O Lord God of hosts, who is as mighty as you, O Lord? Your faithfulness surrounds you. You rule the raging of the sea; when its waves rise, you still them. You crushed Rahab like a carcass; you scattered your enemies with your mighty arm. The heavens are yours, the earth also is yours; the world and all that is in it—you have founded them. The north and the south —you created them; Tabor and Hermon joyously praise your name. You have a mighty arm; strong is your hand, high your right hand.

YHWH created me at the beginning of his work, the first of his acts of long ago. Ages ago I was set up, at the first, before the beginning of the earth.

When there were no depths I was brought forth, when there were no springs abounding with water.

Before the mountains had been shaped, before the hills, I was brought forth—

when he had not yet made earth and fields, or the world's first bits of soil. When he established the heavens, I was there, when he drew a circle on the face of the deep,

when he made firm the skies above, when he established the fountains of the deep,

when he assigned to the sea its limit, so that the waters might not transgress his command, when he marked out the foundations of the earth,

then I was beside him, like a master worker; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing before him always,

rejoicing in his inhabited world and delighting in the human race.

Why do you hold back your hand; why do you keep your hand in your bosom? Yet God my King is from of old, working salvation in the earth. You divided the sea by your might; you broke the heads of the dragons in the waters. You crushed the heads of Leviathan; you gave him as food for the creatures of the wilderness. You cut openings for springs and torrents; you dried up ever-flowing streams. Yours is the day, yours also the night; you established the luminaries and the sun. You have fixed all the bounds of the earth; you made summer and winter.

No king or commoner

Shall rule the land of my domain.

An embassy I will send to the son of El

A Legation to El’s beloved.

Though Mot invite me into his mouth

The Beloved bid me come in his gorge,

I alone am the one who will rule the gods,

Who will fatten gods and humans,

Who will sate the multitudes of the earth.

When the waters saw you, O God, when the waters saw you, they were afraid; the very deep trembled. The clouds poured out water; the skies thundered; your arrows flashed on every side. The crash of your thunder was in the whirlwind; your lightnings lit up the world; the earth trembled and shook. Your way was through the sea, your path, through the mighty waters; yet your footprints were unseen.

These are the begettings of the sky and the earth: their being created.

At the time of YHWH, El’s making of earth and heaven,

No bush of the field was yet on earth,

No plant of the field had yet sprung up,

For YHWH, El had not made it rain upon earth,

And there was no human/adam to till the soil/adama—

But a surge would well up from the ground and water all the face of the soil;

And YHWH El formed the human, of dust from the soil,

He blew into his nostrils the breath of life,

And the human became a living being. . . .

The human called his wife’s name: Havva/ Life-giver!

For she became the mother of all the living.