### Job

## Chapter 19

1Then Job spoke again and said:  
  
 2‘How long are you going to weary my soul,  
 And demolish me with your words?  
 All you know is the things God has done,  
 3And speak ill of me with no shame…  
 You just keep on pressing against me.  
  
 4‘It’s a fact that I’ve been misled,  
 And delusions are lodging within me.  
 For I’m speaking words that should never be said…  
 That mislead, and at the wrong time.  
  
 5‘Now you use me to look more important,  
 And you attack me in scorn.  
 6But, know that the Lord is the One who’s disturbed…  
 He’s the One who built this fortress against me.  
 7So look; I now laugh at your scorn!  
  
 ‘Therefore, I’ll stop all this banter;  
 For if I shout, it won’t bring me justice.  
 8I’m stuck in a circle that I can’t get out of,  
 And darkness now covers my face.  
 9He’s taken away all my glory,  
 And removed the garland that I wore on my head.  
  
 10‘He’s pulled me apart and scattered [my bones];  
 I was marked and cut down like a tree.  
 11In His rage, He’s treated me badly,  
 As though I’d been His opposer.  
 12His marauders have gathered and attacked me,  
 And in an ambush, they have me surrounded.  
  
 13‘Now, all my brothers have left me,  
 Preferring strangers to me;  
 And my friends no longer feel pity,  
 Pretending that they don’t know me!  
  
 14‘Those dearest to me have forgotten my name…  
 15I’m a foreigner to all of my neighbors  
 And a stranger to the women who’ve served me.  
  
 16‘When I call to my servant, he doesn’t obey,  
 Even though, with my mouth, I keep begging.  
 17I call out to even my wife,  
 And call sweetly to my concubines’ sons.  
 18But they listen not… They just stand there.  
  
 19‘Those who once knew me, dislike me,  
 And those I once loved, now oppose me.  
 20For, my skin and flesh are festered with sores,  
 And my teeth have come loose from my jaws.  
  
 21‘Please show mercy… Show mercy my friends;  
 For the hand of Jehovah has touched me!  
 22Why treat me the same as Jehovah has done…  
 Aren’t you filled enough with my flesh?  
  
 23‘May my words be written down in a scroll,  
 And be preserved throughout the ages.  
 24With a pen of iron, inscribe them on lead,  
 And may they be set within stone.  
  
 25‘For I know that the One who made me this weak  
 Has walked ‘round the earth throughout the ages;  
 26And it’s due to Him, that my skin has grown tired…  
 I’m worn out because of Jehovah.  
  
 27‘All I’m aware of and seen with my eyes,  
 Has happened to me, not to others.  
 28But, what can I ask and what can I say…  
 Is the root of my problem in Him?  
  
 29‘Please turn around and send me what’s good,  
 Or just cover me over.  
 May Your rage be sent to the lawless instead…  
 May they be the ones who reap this reward.’