### Job

## Chapter 7

1‘The purpose of man on the earth  
 Is surely not just to be tried.  
 For he lives his life as a hired day worker,  
 2And as a servant in awe of his master…  
 One who stands in the shade of his shadow  
 As he’s awaiting his wages.  
  
 3‘Thus, for months, I’ve waited in vain,  
 To only receive nights of grief.  
 4For, when I go to bed, I now say:  
 How long will it be ‘til day comes again?  
 And thereafter, I must ask when I rise,  
 How soon will it become night?  
  
 ‘I’m filled with grief from morning ‘til night;  
 5For my body is rotting and covered with worms.  
 Like clods of dirt, I’m melting away,  
 As I’m scraping away all the pus.  
 6My life now weighs less than my words …  
 It has perished in hopes unattained.  
  
 7‘My soul has become like a breeze,  
 And my eyes no longer see good.  
 8The eyes of those searching, don’t see me…  
 Even though their eyes are upon me, I’m gone  
 9Like a cloud that drifts away in the sky.  
  
 10‘When a man goes down to his grave,  
 He doesn’t come back again.  
 There’s no way he will return to his house…  
 For, even his home doesn’t know him.  
  
 11But, I’ll not close my mouth…  
 Yes, I’ll still speak of my plight.  
 I’ll bear open my soul  
 To show you the bitterness it holds…  
 12I won’t be like the sea’s dragons.  
  
 13‘I once said that my bed brings me comfort.  
 But now, all I have to offer myself  
 Are my own words, as I lie on my cot,  
 14Where I’m frightened by dreams  
 And by visions that strike me with terror.  
  
 15‘[Please] let my breath leave my soul,  
 And may my bones be handed to death!  
 16May I no longer live in [this] age…  
 For, why must I just keep on waiting,  
 When all in my life is so empty?  
  
 17‘O what’s a man that You’d make him so great,  
 Or notice the things that he thinks?  
 18Why visit him until morning arrives  
 And judge him as he lies there asleep?  
  
 19‘How long will [You] keep me alive  
 And refuse to provide my release,  
 As I swallow my spit in my grief?  
  
 20‘If I’ve sinned, then what can I do,  
 O You who knows the minds of all men?  
 Why have You made me [a person] who blames You,  
 And why have You made me Your burden?  
  
 21‘Why not rather forget the laws that I broke,  
 And then cleanse me from all of my sins?  
 Please let me go into the ground,  
 And no longer rise early again.’