**CHAPTER** **17**

*Job’s hope in God: he expects rest in death.*

**1** My spirit shall be wasted, my days shall be shortened, and only the grave remaineth for me.

**2** I have not sinned, and my eye abideth in bitterness.

**3** Deliver me, O Lord, and set me beside thee, and let any man’s hand fight against me.

**4** Thou hast set their heart far from understanding, therefore they shall not be exalted.

**5** He promiseth a prey to his companions, and the eyes of his children shall fail.

**6** He hath made me as it were a byword of the people, and I am an example before them.

**7** My eye is dim through indignation, and my limbs are brought as it were to nothing.

**8** The just shall be astonished at this, and the innocent shall be raised up against the hypocrite.

**9** And the just man shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.

**10** Wherefore be you all converted, and come, and I shall not find among you any wise man.

**11** My days have passed away, my thoughts are dissipated, tormenting my heart.

**12** They have turned night into day, and after darkness I hope for light again.

**13** If I wait hell is my house, and I have made my bed in darkness.

**14** I have said to rottenness: Thou art my father; to worms, my mother and my sister.

**15** Where is now then my expectation, and who considereth my patience?

**16** All that I have shall go down into the deepest pit: thinkest thou that there at least I shall have rest?