“ The wicked they possess the Earth—  
“ He covereth the face  
“ Of the blind judges of the world—  
“ If not, where is his place?  
“ Who is He in his mightiness?  
“ But now my life’s short day,

“ Swifter than post, without a glimpse  
   “ Of comfort flees away.  
 “ As the swift ship wendeth on her course,  
   “ So rapidly pass they ;  
 “ As the eagle from the mountain top,  
   “ That hasteth to the prey.  
 “ If I say—I will forget my grief,  
   “ And leave this woful style,  
 “ I will shake off all my heaviness,  
   “ And comfort me awhile ;  
 “ My sorrows make me much afraid—  
   “ For why am I forlorn ?  
 “ Thou wilt not hold me innocent—  
   “ Else, wherefore do I mourn ?  
 “ If I be reprobate indeed,  
   “ And sin lie at my door ;  
 “ Why should I labour still in vain,  
   “ Or struggle any more ?  
 “ If I wash myself in snowy streams,  
   “ And make me ne’er so clean,  
 “ Yet Thou shalt plunge me in the ditch  
   “ Till mine own clothes, I ween,  
 “ Shall presently abhor me ;  
   “ For Thou art not a man

He asks to  
 be made  
 acquaint-  
 ed with  
 the nature  
 of his sin.

“ As I, that I should answer thee—  
“ Betwixt us judge who can?  
“ Is there a Daysman that might lay  
“ His hand upon us both,  
“ And arbitrate the difference  
“ In confidence and troth?  
“ Let him take his rod away from me,  
“ Nor scare my soul with woe!  
“ Then would I speak withouten fear—  
“ But alas, it is not so!



## C A N T O X.

20.

“ My soul is weary of my life!  
“ My plaint will I control,  
“ And I will speak at hazard,  
“ In bitterness of soul.  
“ I will say unto my God, Do not  
“ Contend with me henceforth!  
“ Show me the nature of my sin,  
“ And wherefore thou art wrath.

“ Is it thy pleasure to oppress,  
     “ And thy handiwork despise ?  
 “ And shine upon the counsel  
     “ Of the wicked’s enterprise ?  
 “ Hast thou an eye of fleshly mould,  
     “ Or seest Thou like man ?  
 “ Are thy days as his mortal sum,  
     “ Thy years as his short span ?  
 “ That Thou inquirest after  
     “ All mine iniquity,  
 “ And searchest after my misdeeds,  
     “ To reckon sin with me ?  
 “ Thou know’st that I’m innocent,  
     “ And there is none that can  
 “ Deliver out of thy strong hand  
     “ The helpless soul of man.  
 “ Thine hands have made and fashion’d me  
     “ Together round about ;  
 “ And yet Thou dost destroy me,  
     “ And leav’st my life in doubt.  
 “ Remember, I beseech Thee, that  
     “ Thou mad’st me as the clay ;  
 “ And wilt Thou bring me into dust  
     “ Again before my day ?

**He affirms  
 his inno-  
 cence.**

“ Hast Thou not pour’d me out like milk,  
“ And curdled me like cheese?  
“ Thou hast clothèd me with skin and flesh,  
“ And fenc’d me with a frieze  
“ Of bones and sinews—favour  
“ And life thou’st granted me ;  
“ Thy care and visitation  
“ Hath kept my spirit free.  
“ And these things in thine inmost heart  
“ Thou hast hidden—but I know  
“ That this is with Thee, and hath been,  
“ And shall be evermo’!  
“ If sin is in me, then indeed  
“ With plagues Thou markest me ;  
“ And Thou wilt not acquit me  
“ From mine iniquity.  
“ If I be wicked, woe is me !  
“ Nor will I lift my head ;  
“ If I be righteous—view my case,  
“ For I am sore bested,  
“ And it increaseth—as a fierce  
“ Lion, Thou huntest me,  
“ The terrors that Thou show’st on me  
“ Are marvellous to see.

“ Thou renewest signs against me,  
 “ Witnesses of thy law ;  
 “ And against me are the changes  
 “ Of fortune and of war.  
 “ Oh, wherefore hast Thou brought me forth,  
 “ Appointed to disgrace ?  
 “ Oh, that I’d given up the ghost  
 “ And none had seen my face !  
 “ For then, at least, I should have been  
 “ As though I ne’er had been,  
 “ From the womb I should have been transferr’d  
 “ To the quiet grave I ween !  
 “ Are not my days in number few ?  
 “ Cease then, respect my case !  
 “ Let me alone, that I may take  
 “ Comfort a little space ;  
 “ Before I go for ever  
 “ Whence no return is made,  
 “ E’en to the land of darkness,  
 “ And death’s oblivious shade :  
 “ A land of darkness and of death,  
 “ Withouten order’s mark,  
 “ Substantial darkness, shades of death,  
 “ Where light itself is dark ! ”

He asks  
 again for  
 respite.



## C A N T O XI.

## 21.

Reply of  
Zophar.

Then answer'd Zophar, the Naämathite, and said :—

“ Should not the multitude of words

“ Be answer'd in their pride ?

“ And should a man so full of talk

“ Be lightly justified ?

“ Is it right that utterance of lies

“ Should make men hold their peace ?

“ And when thou mockest, shall no man

“ Make thy contempt increase ?

“ For thou hast said—My doctrine

“ Is without fault and pure,

“ And I am cleanly in those eyes

“ That will no sin endure.

“ But oh, that God would speak, and ope

“ His lips against thee now ;

“ That He would show thee wisdom's lore,

“ Double thy strength I trow !

“ Know, therefore, that the mighty God,

“ Exacteth less of thee

“ Than thou deservest in the depth

“ Of thine iniquity !

“ Canst thou by searching find out God?  
 “ Canst thou, poor child of clay,  
 “ Trace out perfection as it is,  
 “ And still hath been alway?  
 “ As high it is as Heaven’s vault,—  
 “ Deeper it is than Hell,—  
 “ What canst thou do, what canst thou know,  
 “ What can thy cunning tell?  
 “ The measure thereof’s longer  
 “ Than the wide confines of earth,  
 “ And broader than the sounding sea  
 “ With all her monstrous birth.  
 “ If He cut off, or gather,  
 “ Or shut up altogether,  
 “ Then who can let or hinder Him,  
 “ His wonders who can tether?  
 “ For He knoweth man, the fond, the vain—  
 “ He seeth evil too;  
 “ Will He not then consider it,  
 “ And judge the wicked crew?  
 “ For man, tho’ vain, would yet be wise,  
 “ For all that he be born  
 “ And left upon the mountain, like  
 “ The wild ass colt forlorn.

He makes  
 a fierce  
 attack up-  
 on Job.

## 22.

“ If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch  
 “ Thine hand toward his life,  
 “ Let him tremble for the contest,  
 “ And shudder at the strife !  
 “ And if aught evil dwell with thee,  
 “ Oh, put it far away ;  
 “ From thy tent be wickedness removed  
 “ On that dread reck’ning day.  
 “ For then indeed thy face shall be  
 “ Lift up withouten spot.  
 “ Yea, thou shalt stedfast be and sure,  
 “ And tremble thou shalt not !  
 “ Because thou shalt forget the woe  
 “ Of the gone and wither’d day ;  
 “ Or only shalt remember it  
 “ As waters pass away.  
 “ And thine eye shall clearer be, forsooth,  
 “ Than is the bright noon-tide :  
 “ Thou shalt shine forth as the morning,  
 “ When she cometh in her pride.  
 “ Secure and hopeful shalt thou be,  
 “ By not a care oppress’d ;

The ad-  
 vantages  
 of inno-  
 cence.

“Thou shalt dig about thy dwelling-place,  
 “And in safety shalt take rest.  
 “Also thou shalt lie down in peace,  
 “And none shall make thee fear ;  
 “Yea, and many shall make suit to thee,  
 “When they behold thy cheer.  
 “But the wicked men—their eyes shall fail,—  
 “They shall not ’scape scot-free ;  
 “And as his that giveth up the ghost,  
 “Their hope forlorn shall be !”



## C A N T O XII.

23.

Then Job answer'd and said :—

“No doubt ye are the people—  
 “All that ye say is true—  
 “Ye are the men—and when ye die,  
 “Wisdom shall die with you !  
 “But I have understanding  
 “As well as you in this ;  
 “Who knoweth not such empty things  
 “That is your peer, I wis ?

Job re-  
torts with  
irony.

The wick-  
ed prosper  
in the  
earth.

“ I am my neighbours’ laughing-stock—  
 “ God leaveth me forlorn ;  
 “ The perfect and the upright man  
 “ Is made the butt of scorn.  
 “ For he whose fall is imminent,  
 “ Is as a lamp despised  
 “ By every fool that lives at ease,  
 “ And will not be advised.  
 “ The tents of robbers prosper,  
 “ The sinners are secure,  
 “ He brings abundance to their hand,  
 “ And makes their fortune sure.  
 “ Ask now the beasts, they shall teach thee, )  
 “ And the fowls that are in air,  
 “ Earth, and the fishes of the sea,  
 “ Shall the like tale declare ;  
 “ Who knoweth not, in all of these,  
 “ That the hand of God is there ?  
 “ In whose omnipotent control,  
 “ And special hand, we find  
 “ The soul of every living thing,  
 “ And the breath of all mankind !  
 “ Doth not the ear try sentences,  
 “ And the mouth taste meat always ?

“ With the ancient man is wisdom,  
 “ And wit with length of days.  
 “ With God is strength and wisdom—  
 “ He hath counsel not in vain ;  
 “ Behold He breaketh down, and it  
 “ Cannot be built again.  
 “ He keepeth back the waters—  
 “ They dry up in their urn,  
 “ He sendeth them in torrents out,  
 “ And earth they overturn.  
 “ With Him is strength and wisdom ;  
 “ Bereaver and bereaved  
 “ Are his,—and He created  
 “ Deceiver and deceived !  
 “ He leadeth counsellors away,  
 “ In spite of cunning rules,  
 “ Despoil’d of their inheritance,  
 “ And maketh judges fools.  
 “ The zone of kings He looseth ;  
 “ And in a luckless day  
 “ Girdeth their loins with shackle-bolts,  
 “ And leadeth them away.  
 “ Princes are spoilèd and exchanged  
 “ To a prison from a throne ;

God doeth  
 according  
 to his will.

“ The trusty’s speech, the mighty’s strength,  
   The old man’s wit’s o’erthrown.  
 “ He poureth scorn on princes,  
   “ The strong He weakeneth ;  
 “ Deep things that were in darkness hid  
   “ His hand discovereth,  
 “ And bringeth out into the light  
   “ The shadowy realms of death !  
 “ He increaseth and destroyeth  
   “ The nations and their train ;  
 “ He enlargeth as it listeth Him,  
   “ And strait’neth them again.  
 “ From the chief people of the earth  
   “ He taketh heart away,  
 “ And in a trackless wilderness.  
   “ He causeth them to stray.  
 “ They grope in darkness without light—  
   “ They wander without plan ;  
 “ He maketh them to stagger  
   “ Like to a drunken man.



## C A N T O XIII.

24.

“ Lo! this mine eye hath seen, mine ear  
   “ Hath understood also ;  
 “ I am not your inferior,—  
   “ Whate’er ye know, I know !  
 “ To the Almighty I would speak,  
   “ I desire to be free,  
 “ To reason with the God of truth  
   “ In humbleness—but ye  
 “ Are physicians of no value—  
   “ Forgers ye are of lies ;—  
 “ Oh! altogether hold your peace,  
   “ And then ye should be wise !  
 “ Hear now my reasoning—hearken to  
   “ The nature of my plea—  
 “ Will ye speak wickedly for God,  
   “ And talk deceitfully  
 “ For Him? will ye take on you  
   “ To impersonate his might?  
 “ For God will ye indeed contend,  
   “ And wrangle for his right?  
 “ Is it good that He should search you out?  
   “ Are your ways so clean and trim?

Job re-  
 proves his  
 friends for  
 taking  
 God’s part  
 upon  
 them.



- “ Or as one man mocks another,  
“ Even so will ye mock Him?  
“ Surely He will reprove you,  
“ If that ye dare assume  
“ His person’s secret attributes,  
“ And thunder in his room.  
“ Shall not his excellency make  
“ Such worms as you afraid?  
“ And his dread fall on you mightily,  
“ When none is by to aid?  
“ The remembrance of your favour,  
“ Like ashes flits away;  
“ Your bodies are like bodies drest  
“ In a vile robe of clay.  
“ Hold your peace that I may speak; let me  
“ Alone to weep my fill;  
“ Upbraid me not, I pray you,  
“ Let come on me what will.  
“ Wherefore I take within my teeth  
“ My flesh, and trembling stand  
“ Before the righteous Judge, and put  
“ My life into my hand.  
“ Though He slay me, yet my trust in Him  
“ With confidence I’ll place;

“ And will maintain mine innocence,  
 “ Even before his face.  
 “ He shall be my salvation—  
 “ On Him my hope is staid ;  
 “ Before Him shall no hypocrite  
 “ Come trusting to find aid.  
 “ Hear my speech diligently, take  
 “ My statement with your ears.  
 “ Behold, I’ve orderèd my cause  
 “ In diligence and tears,  
 “ And know I shall be justified ;—  
 “ Who shall my trust gainsay ?  
 “ For were I now to hold my tongue,  
 “ ’Twould be in death, this day !  
 “ Only do neither of two things  
 “ Unto me,—then will I  
 “ Not hide myself from thine aspect,  
 “ Or from thy presence fly !  
 “ Withdraw thine hand far off from me !  
 “ Nor let the dread of Thee  
 “ Make me afraid—and then call Thou,  
 “ And I will answer free ;  
 “ Or let me speak and plead my cause,  
 “ And do Thou answer me !

He affirms  
 that he  
 shall be  
 justified  
 in the end.

- “ How many are my sins, and mine  
“ Iniquities how great?  
“ Make me to know my wickedness,  
“ And all my sinful state!  
“ Oh, wherefore hidest Thou thy face,  
“ And hold'st me for a foe?  
“ Wilt Thou break a leaf in anger  
“ That is driven to and fro?  
“ Wilt Thou pursue dry stubble,  
“ Without remorse or ruth?  
“ And write against me bitter things  
“ For the errors of my youth?  
“ My feet Thou puttest in the stocks,  
“ And narrowly dost spy  
“ Into my paths, and sett'st a print  
“ To dog my steps thereby.  
“ And he, like any rotten thing,  
“ Consumeth day by day;  
“ As a garment eaten of the moth,  
“ He suffereth decay!



## CANTO XIV.

## 25.

“ Man that is born of woman,  
   “ Is of few and evil days,  
 “ He is full of trouble in his life,  
   “ And peril in his ways.  
 “ Like a flower he cometh up, and is  
   “ Cut down upon the spot ;  
 “ He fleeth like a shadow,  
   “ And he continueth not.  
 “ And dost Thou fix thine eyes on me,  
   “ On such a one as I,  
 “ And wilt Thou bring me into court,  
   “ And the conclusion try ?  
 “ Who can, from man’s uncleanness  
   “ Bring out the pure and clean ?  
 “ Not one, in all his history  
   “ The like was never seen.  
 “ Seeing his days are number’d,  
   “ And his months are held in bond,  
 “ And Thou hast set him boundaries  
   “ He cannot pass beyond :  
 “ Oh, turn aside from troubling him !—  
   “ That he may rest a space,

Men’s  
 days are  
 few and  
 evil.

“ Till his day be like the hireling’s past,  
   “ Grant him a little grace !  
 “ For there is hope of any tree,  
   “ Although it be cut down,  
 “ That the tender branch thereof will sprout,  
   “ And leaves its branches crown ;  
 “ Tho’ the root thereof wax old i’ th’ earth,  
   “ And the stock die in the ground,  
 “ Through the scent of water it will bud,  
   “ And put forth boughs around.  
 “ But wretched man gives up the ghost—  
   “ He dies—and where is he ?  
 “ As the floods decay, and are dried up,  
   “ And the tides fail from the sea,  
 “ So man lies down and rises not,—  
   “ Till the heavens be no more  
 “ He shall not awake—or be raised up  
   “ From sleep as heretofore.  
 “ Oh, that Thou wouldst hide me  
   “ In the grave, and hold me fast,—  
 “ That Thou wouldst keep me secret  
   “ Until thy wrath be past ;  
 “ Appointing me a certain time,  
   “ And rememb’ring me at last.

- “ Shall a man live again, if death  
“ Have closed his mortal sum ?  
“ The days of my appointed time  
“ I'll wait till my change come.  
“ Thou shalt call, and I will answer Thee—  
“ Aye, ready will I stand,  
“ And Thou wilt have compassion  
“ On the creature of thine hand.  
“ For now Thou numberest my steps,  
“ My goings out and in ;  
“ Dost Thou not set a watch on me  
“ To take me in my sin ?  
“ Surely the mountain comes to nought—  
“ In stones its fall ye trace ;  
“ And the rock that was for ever  
“ Is removed out of his place.  
“ The waters wear the boulders—  
“ Thou washest away things  
“ Which grow out of the dust of earth,  
“ And marr'st the hope of kings.  
“ Thou prevailest ever against man—  
“ He passeth day by day ;  
“ Thou changest his fair countenance,  
“ And sendest him away.

“ His sons arrive at honour—  
 “ None bring it to his ear ;  
 “ They fall—and he perceiveth not  
 “ Their miserable cheer.  
 “ But his flesh upon him shall have pain,  
 “ By every dolour torn ;  
 “ And the very soul within him  
 “ Bereft of hope shall mourn.”



C A N T O   X V .

26.

Answer of  
 Eliphaz,  
 the Te-  
 manite.

Then answer'd Eliphaz the Temanite and said :—

“ Should a man utter vanity  
 “ And in folly solace find ?  
 “ Or fill his belly with the blast  
 “ Of the bitter eastern wind ?  
 “ Should his arguments be profitless,  
 “ His talk absurd, or should  
 “ He deal in speeches wherewithal  
 “ He never can do good ?

- “ Yea, thou castest off the fear of God,  
 “ And thou restrainest prayer,  
 “ Thy tongue is crafty, and thy mouth  
 “ Doth thine own sin declare ;  
 “ For the witness that condemneth thee  
 “ Is thine own mouth—not I !  
 “ Yea, against thee and thy wickedness  
 “ Thine own lips testify.  
 “ Art thou the first man that was born ?  
 “ Before the hills, wast made ?  
 “ Hast thou heard God’s secret ? and alone  
 “ Comes wisdom to thine aid ?  
 “ What knowest thou that we know not ?  
 “ What cunning is with thee ?  
 “ What understandest thou which is  
 “ To us a mystery ?  
 “ With us are now the grey-headed  
 “ And very agèd men,  
 “ Much elder than thy father :—  
 “ Are all mistaken then ?  
 “ Are consolations small with thee ?  
 “ Is any secret place  
 “ With thee ? Why do thine heartstrings fail ?  
 “ What dost thou fear to face

He taunts  
 Job with  
 presumption  
 and  
 sin.



“ That thou turnest in thy naughtiness  
 “ Against the God of right,  
 “ And lettest go out of thy mouth  
 “ Such words of deadly spite?

## 27.

“ What is man, that he should still be clean?  
 “ And one of woman born,  
 “ That he should reckon righteousness,  
 “ And dare to mete out scorn?  
 “ Behold, he trusteth not his saints,  
 “ Heaven in his sight's unclean;  
 “ How much more filthy then is man,  
 “ That like water drinketh sin!  
 “ Hear me, and I will show thee,  
 “ What I've seen will I declare;  
 “ The traditions of our fathers,  
 “ Which they did never spare;  
 “ To whom the earth was given alone—  
 “ No stranger own'd a share.

## 28.

“ In pain and sorrow all his days,  
 “ The wicked travaileth;

The lot  
 of the  
 wicked.

“ And on the oppressor suddenly  
   “ Cometh the hand of death.  
 “ A dreadful sound is in his ears —  
   “ And in prosperity,  
 “ The angel of destruction’s wings  
   “ Over his tent shall ply.  
 “ He hath no faith to comfort him,  
   “ He hopeth no retreat  
 “ From darkness—and the robber’s sword  
   “ Lies ambush’d by his seat.  
 “ He wandereth abroad for bread,  
   “ A beggar in the land ;  
 “ He knoweth that the day of gloom  
   “ Is ready at his hand.  
 “ Trouble shall make him much afraid—  
   “ And anguish shall prevail  
 “ Against him, as a king array’d  
   “ In battle’s chosen mail.  
 “ For he stretcheth out his impious hand  
   “ Against his God and Lord ;  
 “ And strengtheneth him to bear the dint  
   “ Of the Almighty’s sword.  
 “ He runneth up against him—  
   “ He tilteth at his neck ;

His pre-  
sumption.

“ At the thick bosses of his shields  
“ His puny spear doth check.  
“ He is blind because of fatness,  
“ It covereth his face ;  
“ Collops of fat are on his flanks,—  
“ He is in goodly case.  
“ He shall not prosper, nor be rich,  
“ Nor shall his store endure,  
“ Neither shall he of fortune make  
“ An earthly cynosure.  
“ Darkness shall dwell upon his skirts—  
“ The flame his branch shall sere,  
“ By his mouth his spirit shall depart  
“ Into some darker sphere.  
“ Let not the fool deceive himself,  
“ Nor trust in vanity ;  
“ For vain shall be his recompence,  
“ And small his gain thereby.  
“ An end of all his confidence  
“ Shall come before his day ;  
“ Or ever that his branch be green,  
“ Or his trunk with leaflets gay ;  
“ As the vine, he shall shake off his grapes  
“ In an untimely shower ;

His end.

“ And as the olive he shall cast  
   “ Wide o’er the fields his flower.  
 “ For the hypocrite’s encampment  
   “ In solitude shall lie ;  
 “ And fire shall utterly consume  
   “ The tents of bribery ;  
 “ Because they gender mischief,  
   “ And bring forth vain conceits ;  
 “ And every phase of foul deceit  
   “ Within their belly meets.”



## C A N T O XVI.

29.

Then Job answer’d and said :—

“ Enough of this, enough, I say—  
   “ Many such things you’ve taught ;  
 “ Miserable comforters are ye,  
   “ All vanity, all naught.  
 “ Shall vain words never have an end ?  
   “ Or what emboldeneth thee  
 “ That thou answerest beside the mark,  
   “ And heapest scorn on me ?

Job re-  
plies.

“ I, too, could speak as ye,—if your  
“ Soul were in my soul’s stead ;  
“ I could heap up words against you,  
“ And at you shake mine head.  
“ But I would strengthen your weak hands—  
“ My mouth should bring relief ;  
“ And the moving of my kindly lips,  
“ Should still assuage your grief.  
“ Though I speak, my grief is not assuaged,  
“ And though my tongue forbear,  
“ What am I eased? in what respect  
“ Am I assoil’d of care?  
“ But now, through thy consuming ire  
“ A weary wight am I ;  
“ Thou’st made me desolate indeed,  
“ With all my company.  
“ Thou hast fill’d me with wrinkles,  
“ The badge of my disgrace ;  
“ And my leanness rising up in me,  
“ Bears witness to my face.  
“ In wrath who hateth teareth me ;  
“ He gnasheth with his teeth  
“ Upon me—and my foeman plucks  
“ His sword out of its sheath.

“ They’ve gaped upon me with their mouths—  
   “ They’ve smitten me with shame  
 “ Upon the cheek—and in a band  
   “ Against my tent they came.  
 “ God hath deliverèd my soul  
   “ To the ungodly’s spite,  
 “ And turn’d me o’er into the hands  
   “ Of every wicked wight.

## 30.

“ I was at ease, but me and mine  
   “ Asunder hath He broke ;  
 “ He hath also ta’en me by the neck  
   “ And all to pieces shook.  
 “ He hath set me up too for his mark,  
   “ His archers compass me ;  
 “ My reins He cleaveth in the midst—  
   “ He hath no clemency.  
 “ On the ground He poureth out my gall,  
   “ He runneth on me now,  
 “ He breaketh me with breach on breach,  
   “ Like giant fell I trow !  
 “ And sackcloth have I sewed upon  
   “ My skin, for shame and scorn ;

God hath  
 afflicted  
 him with-  
 out a  
 cause.

“ And in the lowliness of dust  
“ Have I defiled mine horn.  
“ My face is foul with weeping,  
“ And ever present lies  
“ The shadows of imperious death  
“ On the lids that veil mine eyes ;  
“ Not for any foul injustice  
“ That lurketh in mine hand ;—  
“ My prayer is pure, my life is clean,  
“ And innocent I stand !

## 31.

“ Oh earth, earth, cover not my blood !  
“ Nor let my piteous cry  
“ Have no place among tales of woe,  
“ No name in history.  
“ Also behold my witness is  
“ In Heaven, and my record  
“ Is surely treasured up on high,  
“ In the archives of the Lord.  
“ My friends and lovers scorn me—  
“ But unto God mine eyes  
“ Pour out their tears, and He doth note  
“ The number of my sighs.

“ Oh, that it were allowable,  
“ Upon the selfsame plan  
“ That one doth for his neighbour plead—  
“ To plead with God for man.  
“ When a few years are come and past,  
“ ‘Then shall I go the way  
“ Whence I shall not return again,  
“ Or any child of clay.



## C A N T O XVII.

32.

“ My breath is as a pestilence,  
“ My days are gone and past ;  
“ The graves are ready for me,  
“ Where I must go at last.  
“ Are there no triflers with me,  
“ Fools that delight to mock ?  
“ Do I not still continue  
“ To be their laughing-stock ?  
“ Agree down with me on the terms,  
“ Let me see if sureties fail !

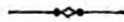


He taunts  
his friends  
with  
vanity.

- “ Who is't will strike hands with me?  
“ And who will be my bail?  
“ For Thou hast hidden knowledge  
“ And cunning from their heart:  
“ He that speaketh flattery to his friend,  
“ His children's eyes shall smart.  
“ I was music to the people once—  
“ A by-word now am I!  
“ All my members are a shadow,  
“ And sorrows dim mine eye.  
“ The just shall be astonished  
“ At mine unseemly plight;  
“ And the innocent shall stir himself  
“ Against the hypocrite.  
“ The righteous also shall maintain  
“ The tenor of his way;  
“ Stronger and stronger shall he be  
“ That hath clean hands alway—  
“ But as for you, now marry come,  
“ Return! your work is done;  
“ For in your sapient company,  
“ Wise man I can find none.

## 33.

“ My days are past, my purposes,  
“ My heart’s desires are spent ;  
“ My day is night, my light is short,  
“ And perished my content.  
“ If I wait awhile for better things,  
“ And look to God to save ;  
“ I have made my bed in darkness,  
“ And my hope it is—the grave !  
“ I have said unto corruption,  
“ Thou art my father—thou !  
“ To the worm,—Thou art my mother,  
“ And my sister—welcome now !  
“ Where is mine hope ? Let those that seek  
“ My glory, look for it,  
“ When we rest together in the dust,  
“ At the threshold of the pit.”



## C A N T O XVIII.

## 34.

Reply of  
Bildad.

Then answered Bildad, the Shuhite, and said :—

“ How long wilt thou be wrangling ?

“ Wilt thou never make an end

“ Of words ? be silent after this ;

“ And when we speak, attend !

“ Why are we counted beasts, and vile

“ Reputed in thy sight ?

“ Why dost thou tear thyself in ire ?

“ And aggravate thy plight ?

“ Shall earth be made a wilderness

“ To match with thy disgrace ?

“ And shall the Rock of Ages be

“ Removed out of his place ?

“ The light of every wicked man

“ In utter gloom shall pine ;

“ And the spark of fire that smould'reth

“ On his hearthstone, shall not shine.

“ The lamp within his dwelling-place

“ No cheering beams shall shed ;

“ And the candle that is with him

“ Shall be extinguishèd.

“ His footsteps shall be straitened  
 “ For all his boasted strength ;  
 “ His counsel shall be foolishness,  
 “ And be cast down at length.  
 “ For he is cast into a net,  
 “ He is the hunter’s prey ;  
 “ And he walketh straight upon a snare  
 “ By his own wilful way ;  
 “ The gin shall take him by the heel—  
 “ The robber shall him slay !  
 “ On the ground the snare is laid for him,  
 “ The trap is near his seat ;  
 “ Terrors on every side shall scare,  
 “ And drive him to his feet.  
 “ Wasted and hunger-bitten  
 “ Shall be his strength and pride ;  
 “ Destruction’s armoury shall be  
 “ Aye ready by his side.  
 “ It shall devour the favour  
 “ And beauty of his skin ;  
 “ Even the first-born pangs of death  
 “ Shall gnaw him for his sin.  
 “ Out of his tent shall confidence  
 “ Be rooted utterly ;

The  
 wicked  
 come to  
 decay.

“ To the King of Darkness’ presence  
   “ It shall bring him presently.  
 “ It shall dwell in his encampment,  
   “ Because ’tis not his seat,  
 “ His name shall perish from the earth,  
   “ And his memory from the street.  
 “ His roots shall be dried up beneath—  
   “ Cut off’ his branch shall be ;  
 “ He shall be chas’d out of the world  
   “ Into obscurity ;  
 “ Nor son, nor nephew shall he have  
   “ Of all his company. }  
 “ They that come after him shall be  
   “ Astonied at his day ;  
 “ As they that went before them were  
   “ Affrighted from their way.  
 “ Surely this is the lot of all  
   “ That dwell in evil case ;  
 “ And of him that knoweth not the Lord  
   “ This is the foul disgrace.”



## C A N T O   X I X .

35.

Then Job answered, and said :—

“ How long will ye continue  
“ To vex my weary soul ?  
“ And break me with the bitterness  
“ Of words without control ?  
“ Behold, these ten times have ye laid  
“ Reproach and scorn on me ;  
“ Ye are not ashamed that ye make  
“ Yourselves mine enemy.  
“ And be it then that I have err’d—  
“ My sin is on mine head !  
“ If indeed ye will lift up yourselves,  
“ And my shame against me plead—  
“ Know now, that God hath overthrown  
“ My strength—that he hath set  
“ The snare—and compass’d me about  
“ In the meshes of his net !  
“ Behold, I cry because of wrong ;  
“ None heareth my distress :

Job’s  
answer.

“ I cry aloud, but there is none  
     “ To grant my soul redress.  
 “ He hath fenc’d up every avenue,  
     “ I cannot pass thereby ;  
 “ He hath set darkness in my path,  
     “ And blindness in mine eye.  
 “ He hath stripp’d me of my glory,  
     “ He hath discrown’d my head ;  
 “ He hath smitten me on every side,  
     “ And I am gone and sped ;  
 “ He hath remov’d mine hope from me,  
     “ As a tree whose stock is dead !  
 “ He hath also kindlèd his wrath  
     “ Against me, and as one  
 “ Of his enemies he counteth me—  
     “ And respite there is none.  
 “ His armies come together,  
     “ And against me they fight ;  
 “ They camp around my dwelling-place  
     “ In mickle power and might.  
 “ He hath put my brethren far from me,  
     “ And ah ! woe worth the change,  
 “ Mine acquaintance verily are turn’d  
     “ Unmerciful and strange ;

“ My kinsfolk have disown'd me,  
“ And failed me at my need ;  
“ And the pick of my familiar friends  
“ Have forgotten me indeed.

## 36.

“ The dwellers in mine household,  
“ The maidens of my band,  
“ Do count me for a stranger  
“ And an alien in the land.  
“ I called upon my servant—  
“ He answered not again ;  
“ I entreated him with humble words,  
“ But my poor suit was vain.  
“ My breath is strange unto my wife,  
“ Tho' I besought her grace,  
“ For the children of my body's sake,  
“ And the love of better days.  
“ Young children, too, despised me,  
“ And mocked when I arose ;  
“ All my dearest friends abhorr'd me,  
“ And those I loved turn'd foes.  
“ To my miserable skin and flesh  
“ Cleaveth my very bone ;

He is  
counted a  
stranger  
by his  
family and  
friends.



“ With the skin upon my teeth, forsooth,  
 “ Have I escaped alone.

## 37.

He en-  
 treats his  
 friends to  
 have pity  
 on him.

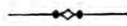
“ Have pity on me, O my friends !  
 “ Have pity on my case !  
 “ For the hand of God hath touched me—  
 “ Look kindly on my face.  
 “ Why persecute ye me as God ?  
 “ And are not satisfied  
 “ With the bitter torments of my flesh,  
 “ And the ruin of my pride ?  
 “ Oh that my words were written now,  
 “ And painted in a book,  
 “ And graven with an iron pen  
 “ For ever in the rock !

## 38.

He de-  
 clares his  
 Redeemer  
 liveth.

“ For I know that my Redeemer  
 “ Liveth, and He shall stand  
 “ In the latter day upon the earth,  
 “ When his full time's at hand.  
 “ And tho' after my skin the worms  
 “ This body shall destroy,

“ Yet in my flesh shall I see God,  
 “ And welcome Him with joy ;  
 “ Whom then I for myself shall see  
 “ With mine own eyes, I trow,  
 “ And not another—tho’ my reins  
 “ Be stricken in me now.  
 “ But ye should say, Why persecute  
 “ We him so bitterly ?  
 “ Seeing there is no fault to blame,  
 “ But much to mourn in me.  
 “ Be ye in terror of the sword,  
 “ For it shall punish wrong,  
 “ That ye may know what judgments  
 “ To sorry friends belong !”



## C A N T O XX.

## 39.

Then answered Zophar, the Naämathite, and said:—

“ Therefore I answer, and for this  
 “ I haste to speak again ;  
 “ I have heard the check of my reproach,  
 “ And my spirit is full fain.

*Answer of  
Zophar.*

“ Knowest thou not this of old time,  
 “ Since man was placed on earth,  
 “ That the wicked’s triumphing is short,  
 “ His joy a moment’s worth ?  
 “ Tho’ his excellency top the heavens,  
 “ And his head reach to the cloud,  
 “ He shall die—and they which saw him, say :—  
 “ ‘ Come ! where is now the proud ?’  
 “ He shall fly away, too, as a dream,  
 “ And he shall not be found ;  
 “ Chased as a vision of the night  
 “ When ghastly shapes abound.  
 “ The eye which saw his face shall see  
 “ Its favour never more ;  
 “ Neither shall his abiding-place  
 “ Behold him as of yore.  
 “ With beck and smile his children  
 “ Shall seek to please the poor ;  
 “ And the goods he took aforetime shall  
 “ His knavish hands restore.  
 “ His bones are plenished with the sin  
 “ Of youthful pride and lust,  
 “ Companions which shall surely lie  
 “ Down with him in the dust.

He is  
 piqued at  
 Job’s  
 taunts.

“ Though wickedness have charms for him,  
“ And in his mouth be sweet,  
“ Tho’ he hide it underneath his tongue,  
“ And take it for his meat ;  
“ Tho’ he spare it for its pleasantness,  
“ And forsake it not therefore ;  
“ Tho’ he keep it still within his mouth,  
“ And make it all his store ;  
“ Yet his meat is turned to bitterness  
“ In his bowels by and by ;  
“ As the gall of asps within him  
“ His dainty cheer doth lie.

## 40.

“ He hath swallow’d riches greedily,  
“ He shall vomit them again ;  
“ God shall cast them from his belly out,  
“ They shall not long remain.  
“ He shall suck the pois’nous slime of asps,  
“ And the viper’s forkèd tongue  
“ Shall slay him in an instant,  
“ The pleasant groves among.  
“ He shall not see the rivers,  
“ The floods, or pleasant rills,

+

The  
wicked  
shall re-  
store the  
spoil.

“ The brooks of oil and honey  
 “ That the fat land distils.  
 “ That which he labour’d for shall he  
 “ Restore in shameful wise ;  
 “ To the last farthing of his wealth  
 “ He shall disgorge the prize.

## 41.

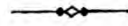
“ Because he hath oppressèd, and  
 “ Cast down the poor man’s lot,  
 “ And violently ta’en away  
 “ The house he builded not ;  
 “ Surely no quiet shall he feel,  
 “ No comfort shall he have ;  
 “ And of all the things he coveted  
 “ No tittle shall he save.  
 “ Of his substance nothing shall be left,  
 “ He shall pine for lack of meat ;  
 “ And none shall look for chattels  
 “ Within his empty seat.  
 “ In the fulness of his confidence  
 “ Straitened his lines shall be ;  
 “ The hand of every wicked man  
 “ To smite him shall be free.

“ When he would fain be feasting,  
 “ Upon him God shall cast  
 “ His wrath, and rain upon him  
 “ His fury’s utmost blast.  
 “ From the iron weapon he shall flee,  
 “ And the mighty bow of steel  
 “ Shall strike him thro’ the vitals,  
 “ Its terrors he shall feel.  
 “ It is drawn—and thro’ the body  
 “ The sounding shaft is sped ;  
 “ And thro’ his gall the glittering sword  
 “ Is driven to the head.  
 “ Uttermost darkness shall abide  
 “ Upon his window-sill,  
 “ A fire not blown of any mouth  
 “ Shall waste his beauty still ;  
 “ And with the remnant of his name  
 “ And house it shall go ill !  
 “ Heaven shall reveal the secret  
 “ Of his iniquities ;  
 “ And against him for a witness,  
 “ Accusing Earth shall rise.  
 “ From his house all increase shall depart,  
 “ All plenty from his path,

He shall  
be empty.

And  
destroyed.

“ And his goods shall flow and waste away  
   “ In the dreadful day of wrath.  
 “ This is the lot of evil ways,  
   “ Before the Judge’s rod,  
 “ And the heritage appointed  
   “ To the wicked man by God ! ”



C A N T O   X X I .

42.

Job’s  
rejoinder.

But Job answered, and said :—  
 “ Attend with care, and let this be  
   “ Your consolation ;  
 “ Let me but speak—and after I  
   “ Have made an end, mock on !  
 “ As for me, is my complaint to man ?  
   “ And sure, if it were so,  
 “ Why should my spirit not be stirred  
   “ In trouble to and fro ?  
 “ Mark me, and be astonishèd,  
   “ Lay on your mouth your hand ;  
 “ When I remember, I’m afraid,  
   “ And ever trembling stand.

“ Oh, wherefore do the wicked live,  
     “ And the evil become old?  
 “ Yea, and are mighty in their day,  
     “ And rich in power and gold?  
 “ Their seed is ’stablished in their sight,  
     “ Their sons about them rise;  
 “ And their offspring ever groweth up  
     “ In peace before their eyes.  
 “ From fear their houses are secure,  
     “ And at God’s rod they laugh;  
 “ Their bull is lusty, and their cow  
     “ Doth never cast her calf.  
 “ As a flock they send their little ones  
     “ Forth, in a jovial band;  
 “ The dance is for their children,  
     “ And they possess the land.  
 “ They take the timbrel and the harp,  
     “ And to the organ’s sound  
 “ They revel in their palaces,  
     “ And song and feast go round.  
 “ They spend their days in luxury,  
     “ Wealth in their power they have;  
 “ And in a moment they go down  
     “ Forgotten to the grave.

The  
 wicked  
 go unpu-  
 nished.



“ And therefore say they unto God,  
 “ ‘ Depart from us, we pray !  
 “ ‘ For we desire not to know  
 “ ‘ The secret of thy way.  
 “ ‘ What is the Almighty Lord, that we  
 “ ‘ His ordinance should keep ?  
 “ ‘ And if we pray unto Him,  
 “ ‘ What profit should we reap ?’  
 “ Lo, the good of such as these is not  
 “ Convenient to their hand.  
 “ Aloof, then, from the counsel  
 “ Of the wicked man I stand !

## 43.

“ How often is the candle  
 “ Of the wicked man put out !  
 “ God distributeth his sorrows  
 “ In anger round about.  
 “ They are as stubble ’fore the wind—  
 “ As chaff before the sway  
 “ Of a mighty storm, that taketh it  
 “ And carrieth it away.  
 “ God layeth up the punishment  
 “ Of his iniquity

But his  
 time shall  
 come.

“ For his children—He rewardeth him—  
“ He shall know it by-and-by.  
“ His eyes shall see the ruin  
“ And downfall of his power ;  
“ He shall drink of the Almighty’s wrath  
“ In an untimely hour.  
“ What pleasure hath he in his house  
“ And name when he is dead,  
“ When the number of his proper months .  
“ I’ the midst is sunderèd ?

## 44.

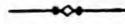
“ Shall any teach God knowledge,  
“ Or dictate to his will ?  
“ Seeing He judgeth those which are  
“ In the high places still ?  
“ One dieth in his lustihood,  
“ Being at ease and rest ;  
“ His bones are moist with marrow,  
“ And full of milk his breast.  
“ Another dieth drearily,  
“ In bitterness of soul ;  
“ Never eateth he with pleasure,  
“ Disquiet is his dole.

“ But both shall lay them down alike  
“ In the dust from whence they came,  
“ And the seely worm shall cover them,  
“ Their end shall be the same !

## 45.

“ Behold, I know your secret thoughts,  
“ And your devices all,  
“ Which ye imagine in your hearts  
“ Against me in my fall :  
“ For ye say, ‘ Where is this prince’s house ?  
“ ‘ The palace of his grace ?  
“ ‘ The man that follow’d wickedness,  
“ ‘ Where is his dwelling-place ? ’  
“ Have ye not asked the wayfarers ?  
“ And know ye not their tale ?  
“ That the wicked is reserved until  
“ The day of wrath prevail ?  
“ Who shall repay him for his deeds,  
“ And prove his ways insane ?  
“ Yet, to the grave he shall be brought,  
“ And in the tomb remain !  
“ And sweet to him the valley’s clods  
“ Shall be, and all mankind,

“ As numberless they went before,  
 “ Shall follow him behind.  
 “ How hollow is your comfort then,  
 “ How doubly vain your aid,  
 “ Seeing that all your arguments  
 “ On sophistries are stay’d !”



## C A N T O XXII.

Then Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said :—

46.

“ Can man bring profit unto God,  
 “ As a wise man can bring  
 “ Profit unto himself, and reap  
 “ The best of everything ?  
 “ Is it a pleasure to the Lord  
 “ That thou art righteous found ?  
 “ Or is it any gain to Him,  
 “ That thou makest thy ways round ?  
 “ Will He expostulate with thee,  
 “ For terror of thy might ?

Eliphaz  
answers.

“ Will He enter into court with thee,  
 “ And plead the cause of right?  
 “ Are not thine ill deeds infinite?  
 “ Extreme thy wickedness?  
 “ Thou hast ta'en thy brother's pledge, and  
     stripp'd  
 “ The poor in their distress;  
 “ Thou hast not given water  
 “ To the weary wight to drink;  
 “ And bread hast thou withholden from  
 “ The wretch about to sink.

## 47.

He ac-  
 cuseth  
 Job of a  
 variety of  
 crimes.

“ Once 'twas the mighty man that had  
 “ This fair earth for his meed;  
 “ And the man of honour dwelt in it—  
 “ 'Tis foully changed indeed!  
 “ Thou hast sent away the widows  
 “ In emptiness to moan;  
 “ And both arms of the fatherless  
 “ Thou hast broken at the bone.  
 “ And therefore traps are in thy path,  
 “ And snares are limed for thee;

“ And sudden trouble wraps thy soul  
“ In doubt’s extremity.  
“ Or darkness that thou canst not see  
“ Doth compass thee with dread,  
“ And the waters in their overflow  
“ Rise higher than thine head.  
“ Is not God exalted in the heaven  
“ Above the height of stars ?  
“ And is He not above this earth,  
“ And all its petty jars ?  
“ And yet thou sayest,—‘ How doth God  
“ ‘ Know this and that, forsooth ?  
“ ‘ Can He pierce the dark cloud with his eyes,  
“ ‘ And alway judge the truth ? ’

48.

“ Hast thou mark’d the wicked ways of old,  
“ Which reprobates have trod ?  
“ Which were cut untimely down, whose place  
“ Was flooded out by God ?  
“ Which said unto the Mighty One,  
“ ‘ Depart from us, we pray !  
“ ‘ What can thy presence profit us ?  
“ ‘ What canst Thou do this day ? ’

“ Yet ’twas his hand that fill’d their house  
 “ With all good things in store :  
 “ Absent such thoughts—such counsel be  
 “ Far from me evermore.

## 49.

“ The righteous see it, and are glad,  
 “ And laugh the fools to scorn ;  
 “ Whereas our substance is preserved,  
 “ But theirs is left forlorn.  
 “ Acquaint thyself betimes with Him,  
 “ Believe, and be at peace ;  
 “ It shall be a root of good to thee,  
 “ And turn to thine increase.  
 “ Receive, I prithee, from his mouth  
 “ The law, and in thine heart  
 “ Lay up the treasure of his words,  
 “ And choose the better part.  
 “ Thou shalt be, if thou wilt now return  
 “ To God, built up afresh ;  
 “ Thou shalt put evil far away  
 “ From thy dwelling and thy flesh.  
 “ Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust  
 “ In Earth’s forgotten nooks ;

He pro-  
 mises Job  
 prosperity  
 as the fruit  
 of repent-  
 ance.

- “ And gold of Ophir as the stones  
“ That jostle in the brooks.  
“ Yea, the Mighty One shall be thy stead ;  
“ And silver shall be thine ;  
“ Thou shalt serve the Lord with joyous heart,  
“ And to Him lift thine eyne.  
“ Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him,  
“ And He shall ’stablish thee ;  
“ Thou shalt pay thy vows, and He shall do  
“ The thing thou dost decree ;  
“ And light shall shine upon thy ways,  
“ And thy desire shall be.  
“ When the worst is come, and men are down,  
“ It shall be thine to say,—  
“ There is salvation from the Lord,  
“ And the meek hath hope alway.  
“ He shall deliver out of dread  
“ The innocent man’s isle ;  
“ Pure hands shall be its safeguard,  
“ And a heart removed from guile.”



## C A N T O XXIII.

50.

Job's  
answer.

Then Job answered, and said:—

“ Even to-day, this wretched day,

“ In bitterness I groan ;

“ My stroke is sharper than my cry,

“ And heavier than my moan.

“ Oh, that I knew some certain spot,

“ Where with Him I might meet ;

“ That I might even find Him out,

“ And come unto his seat.

“ Before Him I would marshal forth

“ The order of my cause ;

“ I would fill my mouth with arguments,

“ And rest upon his laws.

“ Then would I know the words wherewith

“ His mouth would answer me,

“ And understand the full extent

“ Of all this mystery.

“ Will He plead against me in his strength,

“ And put forth his great power ?

“ No—He would strengthen me, and stay

“ My weakness in that hour.

“ There, the man that is of righteous life  
   “ Might plead with Him in awe,  
 “ And for ever be deliver’d from  
   “ The judgments of the law.

## 51.

“ Behold, I search in front of me,  
   “ But yet He is not there ;  
 “ And behind me, but I cannot see  
   “ His person anywhere.  
 “ On the left hand where He worketh  
   “ I seek for Him in vain ;  
 “ He hideth Him upon the right,  
   “ That I cannot see his train.  
 “ But He knoweth well the way I take,  
   “ The bearings that I hold ;  
 “ When He hath made assay of me,  
   “ I shall come forth like gold.  
 “ My foot hath held his footsteps,  
   “ I have not declined his track ;  
 “ Neither from the commandment  
   “ Of his lips have I gone back.  
 “ The gospel of his mouth have I  
   “ Esteemèd more than food ;

Who shall  
 find out  
 God.

“ Than the dole of necessary bread,  
 “ From day to day renew’d.  
 “ But He is ever in one mind,  
 “ None questions his command—  
 “ Even that his soul desireth  
 “ He doeth out of hand.  
 “ He is the Master of my life—  
 “ On Him my lot is laid ;  
 “ Therefore, when I consider Him,  
 “ I am troubled and afraid.  
 “ For God doth mollify my heart,  
 “ The Almighty troubleth me ;  
 “ Would I had perished from the midst  
 “ Of this obscurity.



## C A N T O XXIV.

52.

Wherefore  
do the  
wicked  
prosper.

“ Why, (seeing times are not concealed  
 “ From the Almighty God,)  
 “ Do they that hate Him prosper still,  
 “ And never feel his rod ?

“ Some remove landmarks wrongfully,  
“ And others take away  
“ Their neighbours’ flocks with violence,  
“ And fatten on the prey.  
“ The ass of the fatherless they drive  
“ Away into their stall,  
“ And take the lonely widow’s ox  
“ For a wretched pledge withal.  
“ They turn the needy from their way,  
“ And the poor of earth disgraced,  
“ Together hide themselves—behold,  
“ As the wild ass in the waste,  
“ They go forth to their work—they rise  
“ Betimes to compass harm ;  
“ For them and for their family  
“ The desert is a farm.  
“ And every one amongst them  
“ Reapeth a-field his corn ;  
“ And they gather in the vintage  
“ Of wickedness and scorn.  
“ Unclothed they cause the naked  
“ To lodge by waste and wold ;  
“ They leave him no encampment,  
“ Nor covering from the cold.

“ They are wetted by the mountain showers,  
     “ And for want of any place  
 “ To shelter them from wintry winds,  
     “ The barren rock embrace.  
 “ From the breast they pluck the fatherless—  
     “ From the poor they take a pledge—  
 “ They take the sheaf away from him  
     “ That feeleth hunger’s edge ;  
 “ Which make them oil within their walls,  
     “ And tread out their wine-press,  
 “ Suff’ring intolerable thirst,  
     “ And every distress.

## 53.

Men groan  
 because  
 of their  
 power.

“ Men groan from out the city,  
     “ And the wounded wretches’ soul  
 “ Crieth out upon them—yet no signs  
     “ Their foolish hands control.  
 “ They are of that ungodly crew  
     “ That rebel against the light,  
 “ They follow not the ways thereof—  
     “ Nor know the paths of right.  
 “ The murd’rer, rising with the light,  
     “ Maketh his calling sure ;

- “ In the night, he killeth like a thief  
“ The needy and the poor.  
“ The adult’rer’s eye doth also wait  
“ For twilight’s canopy ;  
“ He disguiseth then his countenance,  
“ Saying, no eye shall see.  
“ In the dark they dig thro’ houses  
“ Which they had marked by day ;  
“ They know not light—they love the dark  
“ Which bringeth them their prey.  
“ For the morning is unto them  
“ The very shade of death ;  
“ If one know them, they are terror-struck,  
“ And gasp in vain for breath.

## 54.

- “ But God is swift as are the floods—  
“ Accursed is their lot  
“ I’ the earth—their vines He smiteth,  
“ Their hope He prospereth not.  
“ As droughts and summer heats consume  
“ Snow-waters in their flow,  
“ So doth the solitary grave  
“ Those that have sinned—I trow.

But their  
evil day  
shall come.

- “ The womb shall straight forget him—  
 “ The worm shall sweetly feed  
 “ On him—his memory shall fail—  
 “ Like a broken tree indeed.  
 “ The barren womb that beareth not  
 “ He evil doth entreat ;  
 “ And furthereth not the widow’s cause,  
 “ For all his lofty seat.  
 “ He draws the mighty with his power ;  
 “ None match him in the strife ;  
 “ He riseth up, and ne’er a man  
 “ Is certain of his life !  
 “ Though it be given him to be  
 “ Safe in his own conceit,  
 “ And rest upon it—yet God’s eyes  
 “ Shall spy out his retreat ;  
 “ He is exalted for a while,  
 “ Then stricken and forlorn,  
 “ As all other ta’en out of the way—  
 “ Cut off like ears of corn.  
 “ Have I not read my read aright ?  
 “ Is there any to gainsay ?  
 “ And make my sentence nothing worth,  
 “ Amongst you all this day ?

## C A N T O XXV.

55.

Then answered Bildad the Shuhite, and said—

“ Fear and dominion are with Him :

“ ’Tis He that maketh peace

“ In the mountain of his majesty—

“ And causeth strife to cease.

“ Is there any number of his hosts—

“ The armies of the skies ?

“ And on whom of every living thing,

“ Doth not his light arise ?

“ How then can man be justified !

“ Or how can he be clean,

“ That is of any woman born

“ Into this earthly scene ?

“ Behold the moon, for even she

“ Shineth not fair and bright ;

“ Yea, the stars of heaven are not pure

“ In his transcendent sight !

“ How much less man, that is a worm,

“ A paltry thing of clay ;

“ And the son of man, that is a worm,

“ Born but as yesterday !”

Bildad  
replies  
again.



## C A N T O XXVI.

56.

Job  
retorts.

“ Thanks,” answer’d Job, “ for timely help  
“ And charitable deed !  
“ How hast thou saved the failing arm,  
“ And bid the poor God-speed !  
“ Thanks for the counsel thou hast given—  
“ Thanks for thy wealth of words—  
“ Thanks for a pond’rous statement  
“ Which with the rest accords !  
“ And yet—how fall’n a wretch was he  
“ To whom thou fain would’st preach ;  
“ Is this thy comfort ? these the words  
“ That amity should teach ?  
“ Oh, dead and dreary rots the sea  
“ In which such waves I trace !  
“ And its inhabitants are foul,  
“ And suited to the place.  
“ But hell is naked before Him—  
“ With all its horrors bare ;—  
“ Destruction hath no covering,  
“ Hypocrisy no snare !

## 57.

“ He stretcheth out the northern star  
   “ Over the empty place ;  
 “ And hangeth earth on nothing  
   “ In the boundlessness of space.  
 “ He bindeth up the waters  
   “ In his swaddling bands of cloud,  
 “ And by his understanding  
   “ He smiteth through the proud.  
 “ He hideth from our presence  
   “ The glories of his throne,  
 “ Veiled in a misty robe of cloud,  
   “ Girt with an airy zone.  
 “ He hath compassèd the waters  
   “ With bounds they shall not spurn,  
 “ Till day and night come to an end,  
   “ And chaos old return.  
 “ The pillars of heaven tremble—  
   “ At his reproof they shake ;  
 “ Astonished and bewildered,  
   “ They bow, and bend, and break !  
 “ He hath separated ocean,  
   “ And divided into seas

God's  
 mighty  
 works.

“ The mighty deep, and traversed it  
 “ With current and with breeze.  
 “ By his Spirit hath He garnish’d  
 “ The galleries of heaven,  
 “ And the spirals of the crooked snake  
 “ Were by his right hand given.  
 “ Lo, these are portions of his ways,  
 “ The least, and yet how grand !  
 “ But the thunder of his waken’d power  
 “ Who, who can understand ? ”

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C A N T O XXVII.

Moreover Job continued his parable, and said :—

58.

He main-  
tains  
his own  
righteous-  
ness.

“ As the Lord liveth, who hath ta’en  
 “ My judgment’s strength away,  
 “ The Almighty, who hath vex’d my soul  
 “ And brought me to decay—  
 “ All the while my breath is in me,  
 “ And the spirit from on high  
 “ Is present in my nostrils,  
 “ In mine extremity

“ My lips shall not speak wickedness,  
“ Nor my tongue frame deceit ;  
“ God forbid that I should justify  
“ Your calumnies unmeet.  
“ I hold fast still my righteousness,  
“ And will not let it go ;  
“ My heart shall not reproach me—  
“ While I live it shall be so.

## 59.

“ Let my foeman be accounted  
“ As the wicked man, and he  
“ Be reckon'd as th' unrighteous  
“ That riseth against me.  
“ For the hope of lies—what is it?  
“ Though the hypocrite hath gained,  
“ When God shall take away his soul  
“ With every folly stained—  
“ When trouble comes upon him,  
“ Will the Lord hear him pray ?  
“ Will he delight himself in God,  
“ And call on Him alway ?  
“ I will teach you (by the hand of God),  
“ And I will not conceal

“ That which is with the Almighty King,  
 “ But will his ways reveal.  
 “ Behold, yourselves have seen it too ;  
 “ Then why are ye thus vain ?  
 “ This is the oppressor’s heritage,  
 “ And all that he shall gain !

## 60.

The heri-  
tage of the  
oppressor.

“ If his family be multiplied,  
 “ It is but for the sword ;  
 “ They shall not be satisfied with bread,  
 “ And meat shall none afford.  
 “ The remnant of his people  
 “ Buried in death shall sleep :  
 “ And the grave shall be his portion,  
 “ And his widows shall not weep.  
 “ Though he heap up silver as the dust,  
 “ And raiment rich and rare,  
 “ As the very clay of small account,  
 “ In goodly store prepare ;  
 “ He may prepare it—but, forsooth,  
 “ The just shall put it on ;  
 “ And the innocent divide the wealth  
 “ He doted once upon.

- “ As a moth, he buildeth him a house ;  
“ And as a bothy made  
“ By the keeper of a garden  
“ For a little hasty shade.  
“ The rich man shall lie down in hope—  
“ But premature his lot ;  
“ He openeth his eyes suddenly,  
“ And all his strength is not.  
“ Terrors take hold on him betimes,  
“ As waters in their might ;  
“ A tempest stealeth him away  
“ In the dead hour of night.  
“ The east wind carrieth him away—  
“ He departeth out of hand—  
“ And as a storm it hurleth him  
“ Far from his fatherland.  
“ For God shall cast upon him plagues,  
“ And shall not lightly spare ;  
“ Fain would he flee out of his hand,  
“ And rest him anywhere.  
“ At him the crowd shall clap their hands,  
“ And laugh at his disgrace ;  
“ And the multitude shall drive him  
“ With hisses from his place !

## C A N T O XXVIII.

61.

The wonderful  
works of  
God.

“ Surely there is a place for gold ;  
 “ And silver veins are shown ;  
 “ Iron is taken out of earth ;  
 “ Brass molten out of stone.  
 “ He setteth bounds to darkness—  
 “ He limiteth its hall ;  
 “ He searcheth out its wonders,  
 “ Shadow of death and all.  
 “ The waters of the *wady* fail,—  
 “ The floods that were of yore  
 “ Are dried up, and are forgot,—  
 “ No traveller sees them more.  
 “ Earth’s bosom giveth bread for man ;  
 “ Fires struggle in its hold :  
 “ The stones of it have sapphires,  
 “ And in its dust is gold.  
 “ There is a path in secret,  
 “ That ne’er a fowl, I ween,  
 “ For all his cunning knoweth,  
 “ Nor vulture’s eye hath seen :

“ The lion’s whelps have never trod  
   “ That path of mystery ;  
 “ Nor the fierce lion in his wrath  
   “ Hath ever passed thereby.  
 “ Upon the gray and living rock  
   “ He putteth forth his hand ;  
 “ He overturneth mountains  
   “ By the roots on which they stand.  
 “ He cutteth out among the rocks  
   “ The torrents everywhere ;  
 “ His eye discerneth everything  
   “ That precious is and rare :  
 “ He bindeth up the water-floods  
   “ From overflowing spite ;  
 “ And hidden things, whate’er they be,  
   “ He bringeth forth to light.  
 “ But where shall wisdom’s pearl be found ?  
   “ Say, where is now the place,  
 “ Where understanding’s residence  
   “ In certain signs ye trace ?

Where is  
 the place  
 of under-  
 standing ?



## 62.

“ Man knoweth not the price thereof—  
 “ And seek it far and wide,  
 “ It is not found in any land  
 “ Where living men abide !  
 “ The depth says—It is not in me !  
 “ So answereth the sea :  
 “ For gold and silver’s well-weighed store  
 “ Gotten it cannot be.  
 “ Valued with gold of Ophir  
 “ It cannot be alone ;  
 “ Or the dark sapphire’s lambent blue,  
 “ Or the precious onyx stone.  
 “ The crystal cannot equal it,  
 “ Nor yet the ruddy gold ;  
 “ It shall not be exchanged against  
 “ Jewels of finest mould.  
 “ Of coral, and of Orient pearls,  
 “ No mention shall be made ;  
 “ For above the price of rubies  
 “ Is wisdom’s value laid.  
 “ The topaz shall not equal it  
 “ From Ethiopia’s land ;

How shall  
 it be  
 bought ?

“ Nor the purest gold that ever came  
   “ Into the merchant’s hand.  
 “ Whence cometh then this wisdom,  
   “ So long and widely sought?  
 “ And where doth understanding bide,  
   “ That it cannot be bought?  
 “ Seeing that it is hidden from  
   “ All living creatures’ eyes,  
 “ And close reserved from every fowl  
   “ That airy venture plies?  
 “ Death and destruction hoarsely say—  
   “ ‘ Lo, we have heard its name;  
 “ ‘ And to our ears long since hath come  
   “ ‘ The greatness of its fame.’ . . .

## 63.

“ God understandeth wisdom’s way,  
   “ He knoweth well its place,  
 “ For He seeth to the ends of earth,  
   “ And all ’neath heaven’s embrace.  
 “ To make the balance for the winds,  
   “ For the hurricanes their weight,  
 “ He weigheth them by measure out,  
   “ The waters for a freight.

God  
 knoweth  
 the place  
 of under-  
 standing.

The fear  
of God is  
man's  
wisdom.

“ What time He made Him a decree  
 “ Anent the grateful rain,  
 “ And a pathway for the lightning,  
 “ With the thunder in its train ;  
 “ Then did He see it, and declare  
 “ Its attributes divine ;  
 “ He preparèd it, and searched it out  
 “ By measure and by sign.  
 “ And unto man He said, ‘ Behold,  
 “ ‘ The fear of God to thee  
 “ ‘ Be wisdom, and thine excellence  
 “ ‘ From evil deeds to flee.’ ”



## C A N T O XXIX.

64.

Job re-  
grets his  
former  
pros-  
perity.

Moreover Job continued  
 His parable and said :—  
 “ Oh, that I were as in months past,  
 “ When God preserv'd my head ;  
 “ When his candle shined upon me,  
 “ And ever by his light

“ I walked through the darkness,  
“ In the thickest gloom of night :  
“ As I was in my yet youthful days,  
“ When the secret hand of God  
“ Was upon my tabernacle still,  
“ And bless'd me where I trod :  
“ When yet the Lord was with me,  
“ And kept me every day ;  
“ When my children were about me,  
“ And I knew no decay :  
“ When I washed my steps in butter,  
“ And the rock poured forth for me  
“ Rivers of oil in plenteousness,  
“ And I was fair to see :  
“ When I went out through the city,  
“ To seek the judge's seat ;  
“ When I preparèd me a place  
“ In the highway of the street.  
“ The young men saw my countenance,  
“ And hid themselves for shame ;  
“ And the agèd men rose up, and stood  
“ Expectant when I came.  
“ The princes of the people  
“ At once refrained their speech,

“ And laid their hand upon their mouth,  
“ When I stood up to teach.  
“ When the ear heard me, then it bless’d  
“ My coming presently ;  
“ And when the eye beheld me,  
“ Witness it gave to me.  
“ For I delivered (when he cried)  
“ The poor and fatherless ;  
“ And he that had no helper  
“ Found at my hand redress.  
“ And on me came his blessing  
“ That was nigh perishing ;  
“ ’Twas I that caused the widow’s heart  
“ For very joy to sing.  
“ I put on righteousness, and it  
“ Clothed me from hood to hem ;  
“ My judgment was as royal robe  
“ And kingly diadem.  
“ I was eyes unto the blind, and feet  
“ Was I unto the lame ;  
“ I was a father to the poor—  
“ And the cause I knew not came  
“ Within my jurisdiction,  
“ I searched it out with toil,

“ I brake the wicked’s jaws and pluck’d  
 “ Out of his teeth the spoil.

65.

“ Then said I, I shall multiply  
 “ My days e’en as the sand ;  
 “ I shall die in quiet in my nest,  
 “ When my season comes to hand.  
 “ My root was spread out by the streams  
 “ Of water flowing free ;  
 “ And all night long upon my branch  
 “ The dew lay fruitfully.  
 “ And fresh in me my glory  
 “ Was wide as my command ;  
 “ And the bow of mine authority  
 “ Was renewèd in my hand.  
 “ To me the wisest men gave ear,  
 “ And waited and kept still ;  
 “ After my words they spake no more  
 “ Again for good or ill ;  
 “ And my speech dropp’d on them as they sat  
 “ And listened out their fill.  
 “ And they waited for me as for showers,  
 “ And it was not in vain ;

Vain  
 hopes and  
 disap-  
 pointment.



“ And they opened wide their mouths at me,  
   “ As for the latter rain.  
 “ If haply I laughed on them,  
   “ Their hearts believed it not ;  
 “ And they cast not down the light  
   “ Of my countenance, I wot.  
 “ I chose their way out, and sat chief—  
   “ And as a king I dwelt  
 “ In an army—as a mighty man  
   “ Whose ruling hand is felt !



## C A N T O   X X X .

66.

Job in-  
 sulted by  
 nameless  
 men.

“ But now of younger men than I  
   “ Am I the laughing-stock ;  
 “ Whose sons I would have scorn'd to set  
   “ With the watch-dogs of my flock.  
 “ What might the strength of hands like theirs  
   “ Profit my soul in aught ?  
 “ In whom old age was perished  
   “ And manhood come to nought ?

“ For want and famine’s sake they dwelt  
“ In solitary dread :  
“ To the waste and barren wilderness  
“ In former time they fled :  
“ Who cut up roots of juniper  
“ And mallows for their meat ;  
“ They were driven like thieves with hue and cry  
“ From the city’s pleasant seat,  
“ In the cliff of the lone valleys,  
“ To dwell as outlaw’d men ;  
“ In the dismal caverns of the earth  
“ And in the rocky glen.  
“ They bray’d among the bushes—  
“ They were gathered in a band  
“ Under the nettles piteously—  
“ They were outcasts in the land.  
“ Children of fools—yea, children  
“ Of nameless men they were ;  
“ They were viler than the dust of earth ;  
“ Confusion was their share :  
“ And now am I their byword—  
“ Their song in my disgrace ;  
“ They abhor me—they flee from me—  
“ And spit into my face.



“ Because He hath afflicted me,  
 “ And loosed my cord—forsooth  
 “ *They* have let loose the bridle too,  
 “ Without remorse or ruth.

## 67.

The youth  
 rise up  
 against  
 him.

“ Upon my right hand rise the youth ;  
 “ They push away my feet,  
 “ And do their utmost to destroy  
 “ All comfort from my seat.  
 “ They mar my path, they aggravate  
 “ The burthen of my grief ;  
 “ There is none amongst them all to help,  
 “ Or bring my soul relief !  
 “ They came, as come through broken dyke  
 “ The waters of the sea ;  
 “ In the midst of desolation  
 “ They roll’d themselves on me.  
 “ Terrors are turned upon me,  
 “ They hunt my soul like wind ;  
 “ My welfare passeth as a cloud  
 “ That leaves no track behind.  
 “ And now my soul is pourèd out  
 “ Upon me hopelessly ;

“ Affliction’s days have taken hold  
   “ In anger upon me.  
 “ My bones are pierc’d within me  
   “ By some enduring blight ;  
 “ My sinews take no rest at all  
   “ In the season of the night ;  
 “ By the great force of my disease,  
   “ My garment’s but a clout—  
 “ Close as the collar of my coat  
   “ It bindeth me about.  
 “ He hath cast me down into the mire,  
   “ I am become a clod  
 “ Of dust and ashes, stricken down  
   “ By thy reproof, O God !  
 “ For all my plaint, for all my cry,  
   “ My cause Thou dost not hear ;  
 “ I rise, and Thou regardest not  
   “ My miserable cheer.  
 “ Cruel art Thou become to me—  
   “ Thou workest for my harm ;  
 “ Opposing still Thyself to me,  
   “ With Thy strong hand and arm.  
 “ A jest for every wind that blows  
   “ Thou lift’st me up on high ;

God hear-  
 eth not  
 his cry.

“ Thou causest me to ride the blast,  
 “ In want and poverty.  
 “ For I know that Thou wilt bring me  
 “ To the shadowy gates of death,  
 “ And to the house appointed  
 “ For all that live by breath.  
 “ Howbeit, Thou wilt not stretch out  
 “ Thine hand into the grave,  
 “ Though many cry when I be down,  
 “ And call on Thee to save.

## 68.

“ Did not I weep for him that was  
 “ In trouble and in grief?  
 “ Was not my soul aggrieved when  
 “ The poor found no relief?  
 “ When I looked for good, then evil came ;  
 “ And when I longed for light,  
 “ And waited for its beams, ensued  
 “ The triple gloom of night !  
 “ My bowels boiled and rested not ;  
 “ Affliction’s evil day  
 “ Prevented me where’er I went,  
 “ With trouble and decay.

His deso-  
lation.

“ Mourning I went, without the sun,  
“ My wretched case to hide ;  
“ And in the congregation  
“ I stood alone, and cried :—  
“ Brother am I to dragons—  
“ To owls companion meet !  
“ My skin is black upon me—  
“ And my bones are burn'd with heat ;  
“ To mourning too my harp is turn'd,  
“ Its chords no minstrels sweep ;  
“ And changed is all my music  
“ To the voice of them that weep.



## C A N T O XXXI.

69.

“ I made a compact with mine eyes,  
“ A covenant of right,  
“ Why should I look upon a maid  
“ Be her beauty ne'er so bright?  
“ For what have I to do with God  
“ That He should hear me cry ?

“ And what inheritance is mine  
“ That cometh from on high ?  
“ Is not destruction’s portion  
“ The wicked man’s reward ?  
“ And a strange punishment their lot  
“ Who sin against the Lord ?  
“ Doth not He see my ways and count  
“ The traces of my feet ?  
“ If I have walked in vanity,  
“ Or hasted to deceit,  
“ Let me be weighed, and balanced  
“ In a just and even scale—  
“ That God may know my righteousness,  
“ And make my truth prevail.

## 70.

“ If mine heart hath walked after mine eyes,  
“ And my step hath turned astray,  
“ If any blot hath cleft unto  
“ My hands, in bygone day,  
“ Then let me sow while others reap,  
“ And let my offspring be  
“ A broken family—a name  
“ Rooted out utterly !

“ If my heart hath also been deceived,  
     “ By any woman’s guile,  
 “ Or if *I* have laid in waiting  
     “ At my neighbour’s door the while ;  
 “ Let my wife grind to another—  
     “ Let her deck another’s board !  
 “ Let others do her service,  
     “ And not without reward.  
 “ For this is now a heinous crime ;  
     “ A sin against God’s peace  
 “ To be punished by the Judge—a fire  
     “ To root out mine increase.  
 “ If I dealt unjustly with my slave  
     “ When he besought the laws,  
 “ And did despise my man servants’,  
     “ Or my maid servants’ cause :  
 “ When the Lord ariseth in his wrath,  
     “ What comfort shall I take ?  
 “ And when He visiteth for sin,  
     “ What answer shall I make ?  
 “ Did not He that made me in the womb  
     “ Make him, upon a day ?  
 “ Did not One fashion both of us  
     “ Out of the selfsame clay ?

He in-  
 vokes  
 judgment  
 on himself  
 if he has  
 sinned.

## 71.

“ If I have disappointed  
    “ The poor of their desire,  
“ Or caused the widow’s eyes to fail  
    “ And her slender hope to tire ;  
“ If I have eaten by myself  
    “ Alone and grudgingly,  
“ And the wayfarer and fatherless  
    “ Have not broke bread with me ;  
(“ For from my youth perpetually  
    “ Was he brought up by my side  
“ As with a sire—and to *her* still  
    “ I’ve ever been a guide :)  
“ If I have seen the destitute  
    “ For lack of clothing perish,  
“ Or any poor without a rag,  
    “ That I have failed to cherish ;  
“ If his loins have not bless’d me, and if  
    “ He did not straightway stand  
“ Warm’d with the fleeces of my sheep—  
    “ If I have lift my hand  
“ Against the orphan, when I saw,  
    “ I’the gate, my band alone :

“ Let mine arm fall from the shoulder blade,  
“ And be broken at the bone !  
“ If I have made red gold my hope,  
“ And drawn my courage thence ;  
“ Or said unto refined gold—  
“ Thou art my confidence !  
“ If I rejoiced because my wealth  
“ Sometime was very great,  
“ And because mine hand had gotten much,  
“ And royal was my state :  
“ If I beheld the glorious sun  
“ Resplendent in his might,  
“ Or the moon in brightness walking  
“ Through the starry rounds of night,  
“ And secretly my heart hath been  
“ To honour them enticed,  
“ And my mouth hath kissed in homage  
“ My right hand ill-advised :  
“ This also were iniquity  
“ Meet for the Judge’s rod,  
“ For then I should have faithless been,  
“ And have denied God !



## 72.

“ If I rejoicèd at the fall  
“ Of him that hated me,  
“ Or when evil found him, lifted up  
“ Myself in jollity ;  
“ If I sufferèd my mouth to sin  
“ By wishing to his soul  
“ A curse ; and if my followers’ rage  
“ I did not then control ;  
“ If the stranger lodged him in the street,  
“ With toil distressed and sore,  
“ And the traveller turn’d him not a guest  
“ Into mine open door—  
“ If I covered my transgressions  
“ As Adam did his sin,  
“ By hiding mine iniquity  
“ My bosom’s depth within ;  
“ If I fearèd not the multitude,  
“ Nor the loss of my good name,  
“ Nor was dumb for popular contempt—  
“ Nor kept at home for shame—  
“ Then were I reprobate indeed ;  
“ But now to God I look ;

“ Oh that He would declare the charge  
“ And write it in a book!  
“ I would take it on my shoulder,  
“ As a crown I would it bind  
“ To me, and meet him as a prince,  
“ And tell Him all my mind.

## 73.

“ If my land cry out against me,  
“ Or the furrows rich with grain,  
“ Against my fraud and violence,  
“ Out of the dust complain ;  
“ If I have eaten of its fruits  
“ Without money from my store,  
“ Or caused the rightful owners  
“ To lose their lives therefore ;  
“ Let thistles grow instead of wheat,  
“ And from my glebe ascend  
“ Cockle instead of barley--  
“ Job’s words are at an end !”





## CONTENTS OF PART TWO.

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ELIHU speaks.—Great men are not always wise.—None of you hath convinced Job of folly.—Elihu puts himself in God's stead.—God is greater than man.—He will not give account of his ways.—He sends warnings and chastisements for man's good.—Repentance shall find grace.—Elihu accuseth Job of saying, "The fear of God is of no profit to a man."—Each man is rewarded according to his work.—It is not right to find fault with princes; how much less, then, with God?—God's judgments.—Men should therefore repent.—Elihu wishes that Job may be tried to the end.—Man's righteousness or sin profit God nothing.—Nevertheless have faith in God.—The fruit of repentance is joy; of a hardened heart, wrath.—Beware; put not off repentance till it be too late.—God's mighty works.—The thunder and lightning.—The snow.—The latter rain.—The whirlwind.—The cold.—The frost.—The rain.—The heat.—We know nothing of God's ways.—God answers Job out of the whirlwind.—The founding of earth.—The sea restrained.—The day-spring knows his place.—The springs of ocean.—The gates of death.—The house of darkness.—The water-courses for the floods.—The lightning.—The dew.—The rain.—The frost.—Pleiads, Orion, Mazzaroth, Arcturus, and his sons.—Know'st thou the ordinances of Heaven?—Canst thou command the rain, or the lightnings, at thy pleasure?—Who hath given man wisdom?—Canst thou stay the bottles of heaven?—Canst thou feed the lions or the ravens?—The wild goats on the rock.—The hinds in the forest.—The wild ass.—The unicorn.—The peacock.—The ostrich.—The horse.

—The falcon.—The eagle.—Job humbleth himself before God.—God invites Job to show his might and majesty, if he has it.—Behemoth.—His haunts.—He drinks.—Who shall stir him up?—Leviathan.—The hopelessness of an encounter with him.—He is covered with scales.—Light shineth by his neesings.—His heart is like the nether millstone.—The sword and spear cannot hold.—He counts iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.—He scatters pointed things in the mire.—He maketh the deep to boil like a pot.—He is the king over all the children of pride.—Job humbleth himself, and is forgiven.—God's anger is kindled against his three friends.—He pardons them, on condition that Job prays for them.—Return of prosperity.—All his former substance doubled.—He lives after this one hundred and forty years.—He dies.

THE  
POEM OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

—◆—  
Second Part.  
—◆—

C A N T O I.

1.

So these three men desisted  
From answering Job that day ;  
For he was clean in his own eyes,  
And they could not gainsay.  
Then was kindled up the anger  
Of the son of Barachel,  
Elihu of the name of Buz,  
In Ramnite tents that dwell.  
'Gainst Job his anger was full-fain,  
Because he justified  
Himself in presence of the Lord,  
And would not vail his pride ;

Elihu  
speaks.

And against his friends his anger burn'd,  
His face was stern and grim,  
Because they had no answer found,  
And yet condemnèd him.  
Now, because of age and reverence,  
He had waited patiently,  
Till Job and all his friends had spoke—  
(Elder they were than he).  
But when he found no answer  
In the mouth of all their crew,  
His anger was enkindled,  
And he brake forth anew,—

## 2.

And said,—“I'm young and few of days,  
“ But ye are very old ;  
“ Wherefore I feared, and darèd not  
“ My sentence to unfold.  
“ I said, The length of days should speak,  
“ And the multitude of years  
“ Should teach the ways of wisdom,  
“ And peers should comfort peers ;  
“ But there *is* a soul within a man,  
“ And the Spirit from on high

" Giveth them understanding,  
   " That they should live thereby.  
 " Yet great men are not always wise ;  
   " Neither doth age impart  
 " Understanding to the judgment,  
   " Or cunning to the heart.  
 " Therefore, I said, Attend, and I  
   " Will mine opinion show ;  
 " Behold, I waited for your words,  
   " While ye reason'd to and fro ;  
 " Yes, I attended to you, and  
   " Behold, there was not one  
 " That convincèd Job of folly—  
   " And answer found ye none.  
 " Lest ye should say, ' Lo, we have found  
   " ' Wisdom's eternal plan ; '  
 " 'Tis God that thrusteth him now down,  
   " And not the power of man.

Great men  
are not  
always  
wise.

None of  
you hath  
convincèd  
Job of  
folly.

## 3.

" Job hath not levelled words at me,  
   " I was not in his reach ;  
 " Neither will I reply to him  
   " With your long-winded speech.



“ They were amazed, they answered not,  
“ They knew not what to say ;  
“ They left off speaking sounding words,  
“ And held their peace that day.  
“ For I am full of matter,  
“ My spirit is athirst ;  
“ I am as wine that hath no vent,  
“ And I must speak or burst !  
“ I will speak . . . . that I may be refresh’d—  
“ Let me no flatterer be :  
“ Neither let me accept, forsooth,  
“ Any man’s dignity.  
“ For flattering titles, honied words,  
“ I know not how to give ;  
“ If I did, I should be reprobate,  
“ Nor should have long to live.



## C A N T O II.

## 4.

“ Wherefore, I pray thee, Job, to hear  
“ The purport of my speech,

“ And hearken diligently to  
   “ The words that I shall teach . . . .  
 “ Behold now, I have opened  
   “ My mouth, and ta'en my part ;  
 “ My words shall upright be, my lips  
   “ Shall utter from mine heart.  
 “ God's Spirit hath created me  
   “ Into this world of strife,  
 “ And the breath of the Almighty  
   “ Hath warm'd my soul with life.  
 “ If thou canst answer me, stand up,  
   “ And commune without dread ;  
 “ Behold, I am according to  
   “ Thy wish, here, in God's stead !  
 “ I too am fashion'd out of clay—  
   “ My terror cannot make  
 “ Thee fear—nor shall my heavy hand  
   “ Compel thy soul to quake . . . .

Elihu puts  
 himself in  
 God's  
 stead.

## 5.

“ Surely I heard thee say (the words  
   “ Abide my heart within)—  
 “ ‘ I am clean without transgression—  
   “ ‘ I am innocent of sin.

“ ‘ See, He findeth out occasions  
 “ ‘ Against me in my woe,  
 “ ‘ And in my desolation  
 “ ‘ He counts me for his foe.  
 “ ‘ In the stocks He putteth fast my feet,  
 “ ‘ He marketh all my ways ;’  
 “ Behold, in this thou art not just—  
 “ In this is nought to praise.

## 6.

God is  
 greater  
 than man.  
 He will  
 not give  
 account of  
 his ways.

“ I will answer thee now, once for all :  
 “ God is greater than a man !  
 “ Why dost thou strive ? to give account  
 “ Of his ways is not his plan.  
 “ God speaketh once, yea twice, and yet,  
 “ Perceive his voice who can ?  
 “ In a dream, a vision of the night,  
 “ In slumb’rings on the bed,  
 “ When deep sleep falleth upon men  
 “ With daily cares bested,  
 “ Then He openeth the ears of man,  
 “ Instructing him betimes,  
 “ That he may veil his haughtiness,  
 “ And draw his heart from crimes.

“ From the pit He keepeth back his soul,  
 “ And surely saves his life  
 “ From falling by the angry sword  
 “ In some unstricken strife.  
 “ He is chastened on his bed with pain,  
 “ And all his bones are rent  
 “ With the strength of his affliction,  
 “ In timely punishment.  
 “ So that his life abhorreth bread,  
 “ And his soul daily meat,  
 “ His bones that were not seen stick out,  
 “ And his flesh is dried with heat.

He sends  
 warnings  
 and chas-  
 tisements  
 for man's  
 good.

7.

“ If there be a monitor with him,  
 “ Among a thousand one  
 “ T' explain his sin, and show him how  
 “ Virtue may yet be won ;  
 “ Then God doth grant him grace, and saith—  
 “ ‘ Redeem him from the pit !  
 “ ‘ Since I have found a ransom  
 “ ‘ For his life ; deliver it ! ’  
 “ His flesh shall be of fresher hue  
 “ Than the cheek of blooming boy,

Repent-  
 ance shall  
 find grace.

“ He shall return unto the days  
   “ Of his youthful pride and joy.  
 “ And he shall make his prayer to God,  
   “ Who graciously will bless,  
 “ And smile upon him, and requite  
   “ With good his righteousness.  
 “ He looketh upon man, and if  
   “ One say, Behold the right!  
 “ I have sinnèd, and perverted it!  
   “ And my hope is perished quite;  
 “ From the pit He will redeem his soul—  
   “ And his life shall see the light!

## 8.

“ Lo, all these things God worketh  
   “ Ofttimes, as He thinks fit,  
 “ To cheer man’s soul with living light,  
   “ And enlarge it from the pit.  
 “ Speak then, O Job, mark well, and speak,  
   “ If thou hast ought to say;  
 “ Mine is no purpose to condemn—  
   “ If not, hear me this day.

## C A N T O III.

## 9.

“ Hear my words now, O ye wise men !  
“ Give ear unto my speech :  
“ Ye that have knowledge, listen  
“ To that which I shall teach :  
“ For the ear discovereth sentences  
“ As the mouth tasteth meat ;  
“ And Job hath said, ‘ I’m righteous—  
“ ‘ God leads astray my feet—  
“ ‘ Should I deal in lies against my right,  
“ ‘ And falsehood’s tale prolong ?  
“ ‘ My wound it is incurable,  
“ ‘ Yet I have done no wrong !’

## 10.

“ What man was ever like this Job ?  
“ What man of woman born,  
“ Who drinketh up as water  
“ The bitter cup of scorn ?  
“ Which consorteth with the workers  
“ Of wickedness the while,

Elihu ac-  
cuseth Job  
of saying,  
“The fear  
of God is  
of no profit  
to a man.”

Each man  
rewarded  
according  
to his  
work.

“ And walketh in the company  
“ Of wicked men and vile?  
“ For he hath said—‘ The fear of God  
“ ‘ It profiteth man nought ;  
“ ‘ And to delight himself in God,  
“ ‘ And to be pure in thought’ . . . .  
“ Hear, then, ye men of prudent hearts,  
“ And be it far removed  
“ From God to work iniquity,  
“ Or be of sin reprovèd.  
“ For He shall render to a man  
“ According to his ways :  
“ The dole of wickedness is death ;  
“ The meed of goodness, praise.

## 11.

“ Who hath disposed the things of earth,  
“ And placed them in God’s charge?  
“ Or who hath given into his hand  
“ The universe at large?  
“ If He set his heart upon a man,  
“ Resuming life and breath,  
“ Surely he shall return to dust,  
“ And be consumed in death.

“ If thou hast understanding, hear,  
 “ And hearken to my speech:—  
 “ Shall the wicked govern, and wilt thou  
 “ The Lord of Right impeach?  
 “ Is it fit to say unto a king—  
 “ ‘ Thou’rt wicked in the land?’  
 “ And to princes—‘ Ye are godless,  
 “ ‘ And full of bribes your hand’?  
 “ How much less, then, to Him whose eyes  
 “ Accept no prince’s state,  
 “ Nor regard more nearly than the poor  
 “ The persons of the great!  
 “ For they are all his handiwork,  
 “ And each for other mate.

It is not  
 right to  
 find fault  
 with  
 princes;  
 how much  
 less, then,  
 with God!

12.

“ In a moment they shall die,  
 “ And at midnight’s solemn hour  
 “ The people shall be troubled by  
 “ The passing of their power;  
 “ And the mighty shall be taken  
 “ Out of hand far away;  
 “ For He seeth all man’s goings,  
 “ And spieth out his way.



God's  
judg-  
ments.

“ For God will not lay upon man  
 “ More than beseemeth right ;  
 “ That he should no occasion find  
 “ To cry against his might.  
 “ He shall break in pieces mighty men,  
 “ They shall not be numberèd,  
 “ He shall cast them down in troops, and set  
 “ Up others in their stead.  
 “ Therefore He knoweth all their works,  
 “ The tale of deeds they do,  
 “ I’ the night He overturneth them  
 “ And their ungodly crew.  
 “ He striketh them as wicked men  
 “ I’ the others’ open gaze :  
 “ Because they turnèd back from Him,  
 “ And would none of his ways.

## 13.

Men  
should  
therefore  
repent.

“ Surely ’tis meet that one should say  
 “ Unto the Lord therefore :—  
 “ I have borne righteous chastisement,  
 “ I will offend no more !  
 “ That which I see not, teach Thou me,  
 “ If I have done amiss,

“ I will do after that sort no more,  
   “ But eschew wickedness.  
 “ Should it be according to thy mind ?  
   “ Whether thou shalt refuse,  
 “ He will repay it—and not I—  
   “ Or whether thou shalt choose.  
 “ Let men of understanding tell,  
   “ And the wise give ear to me :  
 “ Job hath spoken without knowledge,  
   “ And his words were vanity !  
 “ My desire is, that Job may be  
   “ Examin’d to the end ;  
 “ For he hath answered frowardly,  
   “ And is the wicked’s friend !  
 “ For he doth add rebellion  
   “ To his sin—and at the rod  
 “ He doth clap his hands amongst us—  
   “ And speaketh against God !

Elihu  
 wishes Job  
 may be  
 tried to  
 the end.



## C A N T O IV.

14.

“ Think’st thou this right that thou shouldst say—

“ ‘ My righteousness is more

“ ‘ Than God’s, what doth it profit me

“ ‘ That I be clean therefore?

“ ‘ What ’vantage shall I have, if I

“ ‘ Be cleansèd from my sin?’

“ I will answer thee and those that are

“ Companions of thy skin.

15.

“ Look unto Heaven, behold the clouds,

“ Which higher are than thou ;

“ If thou multipliest wrong, canst thou

“ Do aught against Him now?

“ If thou be righteous found, what gift

“ Unto Him dost thou bring?

“ Or what receiveth at thine hand

“ The universal King?

“ By reason of the multitude

“ Of tyrants, poor men cry,

Man’s  
righteous-  
ness or sin  
profits  
God no-  
thing.

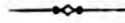
“ By reason of the mighty arm  
   “ Of lawless tyranny ;  
 “ But none saith, Where is God, who made  
   “ These unjust men and me ?  
 “ Who giveth music in the night,  
   “ And turneth grief to glee ?  
 “ Who teacheth us before the beasts  
   “ Of earth, and shows us more ;  
 “ Making us wiser than the fowls  
   “ Of Heaven, with better lore,  
 “ And there they cry—but none is found  
   “ To answer them again ;  
 “ Because of the prevailing power  
   “ And pride of evil men.

## 16.

“ Surely th’ Almighty will not hear  
   “ The words of vanity ;  
 “ Neither will God regard them,  
   “ Sonorous though they be.  
 “ Although thou canst not see his face,  
   “ Judgment before Him lies ;  
 “ Therefore put thou thy trust in Him,  
   “ And do not thou despise.

Neverthe-  
 less have  
 faith in  
 God.

“ But now because it is not so,  
“ He hath visited in ire  
“ And smitten thee (yet thou know’st not)  
“ With many plagues and dire.  
“ And this is why Job openeth  
“ His mouth in his distress,  
“ And multiplieth empty words,  
“ Which bring him no redress ! ”



## C A N T O V.

Elihu also proceeded and said :—

17.

“ Suffer me yet a little,  
“ Neither condemn, nor laugh !  
“ And I will show thee what I have  
“ To speak in God’s behalf.  
“ I will fetch my knowledge from afar,  
“ And will with fear ascribe  
“ Goodness unto my Maker,  
“ And will not lie, or gibe.

## 18.

“ Behold, God is Almighty,  
“ And yet despiseth none ;  
“ He is wise unto perfection—  
“ And in strength, the only One !  
“ He preserveth not the bad man’s life,  
“ But those that men despise  
“ He fostereth, and from the good  
“ Never withdraws his eyes.  
“ With kings upon a royal throne,  
“ He sets them up on high ;  
“ Yea, they are exalted—for his hand  
“ Doth ’stablish them for aye.  
“ If they be bound in fetters, or  
“ Trapped in affliction’s gin,  
“ Then He sheweth them their handiwork,  
“ And their exceeding sin ;  
“ He bids them lend an open ear  
“ To woful discipline,  
“ And commandeth that they should return  
“ Into an even line.

The fruit  
of repent-  
ance is  
joy ; of a  
hardened  
heart,  
wrath.

## 19.

“ If they obey and serve Him,  
 “ They shall spend their days in joy ;  
 “ And their years in the prosperity  
 “ Which knoweth no alloy ;  
 “ But if they will not do his 'hest,  
 “ They shall perish by the sword ;  
 “ They shall die deprived of knowledge,  
 “ Forsaken by the Lord.  
 “ But the hypocrites shall heap up wrath,  
 “ And they of hardened heart  
 “ Shall die in youth, because in life  
 “ They chose the wicked part.  
 “ He delivereth the sorrowful  
 “ In the midst of all his grief ;  
 “ And biddeth him be of good cheer,  
 “ And sendeth him relief.

## 20.

“ So, would He have removed thee now  
 “ From the strait to the broad place,  
 “ And fillèd thee with fatness,  
 “ And set thee in good case :

“ But thou hast chosen the wicked part,  
   “ And by his just decree,  
 “ Judgment and justice are abroad,  
   “ And plagues take hold of thee.  
 “ Because wrath is gone forth, beware,  
   “ Lest with his stroke He take  
 “ Thee utterly away—where none  
   “ Ransom for thee shall make.  
 “ Will He esteem thy riches? No!  
   “ Nor all thy stores enfold;  
 “ Nor all the forces of thy strength;  
   “ Nor the treasure of thy gold!

Beware,  
 put not  
 off repent-  
 ance till it  
 be too late.

## 21.

“ Desire thou not the night season,  
   “ When Death is lord and chief;  
 “ Take heed; love not iniquity,  
   “ Prefer it not to grief.  
 “ Behold, God lifteth up a man  
   “ In his good time and hour.  
 “ Who teacheth wisdom like Him  
   “ That is of matchless power?  
 “ Who hath enjoined Him his way?  
   “ Or said, Thou hast done wrong?



“ Be sure thou magnify the works  
   “ That to his hand belong.  
 “ His deeds are done in open day,  
   “ Not in obscurity ;  
 “ Man may behold them from afar,  
   “ Yes, every man may see !

## 22.

“ Behold, the Lord is very great,  
   “ And yet we know Him not ;  
 “ Nor can the number of his years  
   “ Be reckoned on the spot.  
 “ For He maketh small the water drops,  
   “ That they pour down in rain,  
 “ According to the moisture  
   “ And the vapour in their train ;  
 “ Which the clouds do drop in silence,  
   “ And abundantly distil  
 “ Upon the dwelling-place of man,  
   “ Obedient to his will.  
 “ Also, can any understand  
   “ The outspreading of the clouds ?  
 “ Or the noise that boometh from the tent  
   “ That his Excellence enshrouds ?

God's  
 mighty  
 works.

## 23.

“ Behold, He spreadeth out his light  
“ O'er heaven's canopy,  
“ And covereth with his water-floods  
“ The bottom of the sea !  
“ For He judgeth by their ministry  
“ The froward people's seat,  
“ And ruleth all the nations,  
“ And giveth store of meat.  
“ With clouds He covereth the light—  
“ He biddeth it not shine—  
“ By the cloud that passeth betwixt earth  
“ And the sun's rays divine.  
“ The noise that is abroad bespeaks  
“ A mighty hurricane ;  
“ And the scared cattle indicate  
“ Abundant store of rain !



## CANTO VI.

## 24.

The thun-  
der and  
lightning.

“ At this my heart too trembleth,  
 “ And is displaced with fear ;  
 “ Listen attentive to his voice—  
 “ To the dread sound give ear !  
 “ Under the wide expanse of heaven,  
 “ The great celestial Whole,  
 “ He sendeth it—his lightnings run  
 “ From shaking pole to pole.  
 “ There roareth after them a voice—  
 “ He thundereth mightily ;  
 “ He will not stay them, when the sound  
 “ Filleth the echoing sky.  
 “ God thundereth with his mighty voice,  
 “ And none can comprehend  
 “ The grandeur of his doings,  
 “ His marvels without end.

## 25.

The snow.

“ For He saith unto the fleecy snow,  
 “ ‘ Be thou upon the plain ;’

- “ Likewise unto the genial showers,  
 “ And the great latter rain. The latter  
rain.
- “ He sealeth up man’s labour,  
 “ That all may know his work ;
- “ Then the beasts betake them to their dens,  
 “ And in their coverts lurk.
- “ Out of the chambers of the south  
 “ The wild tornadoes rise ; The whirl-  
wind.
- “ And cold out of the bitter north The cold.  
 “ Cometh through leaden skies.
- “ By the breath of God the frost is given : The frost.  
 “ And the great watery plain,
- “ In all its sweeping length and breadth,  
 “ Is straiten’d with a chain !

26.

- “ He wearieth the thick cloud also The rain.  
 “ With waterings amain ;
- “ He scattereth his shining cloud,  
 “ And lets it fall in rain :
- “ It is reversed by his device,  
 “ And commanded to perform
- “ Whatever on the face of earth,  
 “ May be done by wind or storm.

“ ’Tis He that causeth rain to come,  
 “ Whether in mercy meant,  
 “ Or for refreshment of his land,  
 “ Or for a punishment.

## 27.

“ Hearken to this, O Job, stand still,  
 “ God’s wondrous works survey !  
 “ Dost thou know when He disposed them ?  
 “ Whence comes the bright cloud ? say !  
 “ Or dost thou know the balancings  
 “ Of the firmament on high ?  
 “ The wondrous works of Him whose arm  
 “ Doth all things perfectly.  
 “ How unbearable thy garments,  
 “ How superfluous thy clothes,  
 “ When He quieteth the face of earth,  
 “ And the warm south wind blows ;  
 “ Hast thou spread out the sky with Him,  
 “ Which is strong as molten brass ?  
 “ And polished as the surface  
 “ Of a burnished looking-glass ?

The heat.

## 28.

“ Teach our ignorance what words to choose,  
 “ And set them in array :  
 “ By reason of the darkness,  
 “ We know not what to say.  
 “ Should it indeed be told Him  
 “ That I speak ? assuredly  
 “ The braggart shall be swallow’d up  
 “ That talkative dares be !  
 “ For men see not within the clouds  
 “ The brilliant hidden light,  
 “ But the passing wind doth scatter them,  
 “ And then it comes in sight.  
 “ Fair weather comes out of the north,  
 “ And with our God is might.  
 “ Touching the Almighty we know nought,  
 “ We cannot find Him out ;  
 “ He is excellent in judgment,  
 “ And just beyond all doubt ;  
 “ He will not punish wrongfully  
 “ The afflicted in the land ;  
 “ He respecteth not the wise in heart,  
 “ Therefore men fear his hand.”

We know  
 nothing  
 of God's  
 ways.

## C A N T O VII.

## 29.

God an-  
swers Job  
out of the  
whirlwind.

Then the Lord out of the whirlwind

Did answer Job and say :

“ Who is this that darkeneth counsel

“ With idle words to-day ?

“ Gird up thy loins now like a man,

“ And I will ask of thee :

“ Where wast thou when I founded earth ?

“ Declare if thou didst see !

The  
founding  
of earth.

“ Who hath laid out its measures ?

“ Or who hath stretched the line

“ Upon it ? speak—if thou canst tell—

“ If thou knowest, give a sign !

“ Whereupon are its foundations fixed ?

“ Its fastenings whereupon ?

“ Or who at the beginning laid

“ The corner stone thereon ?

“ When the morning stars together sang

“ Their orisons of praise,

“ And the sons of God did shout for joy

“ And magnify his ways !

30.

“ Or who shut up the sea with doors,  
 “ When it brake forth, as though  
 “ It had issued from the living womb  
 “ In ceaseless overflow ?  
 “ When I made the cloud its garment,  
 “ And for a swaddling band  
 “ I girt it with thick darkness,  
 “ By the cunning of my hand ;  
 “ And brake up for it my decreed  
 “ And time-appointed space,  
 “ And set it bars and prison doors  
 “ To keep it in its place ;  
 “ And said—‘ Hereunto shalt thou come,  
 “ ‘ But no further, mighty sea !  
 “ ‘ And here shall thy proud waves be stay’d,  
 “ ‘ And here thy bounds shall be.’

The sea  
restrained.

31.

“ Is it thou that hast commanded  
 “ The morning since thy birth ?  
 “ Or caus’d the day-spring from on high  
 “ To know his place on earth ?

The day-  
spring  
knows his  
place.



“ That it might occupy the world,  
     “ And spread from pole to pole,  
 “ That the wicked might be shaken out  
     “ Of the universal whole.  
 “ The earth is turned to the seal,  
     “ As is the potter’s clay ;  
 “ And on it, as a garment,  
     “ For a little while they stay.  
 “ And light shall be withholden  
     “ From the wicked person’s eyes ;  
 “ And broken shall the high arm be  
     “ Of all that good despise.

## 32.

The  
springs  
of ocean.

“ Into the springs of ocean  
     “ Hast thou enter’d curiously ?  
 “ Or hast thou walked, searching out  
     “ The abysses of the sea ?  
 “ Have the gates of death been open’d  
     Unto thee, that drawest breath ?  
 “ Or hast thou seen the doors  
     “ Of the shadowy realms of death ?  
 “ Hast thou perceiv’d the breadth of earth ?  
     “ If thou know’st its bounds, declare !

The gates  
of death.

“ Where is the dwelling-place of light ?

“ The house of darkness, where ?

The house  
of dark-  
ness.

“ That thou shouldst surely trace it

“ To the limits of its reign ;

“ That thou shouldst know the paths which lead

“ To the stronghold of its train.

33.

“ Into the treasures of the snow

The snow.

“ Hast thou enter'd without fail ?

“ Or hast thou seen the arsenal

The hail.

“ Of driving sleet and hail ?

“ Which I have laid up in reserve,

“ By mine eternal law,

“ Against the day of trouble,

“ Of battle and of war.

“ By what device, I prithee,

“ Is light asunder hurl'd,

“ Which scattereth the bleak east wind

The east  
wind.

“ Over the shrinking world ?

“ Who hath cleft out a watercourse

The wa-  
tercourses  
for the  
floods.

“ For the flood to pass thereby ?

“ Or made a thundering highway

“ For the lightning through the sky ?

The light-  
ning.



“ To the limits of its influence  
   “ And dominion o’er the ground?  
 “ Canst thou lift up at pleasure  
   “ The voice of thy command,  
 “ That abundant rain may cover thee,  
   “ And recreate thy land?  
 “ Canst thou send lightnings on their path,  
   “ From trembling sphere to sphere?  
 “ That they may go and say to thee,  
   “ ‘ Behold us, we are here !’

Canst thou  
 command  
 the rain,  
 or the  
 lightnings  
 at thy  
 pleasure?

35.

“ Who hath put wisdom in the soul,  
   “ Wit in the inward part?  
 “ Who hath planted understanding  
   “ In man’s presumptuous heart?  
 “ Who in his wisdom can discern  
   “ The number of the clouds?  
 “ Or who can stay the bottles  
   “ That Heaven’s reserve enshrouds,  
 “ When the dust is caked with sultry heats,  
   “ And the dew forgets to pass,  
 “ And the clods cleave fast together  
   “ In a dry and stony mass?

Who hath  
 given man  
 wisdom?

Canst thou  
 stay the  
 bottles of  
 Heaven?

## 36.

Wilt thou  
feed the  
lions?

“ Wilt thou fill the lions’ appetite,

“ Their huntsman wilt thou be

“ When they couch them in their dens and wait

“ I’ the covert hungrily?

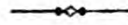
or the  
ravens?

“ Who is the raven’s caterer

“ When his young ones croak for meat,

“ And wander to the ends of earth

“ For lack of food to eat?



## C A N T O VIII.

## 37.

The wild  
goats on  
the rock.

“ Know’st thou the time upon the rock

“ When the wild goats bring forth young?

“ Or canst thou tell when the hinds do calve

“ The pleasant woods among?

The hinds  
in the  
forest.

“ Canst thou tell the number of the days,

“ Or the months that they fulfil?

“ Or knowest thou their season

“ Which is recurring still?

“ They bow themselves—they bring forth young  
   “ Beneath the forest shade ;  
 “ They cast their sorrows from them  
   “ In some sequester’d glade.  
 “ Their young are in good liking,  
   “ They grow up with the corn,  
 “ They go forth and leave their parents,  
   “ And never more return !

## 38.

“ Who hath sent out the wild ass,  
   “ The swift onäger free ?  
 “ Or who hath loosed his shackles,  
   “ That a slave he ne’er should be ?  
 “ Whose house I’ve made the wilderness,  
   “ And the barren land his home ;  
 “ The dwellings in whose solitude  
   “ It pleaseth him to roam.  
 “ He loveth not the multitude,  
   “ The crowded city’s train ;  
 “ And the driver’s shrill alarum  
   “ Crieth after him in vain !  
 “ His pasture’s on the mountain range,  
   “ By the valley and the spring ;

The wild  
ass.

“ And he searcheth in his lustihood  
“ For every green thing !

## 39.

The uni-  
corn.

“ Will the unicorn be willing  
“ To serve thee, or abide  
“ By the crib, or rest in quiet  
“ The patient ox beside ?  
“ Canst thou bind him to his service  
“ In the furrow with a band ?  
“ Or will he harrow for thee  
“ The valley’s fertile land ?  
“ Because his strength is mighty,  
“ Wilt thou trust in him therefore ?  
“ Wilt thou leave thy labour to him ?  
“ Or the culture of thy store ?  
“ Wilt thou believe in him, that he  
“ Will carry home thy seed,  
“ And gather it into thy barn  
“ Against the day of need ?

## 40.

“ Gav’st thou the goodly colouring  
     “ That from the peacock springs ?  
 “ Or the tufted plumes that decorate  
     “ The piebald ostrich wings ?  
 “ Which leaveth in the earth her eggs  
     “ And warms them in the dust,  
 “ And forgets they may be broke of beasts,  
     “ Or by the foot be crush’d.  
 “ She is harden’d ’gainst her young ones  
     “ As though they were not hers ;  
 “ Her labour is without the fear  
     “ That another bosom stirs ;  
 “ Because God hath deprived her  
     “ Of the wisdom of her kind ;  
 “ Neither hath He imparted  
     “ An understanding mind.  
 “ What time she lifteth up herself,  
     “ And fettleth her to flee,  
 “ She scorneth horse and rider—  
     “ With all their mastery.

The peacocks.

The ostrich.



## 41.

The horse.

“ Tell me, hast thou bestow’d his strength  
“ Upon the matchless steed ?  
“ Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder,  
“ Or given him his speed ?  
“ Canst thou make him as the grasshopper  
“ Of every leaf afraid ?  
“ The glory of his nostrils  
“ Is terribly display’d.  
“ He paweth in the valley,  
“ He is strong amidst alarms ;  
“ He goeth on with confidence  
“ To meet the men at arms.  
“ He mocketh at the name of fear,—  
“ For nought he turneth back—  
“ Neither for terror of the sword  
“ Deserteth he his track.  
“ The quiver soundeth on his flank,  
“ The glittering spear and shield  
“ They rattle up against him  
“ Upon the bloody field :  
“ With fierceness and exceeding rage  
“ He swalloweth the ground ;

“ Neither believeth he indeed  
 “ That it is the trumpet’s sound.  
 “ He saith among the trumpets,  
 “ In the thickest press—ha, ha!  
 “ He smelleth out the battle  
 “ And the danger from afar ;  
 “ The thunder of the captains,  
 “ And the shouting of the war !



42.

“ Doth the long-wing’d falcon fly  
 “ By an edict of thy mouth ?  
 “ And stretch her sails to windward,  
 “ And soar toward the south ?  
 “ Doth the eagle mount at any time  
 “ By thy supreme command ?  
 “ And make her lordly nest on high,  
 “ Where none but she dare stand ?  
 “ She dwelleth and abideth  
 “ On the mountain’s topmost stone,  
 “ Upon the crag of the sheer rock—  
 “ In the strong place—alone.  
 “ From thence she seeketh for her prey,  
 “ The firstlings of the fold ;

The fal-  
 con.

The eagle.

“ Afar off from her aërie  
 “ Her eyes the flocks behold.  
 “ Her young ones also suck up blood ;  
 “ And wherever lie the slain  
 “ By mountain, field, or desert,  
 “ There is she with her train !



## C A N T O IX.

43.

Moreover the Lord answered Job, and said :—

“ Shall he that striveth with the Lord,  
 “ T’ instruct him now begin ?  
 “ He that would teach God knowledge,  
 “ Let him answer for his sin !”

44.

Then Job answered and said :—

*Job hum-  
 bleth him-  
 self before  
 God.*

“ Behold, I am of small account,  
 “ What shall I say the while ?

“ I will lay my hand upon my mouth,  
 “ For I am wholly vile!  
 “ Once have I spoken foolishly—  
 “ And woe is me therefore!  
 “ Yea, twice I have an answer found—  
 “ But I will speak no more.”

## 45.

Then the Lord out of the whirlwind  
 To Job made answer there—  
 “ Gird up thy loins now like a man,  
 “ And unto me declare—  
 “ Wilt thou, too, disannul my works,  
 “ And cavil without fear?  
 “ Wilt thou condemn my ways to make  
 “ Thy righteousness appear?  
 “ Hast thou an eye like God? a tongue  
 “ Of thunder like His voice?  
 “ Array thyself in beauty’s bloom,  
 “ And in thy strength rejoice!  
 “ Scatter the fury of thy wrath,  
 “ And all the proud abase;  
 “ Cast now thy rage abroad—tread down  
 “ The wicked in their place :

God  
 invites Job  
 to show  
 his might  
 and ma-  
 jesty, if he  
 have it.

“ Hide them together in the dust :  
 “ And bind them in the grave !  
 “ Then, will I presently confess  
 “ That thy right arm can save.

## 46.

Behemoth.

“ Behold the strength of Behemoth !  
 “ The Mammoth’s towering mass ;  
 “ Which I made with thee ; but like an ox  
 “ The monster eateth grass :  
 “ His force is in his loins ; his strength  
 “ Excels where others fail ;  
 “ He swingeth like a cedar tree  
 “ The pillar of his tail ;  
 “ His bones are like to iron bars,  
 “ And strong as brazen mail.  
 “ He is the chief of all God’s ways,  
 “ Of all his works the crown ;  
 “ He that made him, can as surely make  
 “ His sword to smite him down.  
 “ Surely the mountain’s range supplies  
 “ The monster’s daily food ;  
 “ Where every beast disports himself  
 “ In the forest’s solitude.

## 47.

“ Under the shady trees he lies,  
     “ Stretch’d in some fenny nook,  
 “ In the covert of the rustling reeds,  
     “ Or by the brawling brook.  
 “ Their leaves over his giant bulk  
     “ The trees umbrageous spread,  
 “ And the willows of the rivulet  
     “ Join shadows o’er his head.  
 “ Behold he fettleth him to drink  
     “ A river at a draught ;  
 “ He hasteth not—he trusteth  
     “ That Jordan may be quaff’d,  
 “ He measureth it with his eyes ;  
     “ He taketh it all in ;  
 “ Will any pierce his nostrils,  
     “ Or take him in a gin?

His  
haunts.

He drinks.

Who shall  
stir him  
up?



## C A N T O X.

48.

Leviathan.

- “ Canst thou draw out Leviathan  
“ With a line, and with a hook?  
“ Or his tongue with cord thou lettest down  
“ To the deep pools of the brook?  
“ Canst thou put a hook into his nose?  
“ Or canst thou pierce with thorn  
“ The shears of those tremendous jaws  
“ That triple teeth adorn?  
“ And many supplications  
“ Unto thee will he make?  
“ And many soft and honied words  
“ Unto thee will he speak?  
“ Will he make a covenant with thee,  
“ And be thy slave for aye?  
“ Wilt thou bind him for thy maidens,  
“ And bird-like with him play?

49.

- “ Shall the company of hunters  
“ Secure him in a toil?  
“ Shall they part him 'mongst the merchants,  
“ Or banquet on his spoil?

“ Canst thou fill his skin with shafts—his head

“ With many an assagaye?

“ Lay thine hand upon him—do no more,

“ Be mindful of the fray !

“ Behold the hope of him is vain—

“ His equal is not made

“ E’en at the sight of him shall one

“ Be utterly dismay’d.

“ None is so fierce that dare stir up

“ His adamantine strength ;

“ Who, then, shall stand against my power,

“ And come to good at length ?

“ Who hath prevented me, that I

“ Should not repay his spite ?

“ Whatsoever lieth underneath

“ The heavens is mine of right.

The hope-  
lessness  
of an  
encounter  
with him.

50.

“ I will not conceal his parts and power,

“ His comeliness I’ll scan ;

“ Who can tear the visor from his face ?

“ And bridle him, who can ?

“ Who can rive his jaws asunder,

“ With iron teeth supplied ?



He is covered with scales.

“ Shut up together close as wax,

“ Scale armour is his pride !

“ One is so near another

“ No air can come between ;

“ The scales are close, the plates are fast,

“ The joints are sharp and clean !

Light shineth by his neesings.

“ Light shineth by his neesings—

“ And like the lids of morn

“ His eyes are—from his mouth start lamps,

“ And sparks of fire are born.

“ As out of seething caldron

“ Smoke from his nostrils rolls ;

“ Flame flashes from his yawning mouth,

“ And his breath kindles coals.

His breath kindles coals.

“ Strength is the portion of his neck—

“ And in his path anon,

“ Sorrow is turned into joy ;

“ The flakes of flesh upon

“ His frame are join'd together,

“ In solid texture grooved ;

“ They are firm and stedfast in themselves,

“ And cannot be removed.

“ His heart is steady as the rock,

“ And firm as is the hone :

“ Yea, as hard as is a fragment  
 “ Of the nethermost millstone !  
 “ And when he raiseth up himself  
 “ In battle’s pomp display’d,  
 “ Terror defiles his enemies,  
 “ And the mighty are afraid.

His heart  
 is like the  
 nether  
 millstone.

51.

“ The sword of him that layeth at  
 “ His armour cannot hold ;  
 “ Neither can breastplate, spear, or shield,  
 “ That are of earthly mould.  
 “ Iron he estimates as straw,  
 “ And brass as rotten wood ;  
 “ By archer’s shaft, or slinger’s stone  
 “ He cannot be withstood.  
 “ Darts are accounted stubble,  
 “ And arrows turn’d to chaff  
 “ With him, and at the shaking  
 “ Of spear-heads he doth laugh.  
 “ Sharp stones are underneath him,  
 “ And he spreadeth in his ire  
 “ Harpoons, and every pointed thing,  
 “ Upon the trampled mire.

The sword  
 and spear  
 cannot  
 hold.

He counts  
 iron as  
 straw, and  
 brass as  
 rotten  
 wood.

He scat-  
 ters point-  
 ed things  
 in the  
 mire.

He makes  
the deep  
to boil as a  
pot.

“ Like a pot he makes the deep to boil,

“ Like a pot of oil the sea ;

“ And hoary one would think the deep

“ In his shining wake to be.

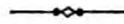
“ There is not upon earth his like—

“ To fear in nought allied ;

“ High are his thoughts—he moves a king

“ O'er all the sons of pride.”

He is a  
king over  
all the  
children  
of pride.



## C A N T O XI.

52.

Then Job made answer to the Lord,

And said: “ I know there's nought

“ Beyond the limits of Thy power—

“ And hid from Thee no thought.

“ What son of man can counsel ?

“ In darkness who can see ?

“ Therefore, I utter'd parables

“ Too wonderful for me.

“ Hear, I beseech, in mercy hear !

“ And grant me my request ;

Job hum-  
bleth him-  
self, and is  
forgiven.

“Forgive the wand’rings of my tongue,  
 “ And set my soul at rest.  
 “ I have heard of Thee aforetime,  
 “ By the hearing of the ear ;  
 “ But now mine eye doth see Thee—  
 “ I behold Thee—and I fear :  
 “ Therefore I do repent me—  
 “ And abhor myself I must,  
 “ In the misery of ashes  
 “ And the helplessness of dust.”

53.

And it was so, that after that  
 The Lord had finishèd  
 Speaking these wondrous words to Job,  
 To Eliphaz He said :—  
 “ Behold my wrath is kindled  
 “ Against thy friends and thee,  
 “ Because unlike my servant Job  
 “ Ye’ve spoken scorn of me.  
 “ Therefore take rams and bullocks seven  
 “ And offer them this day,  
 “ And go ye to my servant Job,  
 ‘ And he for you shall pray ;

God’s  
 anger is  
 kindled  
 against  
 Job’s  
 three  
 friends.

He par-  
 dons them  
 on condi-  
 tion that  
 Job prays  
 for them.

“ For him will I indeed accept—  
 “ Lest now I deal with you  
 “ After your sin, who’ve spoken of me  
 “ The thing that was untrue.

## 54.

Return of  
 prosperity.

So Eliphaz the Temanite,  
 And Bildad, Shuah’s son,  
 And Zophar of Naama went—  
 And as God bade—’twas done.  
 And God turn’d Job’s captivity  
 When he pleaded for his friends ;  
 And doubled all his former store,  
 And made him great amends.  
 And there came to him his brethren,  
 And eke his sisters all,  
 And they that had broke bread with him  
 In his house, before his fall ;  
 And they bemoan’d his evil case,  
 As friends and lovers shold ;  
 And a piece of money each man gave,  
 And an ear-ring each of gold !

55.

So more than his beginning  
 God blest his latter end ;  
 And doubled all his substance,  
 And was his Lord and friend.  
 Sheep, camels, oxen, asses, sons,  
 And such like things in store,  
 He gave him—doubling every thing  
 That he lost heretofore.  
 And in all the land for beauty  
 And wealth, beyond compare,  
 As his daughters, were no women found  
 So fashionably fair.  
 And after all these trials  
 He lived in great increase,  
 A hundred years and forty—  
 And tasted power and peace ;  
 And saw his sons, and their descent,  
 E'en generations four !  
 So he died—being old and full of days—  
 And his name lives evermore !

All his  
 former '  
 substance  
 doubled.

He lives  
 after this  
 one hun-  
 dred and  
 forty  
 years.

He dies.

THE END.

LONDON  
PRINTED BY SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,  
LITTLE GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY, E.C.











