### Job

## Chapter 30

1‘Now, even their least are laughing at me;  
 And those whose fathers I’ve viewed with contempt  
 Now dare to give me correction…  
 Those whom I once thought unworthy  
 To serve as dogs to watch over my flocks.  
  
 2‘So, what value is the strength of their hands before me,  
 Since their vigor has already perished?  
 3They’re in need and hungry, with nothing…  
 They’re miserable, like those who flee from a war  
 To hide in a place with no water!  
  
 4‘They stand on the shore and pick seaweed;  
 For, plants from the sea are their grain.  
 They have no honor, and nothing to give;  
 They’re looked on as worthless and lacking all good.  
  
 ‘In hunger, they’ve gnawed upon tree roots…  
 5These who’ve risen against me like thieves…  
 6Those who once burrowed in rocks.  
  
 7‘But now, they look for places to yell  
 (Such ones with homes made of sticks).  
 8They’re the sons of dishonored fools,  
 Whose fame will be wiped from the land.  
  
 9‘Yet now, they’re strumming their harps about me…  
 I’m the topic of all their discussions.  
 10They dislike me and stay far away,  
 And into my face, they now spit.  
  
 11‘For [God’s] opened His quiver and shot me,  
 Then He led me away from His presence.  
  
 12‘So, the hands of their sons have risen against me…  
 They stick out their legs and kick me!  
 13They’ve wiped my ways from their wicked paths,  
 And they’ve taken the clothes that I wore.  
  
 ‘For, He’s run me through with His spear,  
 14And He’s judged me the way that He wished.  
 Thus, with anguish, I’m now befouled,  
 15And all my grief has returned.  
 My hope has passed by like the wind,  
 And my salvation has faded like clouds.  
  
 16‘So, may my life soon be poured out,  
 Since I’ve had enough days of this grief.  
 17All night long, my bones are burning within me,  
 And my nerves are broken and shattered.  
 18With great power, my robe has been wrinkled…  
 And within its folds, I’ve been wrapped.  
  
 19‘So, now you treat me like dirt,  
 And think that ashes are all I deserve.  
 20Even though I’ve cried out to you, you don’t listen…  
 You just stand and think of my plight.  
  
 21‘Together, you’ve joined to attack me,  
 And with mighty hands, you’ve whipped me.  
 22You’ve handed me over to grief  
 And removed any hope of salvation.  
  
 23‘I know that death will soon wipe me away,  
 For the ground is the home of all mortals.  
 24So, should I consider killing myself?  
 Or ask someone else to do it?  
  
 25‘Even though I cried over all the disabled,  
 And moaned when I saw people in need,  
 26I’m still waiting for good things to come [to me],  
 And I hope for good days, not bad.  
  
 27‘My belly is noisy and rumbles,  
 As more days of suffering confront me.  
 28I’m groaning because of discomfort,  
 And among the gathering, I weep.  
  
 29‘To trapped demons, I’m now a brother,  
 And to the ostrich, I’m a companion.  
 30My skin has become very dark,  
 As my bones continue to swelter in heat.  
  
 31‘So in mourning, I now strum my harp,  
 And my hymns are all about weeping for me.