

Job17

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1 My spirit is broken, my days are cut short, the grave awaits me.

2 Surely mockers surround me; my eyes must dwell on their hostility.

3 "Give me, O God, the pledge you demand. Who else will put up security for me?

4 You have closed their minds to understanding; therefore you will not let them triumph.

5 If anyone denounces their friends for reward, the eyes of their children will fail.

6 "God has made me a byword to everyone, a man in whose face people spit.

7 My eyes have grown dim with grief; my whole frame is but a shadow.

8 The upright are appalled at this; the innocent are aroused against the ungodly.

9 Nevertheless, the righteous will hold to their ways, and those with clean hands will grow stronger.

10 "But come on, all of you, try again! I will not find a wise man among you.

11 My days have passed, my plans are shattered. Yet the desires of my heart

12 turn night into day; in the face of the darkness light is near.

13 If the only home I hope for is the grave, if I spread out my bed in the realm of darkness,

14 if I say to corruption, 'You are my father,' and to the worm, 'My mother' or 'My sister,'

15 where then is my hope— who can see any hope for me?

16 Will it go down to the gates of death? Will we descend together into the dust?"