

# Book of Job

## Chapter 10

Douay-Rheims Bible

## Job Chapter 10

10:1. My soul is weary of my life, I will let go my speech against myself, I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.

10:2. I will say to God: Do not condemn me: tell me why thou judgest me so?

10:3. Doth it seem good to thee that thou shouldst calumniate me, and oppress me, the work of thy own hands, and help the counsel of the wicked?

10:4. Hast thou eyes of flesh: or, shalt thou see as man seeth?

10:5. Are thy days as the days of man, and are thy years as the times of men:

10:6. That thou shouldst inquire after my iniquity, and search after my sin?

10:7. And shouldst know that I have done no wicked thing, whereas there is no man that can deliver out of thy hand?

10:8. Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me wholly round about, and dost thou thus cast me down headlong on a sudden?

10:9. Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and thou wilt bring me into dust.

10:10. Hast thou not milked me as milk, and curdled me like cheese?

10:11. Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh: thou hast put me together with bones and sinews:

10:12. Thou hast granted me life and mercy, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.

10:13. Although thou conceal these things in thy heart, yet I know that thou rememberest all things.

10:14. If I have sinned, and thou hast spared me for an hour: why dost thou not suffer me to be clean from my iniquity?

10:15. And if I be wicked, woe unto me: and if just, I shall not lift up my head, being filled with affliction and misery.

10:16. And for pride thou wilt take me as a lioness, and returning, thou tormentest me wonderfully.

10:17. Thou renewest thy witnesses against me, and multiplieth thy wrath upon me, and pains war against me.

10:18. Why didst thou bring me forth out of the womb? O that I had been consumed, that eye might not see me!

10:19. I should have been as if I had not been, carried from the womb to the grave.

10:20. Shall not the fewness of my days be ended shortly? Suffer me, therefore, that I may lament my sorrow a little:

10:21. Before I go and return no more, to a land that is dark and covered with the mist of death:

10:22. A land of misery and darkness, where the shadow of death, and no order, but everlasting horror dwelleth.