

DR. TAYLER LEWIS'S RHYTHICAL VERSION OF THE BOOK
OF JOB.

FURTHER SELECTIONS BY REV. DR. BOOTH.

THE JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH.

JOB IX. 1-13, 32-35.

Then answered Job and said :

Most surely do I know that so it is.
For how shall mortal man be just with God ?
Be it His will to call him to account—
For one in thousand of his sins no answer can he make.
Most wise in heart, most strong in might,
Who braves Him with impunity ?

'Tis He that moves the mountains, and they know it not
Who overturneth them in His fierce wrath ;
Who makes the earth tremble from its place,
Its strong foundations rock.
'Tis He who bids the sun, and it withholdeth its rays
Who sealeth up the stars ;
Who bent the heavens all alone,
And walks upon the mountain waves ;
Who made the Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades,—
The hidden constellations of the South ;
Who doth mighty works—unsearchable,—
And wonders infinite.

Lo ! He goes by me, but I see Him not :
Sweeps past, but I perceive him not ;
See ! He assails ; then who shall turn him back ?
Or who shall say to Him, what doest thou ?
(Vain check !) Eloah turns not back His wrath
Until the boldest aids go down beneath His hand.

For He is not a man like me, that I should answer Him.
In judgment, then, together might we come.
But now there is no umpire who can chide,
And lay his tempering hand upon us both.
O, would He take His rod away ;
So that His terror might not awe my soul ;
Then fearless would I plead my cause ;
For now I'm not myself.