

Days Of War And Battle

Elgibbor

Have you ever given orders to the morning
Or shown the dawn its place,
That it might take the earth by the edges
And shake the wicked out of it?
The earth takes shape like clay under a seal;
Its features stand out like those of a garment.
The wicked are denied their light,
And their upraised arm is broken.
Have you journeyed to the springs of the sea
Or walked in the recesses of the deep?
Have the gates of death been shown to you?
Have you seen the gates of the shadow of death?
Have you comprehended the vast expanses of the earth?
Tell me, if you know all this,
What is the way to the abode of light?
And where does darkness reside?
Can you take them to their places?
Do you know the paths to their dwellings?
Surely you know, fore you were already born!
You have lived so many years!
Have you entered the storehouses of the snow
Or seen the storehouses of the hail,
Which I reserve for times of trouble,
For days of war and battle?
What is the way to the place where lightning is dispersed,
Or the place where the east winds are scattered over the earth?
Who cuts a channel for the torrents of rain,
And a path for the thunderstorm,
To water a land where no man lives,
A desert with no one in it,
To satisfy a desolate wasteland
And make it sprout with grass?
Does the rain have a father?
Who fathers the drops of dew?
From whose womb comes the ice?
Who gives birth to the frost from the heavens
When the waters become hard as stone,
When the surface of the deep is frozen?