

# Book of Job

## Chapter 16

Douay-Rheims Bible

## Job Chapter 16

Job expostulates with his friends: and appeals to the judgment of God.

16:1. Then Job answered, and said:

16:2. I have often heard such things as these: you are all troublesome comforters.

16:3. Shall windy words have no end? or is it any trouble to thee to speak?

16:4. I also could speak like you: and would God your soul were for my soul.

16:5. I would comfort you also with words, and would wag my head over you.

16:6. I would strengthen you with my mouth, and would move my lips, as sparing you.

16:7. But what shall I do? If I speak, my pain will not rest: and if I hold my peace, it will not depart from me.

16:8. But now my sorrow hath oppressed me, and all my limbs are brought to nothing.

16:9. My wrinkles bear witness against me, and a false speaker riseth up against my face, contradicting me.

16:10. He hath gathered together his fury against me, and threatening me he hath gnashed with his teeth upon me: my enemy hath beheld me with terrible eyes.

16:11. They have opened their mouths upon me, and reproaching me they have struck me on the cheek, they are filled with my pains.

16:12. God hath shut me up with the unjust man, and hath delivered me into the hands of the wicked.

16:13. I that was formerly so wealthy, am all on a sudden broken to pieces: he hath taken me by my neck, he hath broken me, and hath set me up to be his mark.

16:14. 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,

16:15. He hath torn me with wound upon wound, he hath rushed in upon me like a giant.

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

16:17. My face is swollen with weeping, and my eyelids are dim.

16:18. These things have I suffered without the iniquity of my hand, when I offered pure prayers to God.

16:19. O earth, cover not thou my blood, neither let my cry find a hiding place in thee.

16:20. For behold my witness is in heaven, and he that knoweth my conscience is on high.

16:21. My friends are full of words: my eye poureth out tears to God.

16:22. And O that a man might so be judged with God, as the son of man is judged with his companion!

16:23. For behold short years pass away, and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return.