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## A Paraphrase of the Song of Deborah.

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BY PROF. THOMAS H. RICH.

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That the strong in Israel laid bare their strength ;  
 That the people came to battle willingly ;  
 Praise ye the Lord !

Hear, O ye kings of earth ! ye princes, lend your ear !  
 I, of the Lord, I fain would sing ; would touch the harp,  
 In honor of the Lord, the God of Israel !

Lord, when Thou wentst our from Seir ;  
 When Thou didst march from Edom's field ;  
 Earth quaked ; yea, heaven dissolved ;  
 Yea, clouds dissolved in rain !  
 Mountains shook at presence of the Lord ;—  
 Sinai there, at presence of the Lord,  
 The God of Israel !

In days of Shamgar, Anath's son ;  
 In days of Jael, idle lay the ways ;  
 And such as follow trodden paths,  
 Went ways circuitous.  
 Idle lay the villages in Israel—idle,  
 Until I, Deborah, arose—arose,  
 And like a mother wrought for Israel.

He chose new gods ;  
 Then war was at his gates ;  
 Nor shield appeared, nor lance,  
 'Mong Israel's forty thousand men.

My heart goes out to the leaders of Israel ;  
 To the people that came to battle willingly ;  
 Praise ye the Lord !

Ye, who on white asses ride ;  
 Ye, who on rich carpets sit ;  
 And ye, who tread the way, in toil for bread ;  
 Muse on the victory !

For voice of archers at the water troughs—  
 There be rehearsed the righteous acts the Lord hath done ;  
 His righteous acts done for his villages in Israel.  
 Then from their refuges on high,  
 The people of the Lord came to their gates again,  
 No foe to fear !

Awake, Deborah, awake !  
 Awake, awake, the triumph sing !  
 Up, Barak, Abinoam's son,  
 And lead thy captives to captivity !

Then, a remnant of the nation's noblemen,  
 Down to the battle came ;  
 The Lord among those heroes—joy to me—  
 Came down to Jezreel !  
 From Ephraim—they rooted in Mount Amalek.  
 Next thee Benjamin, joined with thy hosts.  
 From Machir, leaders with their trains came down ;  
 And out of Zebulon they onward march,  
 With captain's staff.  
 And princes of Issachar with Deborah league ;  
 And Issachar like Barak brave,  
 Down to the vale his feet impel.

By streams of Reuben, were determinations great.  
 Why tarrying still amid the fold ?  
 Is bleat of flock so sweet to hear ?  
 At streams of Reuben, were deliberations great ;  
 But none the battle sought !

Gilead beyond Jordan rests ;  
 And Dan—why sojourns he in ships ?  
 Asher by the seashore abides,  
 And at his havens resteth quietly.

Zebulon is a people that accounts it nought to die !  
 And Naphtali, of mountain home !

Kings came ; they fought.  
 Then kings of Canaan fought ;  
 At Tanaach, by waters of Megiddo—  
 Spoil of silver failed to take !  
 The Heavens against them fought ;

The stars their courses left to fight with Sisera.  
 Kishon's brook swept them away—  
 Brook of ancient days—Kishon's brook.  
 My soul contemns their strength !

Then hoofs of horses smote the ground ;  
 For on and on their warriors dashed—  
 A troubled multitude !

Curse ye Meroz, saith the Angel of the Lord ;  
 Curse, curse ye her inhabitants,  
 Coming not to help the Lord—  
 To help the Lord amid the heroes of the land.

Jael, Kenite Heber's wife—  
 Let her, beyond women blessed be !  
 Beyond women, who in tents abide,  
 Let her blessed be !  
 Water he asked, she gave him milk ;  
 In costly bowl she offered cream.  
 But deep his sleep, within her tent,  
 Her hand out to the nail she stretched,  
 And her right hand to hammer used in toil ;  
 And hammered Sisera ; she brake his head ;  
 And crushed, and pierced his temples through.  
 At her feet he sank, he fell, he lay ;  
 At her feet he sank, he fell ;  
 Where he sank, there he fell—a *worthless* thing.

Through the window there looks forth, and cries aloud—  
 Through the lattice—the mother of Sisera :  
 Why does his chariot delay to come !  
 Why step his steeds so slow !

The wisest of her princesses reply—  
 But her own word she still repeats unto herself—  
 "Surely they booty find and share ;  
 A maiden, two maidens, for each man ;  
 Booty of garments bright for Sisera ;  
 Booty of garments bright, with needle wrought ;  
 A garment bright, on both sides wrought—  
 Booty for me to wear !

So perish *all* who hate Thee, Lord !  
 But them who love Him—  
 Let them like the sun go forth,  
 In strength of victory !