

Now, I was the youngest and only remaining son of this Admon of Philistia; for my six brothers were all slain by Hanac the Robber and his men. I was tall of stature, and was come to the full strength of my life, being two score years of age. Men said of me: He is straight like a goodly cedar; the wild roe is not fleeter of foot, neither is the lion stronger than Enoch the son of Admon. And I was greatly beloved of my father; for I was the child of his old age; and beside me there was none to come after him and inherit the great riches he had gathered together, nor to multiply his seed in the earth.

I was at peace with all the people of the plain save Hanac the Robber. Him I hated because he was a midnight thief, and stole from my father's flocks and herds. But I hated him most of all because he slew my brothers when they pursued after him to take again the beasts he had stolen. This he did while I was yet a child. Every day thereafter I prayed the God of Heaven to bring me, in due time, face to face with Hanac.

Howbeit, it was passing strange that my soul was cast down within me on that day when I reclined under my pavilion at noontide. For my heart's desire was to be fulfilled on the morrow. My father had sent forth Salmon the scribe, and with him