**CHAPTER** **10**

*Job laments his afflictions and begs to be delivered.*

**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.

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

**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?

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

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

**6** That thou shouldst inquire after my iniquity, and search after my sin?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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?

**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.

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

**17** Thou renewest thy witnesses against me, and multipliest thy wrath upon me, and pains war against me.

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

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

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

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

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