

Job 41

New King James Version (NKJV) Job 41

1 “Can you draw out Leviathan with a hook,
Or snare his tongue with a line which you
lower?

2 Can you put a reed through his nose, Or pierce
his jaw with a hook?

3 Will he make many supplications to you? Will
he speak softly to you?

4 Will he make a covenant with you?
Will you take him as a servant forever?

5 Will you play with him as with a bird,
Or will you leash him for your maidens?

6 Will your companions make a banquet of
him? Will they apportion him among the
merchants?

7 Can you fill his skin with harpoons, Or his
head with fishing spears?

8 Lay your hand on him; Remember the battle—

Never do it again!

9 Indeed, any hope of overcoming him is false;
Shall one not be overwhelmed at the sight of
him?

- . 10 No one is so fierce that he would dare stir him up. Who then is able to stand against Me?

- . 11 Who has preceded Me, that I should pay him? Everything under heaven is Mine.

- . 12 “I will not conceal his limbs,
His mighty power, or his graceful proportions.

- . 13 Who can remove his outer coat?
Who can approach him with a double bridle?

- . 14 Who can open the doors of his face,
With his terrible teeth all around?

- . 15 His rows of scales are his pride, Shut up tightly as with a seal;

- . 16 One is so near another That no air can come between them;

- . 17 They are joined one to another, They stick together and cannot be parted.

- . 18 His sneezings flash forth light, And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.

- . 19 Out of his mouth go burning lights;

Sparks of fire shoot out.

- . 20 Smoke goes out of his nostrils, As from a boiling pot and burning rushes.

- . 21 His breath kindles coals,
. And a flame goes out of his mouth.

- . 22 Strength dwells in his neck,
. And sorrow dances before him.

- . 23 The folds of his flesh are joined
together; They are firm on him and cannot
be moved.

- . 24 His heart is as hard as stone, Even as
hard as the lower millstone.

- . 25 When he raises himself up, the mighty
are afraid; Because of his crashings they are
beside themselves.

- . 26 Though the sword reaches him, it cannot
avail; Nor does spear, dart, or javelin.

- . 27 He regards iron as straw, And bronze as rotten wood.

- . 28 The arrow cannot make him flee;
Slingstones become like stubble to him.

- . 29 Darts are regarded as straw;
He laughs at the threat of javelins.

- . 30 His undersides are like sharp potsherds;
He spreads pointed marks in the mire.

- . 31 He makes the deep boil like a pot;
He makes the sea like a pot of ointment.

- . 32 He leaves a shining wake behind him;
One would think the deep had white hair.

- . 33 On earth there is nothing like him,
Which is made without fear.

- . 34 He beholds every high thing;
He is king over all the children of pride.”

