

my neck, he hath broken me, and hath set me up to be his mark.

14 He hath compassed me round about with his lances, he hath wounded my loins, he hath not spared, and hath poured out my bowels on the earth,

15 He hath torn me with wound upon wound, he hath rushed in upon me like a giant.

16 I have sowed sackcloth upon my skin, and have covered my flesh with ashes.

17 My face is swollen with weeping, and my eyelids are dim.

18 These things have I suffered without the iniquity of my hand, when I offered pure prayers to God.

19 O earth, cover not thou my blood, neither let my cry find a hiding place in thee.

20 For behold my witness is in heaven, and he that knoweth my conscience is on high.

21 My friends are full of words: my eye poureth out tears to God.

22 And O that a man might so be judged with God, as the son of man is judged with his companion!

23 For behold short years pass away, and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return.

Chapter 17

My spirit shall be wasted, my days shall be shortened and only the grave remaineth for me.

2 I have not sinned, and my eye abideth in bitterness.

3 Deliver me, O Lord, and set me beside thee, and let any man's hand fight against me.

4 Thou hast set their heart far from understanding, therefore they shall not be exalted.

5 He promiseth a prey to his companions, and the eyes of his children shall fail.

6 He hath made me as it were a byword of the people, and I am an example before them.

7 My eye is dim through indignation, and my limbs are brought as it were to nothing.

8 The just shall be astonished at this, and the innocent shall be raised up against the hypocrite.

9 And the just man shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.

10 Wherefore be you all converted, and come, and I shall not find among you any wise man.

11 My days have passed away, my thoughts are dissipated, tormenting my heart.

12 They have turned night into day, and after darkness I hope for light again.

13 If I wait hell is my house, and I have made my bed in darkness.

14 I have said to rottenness: Thou art my father; to worms, my mother and my sister.

15 Where is now then my expectation, and who considereth my patience?

16 All that I have shall go down into the deepest pit: thinkest thou that there at least I shall have rest?

Chapter 18

Then Baldad the Suhite answered, and said:

2 How long will you throw out words? understand first, and so let us speak.

3 Why are we reputed as beasts, and counted vile before you?

4 Thou that destroyest thy soul in thy fury, shall the earth be forsaken for thee, and shall rocks be removed out of their place?

5 Shall not the light of the wicked be extinguished, and the flame of his fire not shine?

6 The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and the lamp that is over him, shall be put out.

7 The step of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down headlong.

8 For he hath thrust his feet into a net, and walketh in its meshes.

9 The sole of his foot shall be held in a snare, and thirst shall burn against him.

10 A gin is hidden for him in the earth, and his trap upon the path.

11 Fears shall terrify him on every side, and shall entangle his feet.

12 Let his strength be wasted with famine, and let hunger invade his ribs.

13 Let it devour the beauty of his skin, let the firstborn death consume his arms.

14 Let his confidence be rooted out of his tabernacle, and let destruction tread upon him like a king.

15 Let the companions of him that is not, dwell in his tabernacle, let brimstone be sprinkled in his tent.

16 Let his roots be dried up beneath, and his harvest destroyed above.

17 Let the memory of him perish from the earth, and let not his name be renowned in the streets.

18 He shall drive him out of light into darkness, and shall remove him out of the world.

19 His seed shall not subsist, nor his offspring among his people, nor any remnants in his country.

20 They that come after him shall be astonished at his day, and horror shall fall upon them that went before.

21 These then are the tabernacles of the wicked, and this the place of him that knoweth not God.

Chapter 19

Then Job answered, and said:

2 How long do you afflict my soul, and break me in pieces with words?

3 Behold, these ten times you confound me, and are not ashamed to oppress me.

4 For if I have been ignorant, my ignorance shall be with me.

5 But you set yourselves up against me, and reprove me with my reproaches.

6 At least now understand, that God hath not afflicted me with an equal judgment, and compassed me with his scourges.

7 Behold I shall cry suffering violence, and no one will hear: I shall cry aloud, and there is none to judge.

8 He hath hedged in my path round about, and I cannot pass, and in my way he hath set darkness.

9 He hath stripped me of my glory, and hath taken the crown from my head.

10 He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am lost, and he hath taken away my hope, as from a tree that is plucked up.

11 His wrath is kindled against me, and he hath counted me as his enemy.

12 His troops have come together, and have made themselves a way by me, and have besieged my tabernacle round about.

13 He hath put my brethren far from me, and my acquaintance like strangers have departed from me.

14 My kinsmen have forsaken me, and they that knew me, have forgotten me.

15 They that dwell in my house, and my maid-servants have counted me as a stranger, and I have been like an alien in their eyes.

16 I called my servant, and he gave me no answer, I entreated him with my own mouth.

17 My wife hath abhorred my breath, and I entreated the children of my womb.

18 Even fools despised me, and when I was gone from them, they spoke against me.

19 They that were sometime my counsellors, have abhorred me: and he whom I loved most is turned against me.

20 The flesh being consumed, my bone hath cleaved to my skin, and nothing but lips are left about my teeth.

21 Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.

22 Why do you persecute me as God, and glut yourselves with my flesh?

23 Who will grant me that my words may be written? who will grant me that they may be marked down in a book?

24 With an iron pen and in a plate of lead, or else be graven with an instrument in flint stone?

25 For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth.

26 And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God.

27 Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold, and not another: this my hope is laid up in my bosom.

28 Why then do you say now: Let us persecute him, and let us find occasion of word against him?

29 Flee then from the face of the sword, for the sword is the revenger of iniquities: and know ye that there is a judgment.

Chapter 20

Then Sophar the Naamathite answered, and said:

2 Therefore various thoughts succeed one another in me, and my mind is hurried away to different things.

3 The doctrine with which thou reprovest me, I will hear, and the spirit of my understanding shall answer for me.

4 This I know from the beginning, since man was placed upon the earth,

5 That the praise of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.

6 If his pride mount up even to heaven, and his head touch the clouds:

7 In the end he shall be destroyed like a dunghill, and they that had seen him, shall say: Where is he?

8 As a dream that fleeth away he shall not be found, he shall pass as a vision of the night:

9 The eyes that had seen him, shall see him no more, neither shall his place any more behold him.

10 His children shall be oppressed with want, and his hands shall render to him his sorrow.

11 His bones shall be filled with the vices of his youth, and they shall sleep with him in the dust.

12 For when evil shall be sweet in his mouth, he will hide it under his tongue.

13 He will spare it, and not leave it, and will hide it in his throat.

14 His bread in his belly shall be turned into the gall of asps within him,

15 The riches which he hath swallowed, he shall vomit up, and God shall draw them out of his belly.

16 He shall suck the head of asps, and the viper's tongue shall kill him.

17 Let him not see the streams of the river, the brooks of honey and of butter.

18 He shall be punished for all that he did, and yet shall not be consumed: according to the