Odes to *Job* 《约伯记》之歌

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“Odes to *Job*” is used as the title for the 47 poems that I am writing from *Job* in the *Bible*. And here the following ten poems have been written from the chapters of *Job* 1-8.

1. Prologue

In th' land o' Uz there lived Job a man,
Feared God, Shunned evil, blamel'ss he was.
He had three daught'rs, and sons seven,
Owned se'en thousand sheep, three thous'nd camels.

Yoke o' oxen five thousand he had,
And five hundred asses female.
He had a large number o' household.
He's great'st man of all th' east people.

His sons used to hold feasts i' their homes;
They would inv'te their three sist'rs to join.
In morning Job would off'r burnt off'rings,
Worship God to cleanse th' childr'n from sin.

2. Job's First Test

One day to Satan the Lord said:
“On earth like Job there is no one;
He is blameless and high-minded,
Who fears God, shuns e'il, he's a man.”

Sat'n Repl'ed, “Give all Job needs you 'lways,
That's why for you he has respect.
Reach out your hand, ruin all he has,
Then he'll speak evil things you 'gainst.”

The Lord said to Satan, “All right,

1. 序幕

乌斯有人名约伯，
敬神正直恶避躲。
生养三媛郎七个，
羊有七千三千驼。

家有公牛五百对，
母驴也有五百头。
仆婢家人多成堆，
东方人中他为首。

儿常家中摆筵席；
乐享同邀三姊妹。
约伯清早献燔祭，
敬神清除儿犯罪。

2. 约伯初受试炼

一日主与撒旦言：
“地上无人像约伯；
他无过失人良贤，
敬畏神我远邪恶。”

撒旦回答耶和华，
“使他富足他敬神。
祢手伸毁他产家，
恶言向祢他口喷。”

主言撒旦如此行，

All that he has is in your hand.
But Job himself you must not hurt.”
Sat’n went out from th’ presence of th’ Lord.

“凡他所有在你手，
不可伤害约伯命。”
撒旦主前退出走。

Satan made Job’s li’estock off carried,
And the servants killed by robbers;
Th’ fire of God fallen Satan made
And burned the sheep and th’ farm workers;

牲畜撒旦使掳押，
仆人强盗杀身亡；
撒旦神火天降下，
烧灭牧人与群羊；

Sat’n caused a mighty wind swept in
And struck the house’s four corners,
Job’s heirs were killed for th’ house fall down.
Mess’ngers came to tell Job ’bout these.

撒旦使其来风狂，
吹击房屋之四角，
屋塌子女都死亡，
报信约伯得诉告。

Then Job ’rose, shaved and his robe rent,
He fell to th’ ground i’ worship and said:
“Naked I came, naked I will depart;
May the name of the Lord be praised.”

约伯剃头袍撕毁，
伏地敬拜向神言：
“赤身出胎赤身归。
耶和华名当颂赞。”

3. Job’s Second Test

3. 约伯再受试炼

Later then th’ Lord said to Satan,
He thought Job was blamel’ss and trustw’rthy.
Though Sat’n incit’d God to him ruin,
He still maintained his integr’ty.

随后神对撒旦话，
约伯无错可信人。
虽汝激神攻击他，
他仍持守他正纯。

“Skin for skin!” Satan said to th’ Lord,
“For his life a man will give all.
Strike his flesh and bones with your hand,
And curse you to your face he will.”

撒旦答主“皮连皮！”
“为保人命愿全舍。
伤他骨肉伸手击，
当面咒诅骂口破。”

Hav’ng got th’ second perm’ssion from God,
Satan affl’cted Job wi’ painful Sores
From soles o’ his feet to top o’ his head.
Job took potsh’rd to scrape skin i’ ashes.

撒旦再得主诺允，
击打约伯长毒疮。
疮生头顶到脚心，
瓦片刮疮坐灰上。

“Do you still persist i’ your goodness?
Curse God and die.” Job his wife told.
Job answered, “You are talk’ng nonsense!
Be faithf’l whate’er we’ve got from God.”

“夫还持守你纯正？
诅神死去。”言他妻。
约伯答妻“屁味哼！”
忠神无论得与失。”

4. Job's Three Friends Come to Comfort Him

When Job's friends heard 'bout all th' troubles
Upon their friend Job that had come,
So they started out from their homes.
They came to show care and comf'rt him.

When they got clos'r to where he lived,
They could see him but rec'gnize not.
And they raised their voic's and wept 'loud;
They tore their robes, on heads sprinkl'd dust.

Then they sat with him on the ground
For seven nights and seven days,
And to him no one spoke a word,
For they saw how great his torm'nt was.

5. Job Curses the Day He Was Born

After this, Job opened his mouth and said,
And th' day on which he had been born he cursed:
"May the day perish in which I was born,
And the night that said, 'Is conceived a man.'
May that day be darkness, God 'bove seek not;
Never again may light shine upon it.
Make it a day of gloom and thick darkness;
Cover it wi' clouds, o'erwhelm its light blackness.
Th' night I was born may deep darkn'ss take over;
May it not rejoice among th' days of th' year.
May no childr'n e'er have been born on that night;
And may no joyful cry be heard in it.
May th' sorcerers who curse days curse that day,
To rouse Levi'than those who are ready.
May morn'ng stars be dark; wait for daylight i' vain
And may it not see the first rays of dawn.
'Cause it didn't shut th' doors of my mother's womb,
It didn't keep my eyes seeing trouble from.
Why died I not in my mother's belly?
And not as I came out o' my moth'rs body?
Why did my mother on her knees me hold?

4. 三位友人来安慰约伯

听闻约伯遭不幸，
一切灾祸临他身，
友朋离家出门行，
来表关爱安慰人。

约伯住处友朋到，
眼看约伯认不出。
放声大哭友嚎啕；
撕袍头上扬尘土。

随同约伯坐地上，
同坐七天又七夜，
友无一言与他讲，
见其苦痛难除解。

5. 约伯咒诅自己的生日

此后约伯开口言，
咒诅出生那一天：
“愿生我日当毁灭，
灭没‘怀男那一夜。’
愿那日暗神无找，
也愿其上光非照。
使其黑暗也阴霾，
乌云弥补日食在。
生吾那夜黑暗夺，
年中不在日欢乐。
但愿那夜无生育；
欢快声音其间无。
咒日之人咒那日，
惹动鳄鱼其有意。
那夜黎明愿星暗，
盼亮不见晨光线。
因未关闭怀我胎，
吾眼未隐患难外。
为何余不娘胎死？
何不母腹出断气？
为何膝接余娘怀？

Why did my mother at her breast me feed?
 Now should I have lain still and been quiet,
 I should have slept; then had I been at rest,
 I should be with th' earth's kings and counselors,
 Who built desolate plac's for themselves;
 I'd be with princes who used to have gold,
 And filled their houses with silver they had.
 Or bur'ed like a stillb'rn child why was I not,
 Like an infant who never sees the light?
 In the grave wicked men cease from turmoil,
 And weary workm'n at last to be idle.
 There together prisoners enjoy peace,
 They no longer hear the slave driver's voice.
 The small and the great hoi polloi are there,
 And the servant is freed from his master.
 Why is the light given to those in grief,
 And unto the bitter in spirit life?
 They long for dying, but it comes never;
 They prefer a grave to any treasure,
 Who are filled with great gladness and happy
 And rejoice when they reach th' grave to bury?
 Why is light giv'n to one whose way is h'dden,
 And to a man whom God has enclosed in?
 For sighing comes to me instead of food;
 And my groaning is out like water poured.
 Truly th' thing that I fear upon me comes,
 What I worry about to me befalls.
 I am not at ease, nor am I quiet;
 And I am not at rest, turmoil comes yet."

6. Eliphaz Speaks: Innocent Do not Suffer

"Job, will you be annoyed if I utter?
 I can not keep silent any longer.
 See, you have instructed many people,
 And you have given strength to hands feeble.
 Your words have upholden those who stumbled;
 You have strengthened faltering knees to stand.
 But now trouble comes, and you're impatient;
 It touch's you, and you're dismayed to face it.

为何哺养余娘奶？
 本应夭折余安睡，
 也应长眠无患危。
 应与地上王与候，
 同为自己造荒丘；
 躺卧应与将相王，
 安息金银穴窟装。
 何不坠胎土里埋，
 如未见光死婴孩？
 墓里邪恶骚扰止，
 困乏之人享安息。
 囚徒一起得平静，
 不闻狱卒喝喊声。
 大小贱民在一处，
 奴仆脱离辖制主。
 为何光赐悲患人，
 为何生赐愁苦心？
 他曹盼死不得死；
 求死胜于宝藏匿。
 谁人高兴又欢快，
 欢庆被送墓里埋。
 既已遮隐人之道，
 为何神圈赐光照？
 唏嘘唉叹食难咽，
 余之呻吟如涌泉。
 余所恐惧临吾身，
 吾所惧怕迎吾人。
 余无安逸无平静；
 不得安息患难逢。”

6. 以利法言：清白人不会受罪

“余若开口你厌烦？
 有话怎能口不言。
 素来众人汝教受，
 汝又给力弱者手。
 汝言扶持倒跌人，
 又使软膝能站稳。
 现祸临汝无耐心，
 尔便惊惶患挨近。

Is not your fear of God your confidence,
 And of your ways your hope the uprightness?
 “Think now: who that was sinless e’er perished
 Or where were ever destroyed the upright?
 As I have observed, those who plough evil
 Harvest the same and those who sow trouble.
 By th’ breath of God they are annih’lated;
 And by th’ blast of his wrath they are consumed.
 The wicked roar and growl like th’ fierce lions,
 But God breaks their teeth and them silences.
 The old lion perish’s for lack of food,
 And the cubs of th’ lioness are scattered.
 “Now a word was secretly to me brought,
 And an undertone of it my ears caught.
 Amid disquieting dreams the night in,
 When a very deep slumber falls on men,
 Alarm and trembling of me got hold,
 Every bone in my body shake that made.
 A spirit glided past my countenance,
 And th’ hair on my body stood on finis.
 It stood still, but tell what it was I’d not.
 A form b’fore my eyes, and I heard an ’ccent:
 “Be righteous before God can the mortals?
 Be pure before their mak’r can hum’n beings?
 Even in his servants he puts no trust,
 And his angels he charg’s error against;
 He’ll trust a creature of clay do you think,
 A thing o’ mud that can be crushed a moth like?
 A man may be alive in the morning,
 But die unnoticed before comes evening.
 Are not their tent-cords plucked up within them,
 So that they die even without wisdom?”

7. Job Is corrected by God

“Call out, Job. See if answers anyone?
 To which of the holy ones will you turn?
 For resentment slays the foolish people,
 And jeal’usy destroys those who are simple.
 I saw that fool’sh people were hav’ng success,

敬神岂非尔靠倚，
 纯正岂非汝行事？
 “追想无辜有谁亡，
 正直何处把命丧？
 按余所睹耕罪孽，
 种祸害人报无缺。
 神一出气他曹亡，
 神一发怒其遭殃。
 恶人吼叫如猛狮，
 神碎其齿全止息。
 老狮死亡绝食咽，
 母狮之仔也离散。
 一言余得受暗示，
 吾耳听其音微细。
 思念夜中梦不安，
 世人沉睡都入眠，
 恐惧慌颤临吾身，
 百骨打颤余身临。
 一灵经过余面前，
 毛竖全身骨悚然。
 灵停其何余不识，
 影在眼前音闻兮：
 凡人岂比神公正？
 岂比造主人洁净？
 主不信靠祂臣仆，
 指控使者犯错误；
 何况信其泥土造，
 泥人如蛾易毁掉？
 人活也许在早晨，
 晚间逝去无迹痕。
 棚索岂非从中抽？
 其无智慧死命休。”

7. 约伯受到神的纠正

“约伯呼求有谁应？
 诸圣汝向谁诉倾？
 忿怒愚妄人杀死，
 嫉妒害死人痴迷。
 吾见成功人妄愚，

But sudd'nly came down on their hous's a curse.
Find secur'ty his children can never;
They're crushed in th' gate with'ut a deliverer.
Th' hungry eat his crops, e'en grain thorns among,
For th wealth of th' foolish thirsty people long.
For misery does not come from the dust,
Nor does adversity from the ground sprout.
But human beings are born to hardship
And that is just as sure as sparks fly up.
"But as for me, I would appeal to God
And present my event to him I would.
We cannot fathom the wonders he does,
And there is no end to his miracles.
He bestows raindrops upon the soil land;
And he sends waters upon th' countryside.
He sets up on high those who are lowly,
And those who morn are lifted to safety.
He frustrates the devices of the shrewd,
So that the work o' their hands does not succeed.
He catches th' wise by their own craftiness,
Away th' evil plans of th' sinful he sweeps.
With darkness in the daytime they confront
And fumble at noonday as in the night.
From th' sword of their mouth he saves the needy;
And the poor from the clutches of th' mighty.
"So th' impecunious has ambition,
And iniquity must its mouth fasten.
Blessed is the one whom God reproves, behold;
Therefore despise not the discipline of th' Lord.
For the injures, but he also up binds;
He damag's, but also makes whole his hands.
From six calam'ties rescue you he will;
Will not touch you e'en in seven evil.
In fam'ne God shall redeem you from dying,
And in war he will keep you from killing.
From the lash of th' tongue you shall be hidden,
And shall not fear destruction it comes when.
You shall laugh at violence and hunger,
And the beasts of the earth you shall not fear.
For you shall be in league wi' the stones of th' field.

忽然住房受咒诅。
儿女永远无安稳；
城门被压救无人。
庄稼饿汉食棘摘，
贪戾贪吞愚人财。
穷困原非生泥土，
患难也非地里出。
人生在世必患难，
如同火花上飞闪。
而我只有仰望主，
将我之事祂托付。
祂行奇妙难度测，
祂之神迹数不可。
祂降落雨在地上，
赐水滋润田村乡。
安置卑微为贵重，
平安赐予人哀痛。
狡猾计谋使溃崩，
他曹所做难就成。
祂叫智者中诡计，
罪人恶谋祂荡涤。
黑暗白昼他遇见，
正午摸索如夜晚。
神救穷人脱口刀；
也救穷人离强暴。
如此贫寒有望盼，
罪孽之口塞无言。
神所申斥人有福；
全能管教轻看无。
祂虽打破又裹缠；
击伤之后又医全。
遭难六次祂必救，
灾祸七次害无有。
饥荒救汝脱死亡，
战乱护尔免剑伤。
汝被隐藏远舌害，
尔无惧怕灾殃来。
暴乱饥荒尔笑嬉，
地上野兽无惧兮。
田间石头汝立约，

And shall be at peace wi' you th' animals wild.
 You shall know that your wigwam is at peace,
 And you'll inspect your fold and nothing miss.
 You can be sure you'll have a lot o' children,
 And your offspring as th' blades of grass th' earth on.
 You shall come to your grave in ripe age old,
 Like a crop that is gathered i' its period.
 See, it is true that we have searched this out.
 So hear it and to yourself apply it."

8. Job Replies: My Complaint Is Just

"Oh that my anguish were actu'ly weighed
 And on th' scales all my misery be placed!
 Than th' sand of th' seas it would be heavier;
 My words have been imp'tuous no wonder.
 The Almighty has shot me with arrows,
 And 'gainst me God has lined up his terrors.
 Does a wild donkey bray its grass over,
 Or does an ox low over its fodder?
 Can tasteless food be eaten without salt,
 Or is there any flavor i' an egg's white?
 My appetite refuses to touch them;
 They are like food that is to me loathsome.
 "I wish I could have what I'm requesting,
 And God would grant me what I'm desiring;
 It would please God to crush me even that,
 That he would loose his hand and me off cut!
 This would be my comf'rt, rejoice even i' pain,
 For I've not denied th' words of th' Holy One.
 "What strength do I have, that I should still wait?
 And what is my end, that I'd be patient?
 Is th' strength of my body the strength of stones,
 Or are my blood and flesh as strong as bronze?
 Th' power to help mys'lf I don't have any,
 All wisdom has been taken from me 'way.
 "A man's friends should love him when hope is gone,
 E'en though he forsakes th' fear o' Almighty one.
 As a torrent-bed my broth'rs are treach'rous,
 As torrential rivers that away pass,

地上野兽尔和谐。
 汝知平安尔棚帐，
 查看无失你圈羊。
 汝知众多汝儿孙，
 汝之后裔似草纯。
 汝归墓坟年高寿，
 好似庄稼到时收。
 这番察考本如此，
 听此劝告己有益。

8. 约伯回复：余之抱怨为公正

惟願烦恼得量衡，
 余之不幸置天平！
 现今都比海沙重；
 难怪余言多冲动。
 神举箭射入吾身，
 恐惧击余神摆阵。
 野驴有草岂叫唤，
 牛有料吃岂哞喧？
 食淡无盐岂可吃，
 蛋青里有何味滋？
 吾胃拒绝其食进；
 如此食物人呕心。
 惟願余得吾所求，
 願神赐余所想有；
 就是願神压余碎，
 既乃伸手余除废！
 以此为慰痛仍欢，
 因余未弃圣者言。
 吾有何力余候等？
 有何结局余忍定？
 余力岂似石一样，
 血肉余能如铜强？
 助己之力余乃无，
 余心智慧被赶出。
 人若灰心友爱待，
 即使无畏无神爱。
 弟兄诡诈似溪道，
 奔流河水弯流绕。

With thick snow and ice the rivers are checked,
 The rivers rise when the snow starts to melt.
 But they stop flowing when th' dry seasons comes,
 When it's hot, they vanish from their channels.
 The paths of their way are divert'd aside;
 They go up into the waste, perish and.
 Look for water th' caravans of Tema,
 And look in hope th' travelers of Sheba.
 They are distressed, because they had trusted,
 They arrive there, only to be ashamed.
 And now you too have proved to be nothing,
 Dreadful and are afraid you see something.
 Have I e'er asked you to give me a gift,
 Pay a rans'm from your wealth me free to set?
 Deliver me from th' hand of th' enemy,
 Redeem me from the clutches of th' mighty?
 "Teach me, I'll be quiet and hold my tongue;
 Make me understand how I have gone wrong.
 Honest words are so excruciating
 But your reproof doesn't prove anything.
 To correct what I say do you intend,
 As if th' words of the desperate were wind?
 You would even cast lots over th' orphan,
 Trade away your clos'st friend you would even.
 "But now be so kind as to look me at;
 Lie right here in front of you I will not.
 Relent now, let no injustice be done;
 My righteousn'ss is yet i' it, desist even.
 Is there any injustice on my lips?
 Cannot my palate discern thing perverse?

9. Job: My Suffering Is without End

"Does not man have hard service earth upon,
 Are not his days like those of a hired man?
 Like a slave longing for the gloom shadows,
 Or a hired man waiting for his wages;
 So I am allotted months o' vanity
 And are assigned to me nights o' misery.
 When I lie down I think, 'When shall I 'rise?'

厚雪结冰河阻塞，
 冰雪消融河涨来。
 旱季到来水断流，
 炎热渠水消无有。
 河渠溪水流一旁；
 流进荒野终消亡。
 提玛旅队寻找水，
 找水示巴旅心费。
 原有信心自悲兮，
 他曹听到蒙羞耻。
 现证汝辈价值无，
 看见惊吓便怕惧。
 吾曾要尔送我礼，
 汝财赎余脱困兮？
 岂说救余脱敌手，
 脱离强暴将余救？
 “教导余静声不作，
 使余明白吾所错。
 诚实言语强无比，
 汝之训斥责无力。
 绝望人言似风如，
 汝想纠正吾话语？
 拮据汝想为孤儿，
 朋友汝当货交易。
 现以慈爱观看我，
 余不当面说谎哦。
 勿要不公请慈悲；
 勿以余罪余正直。
 岂有不义在吾舌？
 余口岂不辨奸恶？”

9. 约伯言：余之受罪无终了

人岂世无劳务难，
 其日岂非顾工男？
 切望夜幕像奴仆，
 期待工钱似工雇；
 如此余熬苦日月，
 这般余捱凄惨夜。
 躺卧时想，‘起何时？’

The night drags on, and I toss 'ntil sunrise.
 My body is covered with worms and dirt;
 My skin is brok'n, it has boils all o'er it.
 "Than a wea'er's shuttle my days are swifter,
 And they come to an end without desire.
 O rem'mber that my life is only wind;
 And my eyes will never again see good.
 The eyes that see me now see me 'gain won't;
 Your eyes are upon me, but I am not.
 As a cloud vanish's and is fore'er gone,
 So he who goes down to th' grave won't return.
 Come to his house again he will never;
 E'en his own home town doesn't him rem'mber.
 "I will speak in th' anguish of my spirit;
 Complain i' my soul's bitt'rness, be calm I can't!
 Under a safeguard why do you me keep?
 Am I the sea, or the monster of th' deep?
 Sometimes I think my bed will me comfort
 And I think my couch will ease my complaint,
 But even then you frighten me with dreams
 And terr'fy me through visions and nightmares;
 So that my soul would choose suffocation,
 And death rather than this body of mine.
 I loathe my life; I would not live alway.
 Leave me 'lone; for my days are vanity.
 "What is man, that you should him exagg'rate,
 And that your mind upon him you should set,
 And that every morn'ng inspect him you should,
 And put him to the test every second?
 Will you not depart from me for a while,
 Nor let me 'lone till I swall'w my spittle?
 "If I sin, what to you, O watcher o' men?
 Why have you made me your targ't, a burden?
 Why don't you my offens's and sins forgive?
 When you seek me, I'll be gone and i' my grave."

10. Bildad Speaks: Job Should Repent

"Job, will you talk about these things how long?
 And the words of your mouth be a wind strong.

夜过辗转日升起。
 虫灰为衣满身上，
 皮肤暴裂多疮。
 快似飞梭余时日，
 绝望之中其飞逝。
 吾命不过如风吹；
 余眼不见好运回。
 看余之人难再见；
 汝眼看余再无面。
 云彩散去永消失，
 人下坟墓无归兮。
 不再回他自己家；
 故土不再记得他。
 “吾灵愁苦余要言；
 哀情吐露口无掩！
 问神为何防守余？
 岂余是海是大鱼？
 时想吾床余安慰，
 也想吾榻止屈委。
 可祢用梦吓唬我，
 异象噩梦余恐吓；
 窒息而死余肯宁，
 胜过身骨留一命。
 余厌生存非再活，
 时日虚空勿管我。
 祢视人大他算啥，
 费心祢竟看顾他。
 每天祢要他察鉴，
 时刻祢将其试验。
 何不转身余放过，
 让余独自咽唾沫？
 若罪于主有何妨？
 何以余靶空皮囊？
 何不赦免余罪过？
 当祢寻余坟中卧。”

10. 比勒达言：约伯应忏悔

此话何时了？
 如风言乱道。

Does God ever integrity pervert?
 Does the Almighty distort what is right?
 If your progeny have sinned against him,
 And so as they deserved he punished them.
 But if you will look to the Almighty,
 And plead with God the Lord for charity,
 Be pure and hon'st, rouse him'slf for you he would,
 And restore your estate as your reward.
 Though your beginning was insign'ficant,
 Yet your latter days will be very great.
 "Please inquire of bygone generations,
 And think 'bout th' things searched out by their fathers.
 For we are but o' yest'rday and nothing know,
 And our days on earth are as a shadow.
 Will they not enlighten you and you tell?
 And will they not bring forth words from their soul?
 Can papyrus grow tall without a marsh?
 And can reeds where there's not water flourish?
 While yet in its greenness and cut down not,
 They dry up faster than any oth'r plant.
 Such is the fate of all who forget God;
 The hope of the godless will be destroyed.
 What they trust in is fragile, very weak;
 What they depend on is a spid'rs house like.
 If one leans 'gainst his house, it falls apart;
 If one lays hold of it, it'll endure not.
 He is like a well-wat' red plant in th' sunshine,
 It spreads its new shoots all over th' garden.
 It wraps its roots around a pile of rocks;
 And for a place among the stones it looks.
 But when a green plant from its place is torn,
 Th' sport disowns it and says, 'I've ne'er you seen.'
 Surely this is th' joy of his happy ways,
 And out of the earth will spring still others.
 "Surely God won't reject a blamel'ss person,
 Or the hands of evildoers strengthen.
 Until he will fill your mouth with laughing,
 And yet refill your lips with rejoicing.
 Those men who hate you will be clothed in shame,
 And the tents of th' wicked will to naught come.

神岂离公平？
 主岂偏公正？
 儿女得罪祂，
 使其受惩罚。
 汝若寻求神，
 全能主求恳；
 清正神助昌，
 尔居兴作赏。
 汝初虽卑微，
 终久甚高贵。
 前代请问考，
 思其祖之道。
 昨日生知无，
 在世日影如。
 先贤岂无诲？
 慧言出心扉。
 蒲无沼岂长？
 芦没水能旺？
 尚青未割掉，
 枯槁先百草。
 忘神人如此；
 非虔望灭失。
 其依赖弱脆；
 似蛛网易碎。
 人依房无立，
 抓屋无久持。
 发青其日下，
 枝蔓满园架。
 其根绕堆石；
 根扎入石地。
 绿禾原地铲，
 不认‘地未见。’
 此其道欣悦，
 替代新人崛。
 人正神不弃，
 邪恶无扶持。
 使汝口笑欢，
 欢乐汝不断。
 恨汝必蒙羞，
 恶人帐无有。

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