

Chapter 41

Leuiathan is further described by the peculiar partes of his bodie, and terrible compofition of al his members.

Not as ^{a)}cruel wil I raife him: for who can refift my countenance? ² Who hath geuen me before, that I may render vnto him? Al thinges that are vnder heauen be myne. ³ I wil not spare him, and his mightie wordes, and framed to befech. ⁴ Who shal reuele the face of his garment: and who shal enter in to the middes of his mouth? ⁵ Who shal open the gate of his countenance? dread is round about his teeth. ⁶ His bodie as shildes that are caft, compact with skales faft cleauing together. ⁷ One is ioyned to an other, and not fo much as anie ayre entereth betwen them. ⁸ One shal fticke to an other, & holding eche other, they shal not be feperated. ⁹ His fneefing is as the shining of fire, & his eies as the twinklings of the morning. ¹⁰ Out of his mouth procede lampes, as it were torches of lighted fire. ¹¹ Out of his nofthrels procedeth fmoke, as it were of a pot heated and boyling. ¹² His breath maketh coales to burne, & a flame cometh forth out of his mouth. ¹³ In his necke fhall ftrength abide, & needines goeth before his face. ¹⁴ The members of his flesh cleaue together one to an other: ^{b)}he shal fend lightnings againft him, and he shal not be caried to an other place. ¹⁵ His hart shal be hardened as a ftone, and fhall be ftiffly compact as the fmithe ftithie. ¹⁶ When he shal be taken away, the ^{c)}Angels shal feare, and being feared shal be purged. ¹⁷ When the fword shal apprehend him, neither fpeare, nor breftplate shal be able to abide. ¹⁸ For he

^a God ruleth al his creatures, not with crueltie as a tyrant, but with iuftice, eafe, and powre.

^b God at laft deftroyeth him whom man can not ouercome.

^c Angels with reuerent feare doe honour Gods powre. And valient mariners and other foldiars are terrified when they fee this fo huge a fish. Myftically, Gods preachers and perfectest feruantes fhall naturally feare the terrour of Gods iudgement.

shal efteme yron as chaffe, and braffe, as rotten wood.
19 The Bowman shal not put him to flight, the stones of
the fling, to him are turned into stubble. 20 As stubble
wil he efteme the hammer, and he wil laugh him to skorne
that shaketh the speare. 21 The beames of the funne
shal be vnder him, and he shal ftraw gold vnder him as
durt. 22 He shal make the deepe fea to boyle as a pot,
and shal put it as when ointmentes boyle. 23 A path
shal shine after him, he shal efteme the depth as waxing
old. 24 There is no power vpon the earth, that may be
compared with him, who is made to feare no man. 25 He
feeth euerie high thing, he is ^aking ouer al the children
of pryde.

^a And the diuel reigneth ouer proude men. *S. Greg. li. 34. c. 4. §. 17.*