

Job3

#Job Speaks

3 After this, Job opened his mouth and cursed the day of his birth.

2 He said:

3 “May the day of my birth perish, and the night that said, ‘A boy is conceived!’

4 That day—may it turn to darkness; may God above not care about it; may no light shine on it.

5 May gloom and utter darkness claim it once more; may a cloud settle over it; may blackness overwhelm it.

6 That night—may thick darkness seize it; may it not be included among the days of the year nor be entered in any of the months.

7 May that night be barren; may no shout of joy be heard in it.

8 May those who curse days[a] curse that day, those who are ready to rouse Leviathan.

9 May its morning stars become dark; may it wait for daylight in vain and not see the first rays of dawn,

10 for it did not shut the doors of the womb on me to hide trouble from my eyes.

11 “Why did I not perish at birth, and die as I came from the womb?

12 Why were there knees to receive me and breasts that I might be nursed?

13 For now I would be lying down in peace; I would be asleep and at rest

14 with kings and rulers of the earth, who built for themselves places now lying in ruins,

15 with princes who had gold, who filled their houses with silver.

16 Or why was I not hidden away in the ground like a stillborn child, like an infant who never saw the light of day?

17 There the wicked cease from turmoil, and there the weary are at rest.

18 Captives also enjoy their ease; they no longer hear the slave driver’s shout.

19 The small and the great are there, and the slaves are freed from their owners.

20 “Why is light given to those in misery, and life to the bitter of soul,

21 to those who long for death that does not come, who search for it more than for hidden treasure,

22 who are filled with gladness and rejoice when they reach the grave?

23 Why is life given to a man whose way is hidden, whom God has hedged in?

24 For sighing has become my daily food; my groans pour out like water.

25 What I feared has come upon me; what I dreaded has happened to me.

26 I have no peace, no quietness; I have no rest, but only turmoil.”