### Job

## Chapter 17

1‘I’ve been destroyed and I’m borne on the wind…  
 I’ve begged to be buried and had no success.  
 2So I wearily ask:  
  
 ‘Just what have I done?  
 Have I stolen from strangers?  
 3For, who has shackled my hands?’  
  
 4‘From these men’s hearts, You’ve hidden all wisdom,  
 And You’ll never exalt them.  
 5You’ll announce their badness to all,  
 And make the eyes of their sons melt away.  
  
 6‘But, among the nations, You’ve made me a joke;  
 And that’s why they’re laughing at me.  
 7Yet, my eyes are now callused to their rage,  
 Since I’ve been attacked by them all.  
 8But the righteous have wondered and asked:  
  
 ‘Then, why can’t the just beat the lawless?’  
  
 9‘O may the faithful maintain their [right] course,  
 And the hands of the clean receive courage.  
 10Yes, may it all be established;  
 For among you here, I’ve found little truth.  
  
 11‘In groaning, my days are now spent,  
 And the hopes of my heart have been ripped away.  
 12Night for me is now day,  
 As the face of darkness draws closer.  
  
 13‘Although I’m still here, the grave is my home,  
 And I’ll make my bed where it’s dim.  
 14For now, my father is death,  
 And decay is my mother and sisters.  
  
 15‘O what hope do I have,  
 And where will I ever find goodness?  
 16Along with me, it has gone to its grave,  
 And we’ll all be buried together.’