### Job

## Chapter 3

1Well, after this, Job opened his mouth and cursed his day, 2saying:  
  
 3‘May the day I was born be destroyed,  
 Along with the night when they said, It’s a boy!  
 4‘May that night become very dark...  
 May the Lord up above never seek it,  
 And may it not see the coming of dawn.  
  
 5May it be taken by darkness  
 And by the shadow of death.  
 ‘May that day forever be dimmed…  
 May that day forever be cursed,  
 6And its night carried into the darkness.  
  
 ‘No more, may it be a day of the year,  
 Nor may it be counted in one of the months.  
 7May that night become one of grieving,  
 Not one who’s happy and joyful.  
  
 8‘May the One who brought a curse to that day  
 Also heap curses upon it.  
 May it be [swallowed by] beasts of the sea  
 9And may darkness cover the stars of that night,  
 So they’ll no longer be seen…  
 And may they not shine ever after.  
  
 ‘May the morning star not arise,  
 10For it failed to close the womb of my mother,  
 So my eyes wouldn’t see all of this misery.  
  
 11‘Why didn’t I die in her belly  
 Instead of having to ever be born?  
 Why wasn’t I killed there and then?  
 12Why did her knees come to meet me,  
 And why did her breasts come to nurse me?  
  
 13‘May I go to my bed and lie still…  
 14May I sleep and find rest among kings…  
 The councilors of the lands where they once pranced with swords…  
 15With the rulers that once had so much gold  
 And that once filled their houses with silver.  
  
 16‘O if I’d just been miscarried  
 Within the womb of my mother,  
 Like babies that don’t see light of day,  
 17And go where the anger and rage of the Godless  
 Has all been burned up in fire.  
  
 ‘It’s that place where the tired find rest for their bones,  
 18And where none that have lived throughout the ages  
 Hear tax collector’s voices again.  
 19It’s where the small and the great must all go…  
 The servants [along with] their masters.  
  
 20‘Why must those who are bitter see light,  
 And why is life given to those who are grieved,  
 21Then long for death that won’t come…  
 Those rooting for death as though it were treasure,  
 22And who’d be overjoyed to attain it?  
  
 23‘For to such a man, death becomes rest,  
 When there’s nowhere else he can go…  
 Yes, when [our] God has opposed him.  
  
 24‘My grain has now become groaning,  
 And I’m crying and shaking in fear;  
 25For the things I once feared in my dreams have come true,  
 And what I held in awe has now met me.  
 26I’m not at peace, or still, or at rest,  
 For [His] rage has now come upon me.’