

Chapter 17

- 1 My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me.
- 2 Are there not mockers with me? and doth not mine eye continue in their provocation?
- 3 Lay down now, put me in a surety with thee; who is he that will strike hands with me?
- 4 For thou hast hid their heart from understanding: therefore shalt thou not exalt them.
- 5 He that speaketh flattery to his friends, even the eyes of his children shall fail.
- 6 He hath made me also a byword of the people; and aforetime I was as a tabret.
- 7 Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow, and all my members are as a shadow.
- 8 Upright men shall be astonished at this, and the innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite.
- 9 The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.
- 10 But as for you all, do ye return, and come now: for I cannot find one wise man among you.
- 11 My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.
- 12 They change the night into day: the light is short because of darkness.
- 13 If I wait, the grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness.
- 14 I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.
- 15 And where is now my hope? as for my hope, who shall see it?
- 16 They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust.