

20 In famine he shall deliver thee from death; and in battle, from the hand of the sword.

21 Thou shalt be hidden from the scourge of the tongue: and thou shalt not fear calamity when it cometh.

22 In destruction and famine thou shalt laugh: and thou shalt not be afraid of the beasts of the earth.

23 But thou shalt have a covenant with the stones of the lands, and the beasts of the earth shall be at peace with thee.

24 And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle is in peace, and visiting thy beauty, thou shalt not sin.

25 Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be multiplied, and thy offspring like the grass of the earth.

26 Thou shalt enter into the grave in abundance, as a heap of wheat is brought in in its season.

27 Behold, this is even so, as we have searched out: which thou having heard, consider it thoroughly in thy mind.

Chapter 6

But Job answered, and said:

2 O that my sins, whereby I have deserved wrath, and the calamity that I suffer, were weighed in a balance.

3 As the sand of the sea, this would appear heavier: therefore, my words are full of sorrow:

4 For the arrows of the Lord are in me, the rage whereof drinketh up my spirit, and the terrors of the Lord war against me.

5 Will the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or will the ox low when he standeth before a full manger?

6 Or can an unsavoury thing be eaten, that is

not seasoned with salt? or can a man taste that which, when tasted, bringeth death?

7 The things which before my soul would not touch, now, through anguish, are my meats.

8 Who will grant that my request may come: and that God may give me what I look for?

9 And that he that hath begun may destroy me, that he may let loose his hand, and cut me off?

10 And that this may be my comfort, that afflicting me with sorrow, he spare not, nor I contradict the words of the Holy one.

11 For what is my strength, that I can hold out? or what is my end, that I should keep patience?

12 My strength is not the strength of stones, nor is my flesh of brass.

13 Behold there is no help for me in myself, and my familiar friends also are departed from me.

14 He that taketh away mercy from his friend, for saketh the fear of the Lord.

15 My brethren have passed by me, as the torrent that passeth swiftly in the valleys.

16 They that fear the hoary frost, the snow shall fall upon them.

17 At the time when they shall be scattered they shall perish: and after it groweth hot, they shall be melted out of their place.

18 The paths of their steps are entangled: they shall walk in vain, and shall perish.

19 Consider the paths of Thema, the ways of Saba, and wait a little while.

20 They are confounded, because I have hoped: they are come also even unto me, and are covered with shame.

21 Now you are come: and now, seeing my affliction, you are afraid.

22 Did I say: Bring to me, and give me of your substance?

23 Or deliver me from the hand of the enemy, and rescue me out of the hand of the mighty?

24 Teach me, and I will hold my peace: and if I have been ignorant of any thing, instruct me.

25 Why have you detracted the words of truth, whereas there is none of you that can reprove me?

26 You dress up speeches only to rebuke, and you utter words to the wind.

27 You rush in upon the fatherless, and you endeavour to overthrow your friend.

28 However, finish what you have begun: give ear and see whether I lie.

29 Answer, I beseech you, without contention: and speaking that which is just, judge ye.

30 And you shall not find iniquity in my tongue, neither shall folly sound in my mouth.

Chapter 7

The life of man upon earth is a warfare, and his days are like the days of a hireling.

2 As a servant longeth for the shade, as the hireling looketh for the end of his work;

3 So I also have had empty months, and have numbered to myself wearisome nights.

4 If I lie down to sleep, I shall say: When shall I rise? and again, I shall look for the evening, and shall be filled with sorrows even till darkness.

5 My flesh is clothed with rottenness and the filth of dust; my skin is withered and drawn together.

6 My days have passed more swiftly than the web is cut by the weaver, and are consumed without any hope.

7 Remember that my life is but wind, and my eye shall not return to see good things.

8 Nor shall the sight of man behold me: thy eyes are upon me, and I shall be no more.

9 As a cloud is consumed, and passeth away: so he that shall go down to hell shall not come up.

10 Nor shall he return any more into his house, neither shall his place know him any more

11 Wherefore, I will not spare my month, I will speak in the affliction of my spirit: I will talk with the bitterness of my soul.

12 Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou hast inclosed me in a prison?

13 If I say: My bed shall comfort me, and I shall be relieved, speaking with myself on my couch:

14 Thou wilt frighten me with dreams, and terrify me with visions.

15 So that my soul rather chooseth hanging, and my bones death.

16 I have done with hope, I shall now live no longer: spare me, for my days are nothing.

17 What is a man, that thou shouldst magnify him or why dost thou set thy heart upon him?

18 Thou visitest him early in the morning, and thou provest him suddenly.

19 How long wilt thou not spare me, nor suffer me to swallow down my spittle?

20 I have sinned: what shall I do to thee, O keeper of men? why hast thou set me opposite to thee. and am I become burdensome to myself?

21 Why dost thou not remove my sin, and why dost thou not take away my iniquity? Behold now I shall sleep in the dust: and if thou seek me in the morning, I shall not be.

Chapter 8

Then Baldad, the Suhite, answered, and said:

2 How long wilt thou speak these things, and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?

3 Doth God pervert judgment, or doth the Almighty overthrow that which is just?

4 Although thy children have sinned against him, and he hath left them in the hand of their iniquity:

5 Yet if thou wilt arise early to God, and wilt beseech the Almighty:

6 If thou wilt walk clean and upright, he will presently awake unto thee, and will make the dwelling of thy justice peaceable:

7 In so much, that if thy former things were small thy latter things would be multiplied exceedingly.

8 For inquire of the former generation, and search diligently into the memory of the fathers:

9 (For we are but of yesterday, and are ignorant that our days upon earth are but a shadow

10 And they shall teach thee: they shall speak to thee, and utter words out of their hearts.

11 Can the rush be green without moisture? or sedge bush grow without water?

12 When it is yet in flower, and is not plucked u with the hand, it withereth before all herbs.

13 Even so are the ways of all that forget God, an the hope of the hypocrite shall perish:

14 His folly shall not please him, and his trust shall be like the spider's web.

15 He shall lean upon his house, and it shall no stand: he shall prop it up, and it shall not rise:

16 He seemeth to have moisture before the sun cometh; and at his rising, his blossom shall shoot forth.

17 His roots shall be thick upon a heap of stones; and among the stones he shall abide.

18 If one swallow him up out of his place, he shall deny him, and shall say: I know thee not.

19 For this is the joy of his way, that others may spring again out of the earth.

20 God will not cast away the simple, nor reach out his hand to the evil doer:

21 Until thy mouth be filled with laughter, and thy lips with rejoicing.

22 They that hate thee, shall be clothed with confusion: and the dwelling of the wicked shall not stand.

Chapter 9

And Job answered, and said:

2 Indeed I know it is so, and that man cannot be justified, compared with God.

3 If he will contend with him, he cannot answer him one for a thousand.

4 He is wise in heart, and mighty in strength: who hath resisted him, and hath had peace?

5 Who hath removed mountains, and they whom he overthrew in his wrath, knew it not.

6 Who shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble.

7 Who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not: and shutteth up the stars, as it were, under a seal:

8 Who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and walketh upon the waves of the sea

9 Who maketh Arcturus, and Orion, and Hyades, and the inner parts of the south.

10 Who doth things great and incomprehensible, and wonderful, of which there is no number.

11 If he come to me, I shall not see him: if he depart, I shall not understand.

12 If he examine on a sudden, who shall answer him? or who can say: Why dost thou so?

13 God, whose wrath no man can resist, and under whom they stoop that bear up the world.

14 What am I then, that I should answer him, and have words with him?