**CHAPTER** **19**

*Job complains of the cruelty of his friends; he describes his own sufferings: and his belief of a future resurrection.*

**1** Then Job answered, and said:

**2** How long do you afflict my soul,and break me in pieces with words?

**3** Behold, these ten times you confound me, and are not ashamed to oppress me.

**4** For if I have been ignorant, my ignorance shall be with me.

**5** But you set yourselves up against me, and reprove me with my reproaches.

**6** At least now understand, that God hath not afflicted me with an equal judgment, and compassed me with his scourges.

**7** Behold I shall cry suffering violence, and no one will hear: I shall cry aloud, and there is none to judge.

**8** He hath hedged in my path round about, and I cannot pass, and in my way he hath set darkness.

**9** He hath stripped me of my glory, and hath taken the crown from my head.

**10** He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am lost, and he hath taken away my hope, as from a tree that is plucked up.

**11** His wrath is kindled against me, and he hath counted me as his enemy.

**12** His troops have come together, and have made themselves a way by me, and have besieged my tabernacle round about.

**13** He hath put my brethren far from me, and my acquaintance like strangers have departed from me.

**14** My kinsmen have forsaken me, and they that knew me, have forgotten me.

**15** They that dwell in my house, and my maidservants have counted me as a stranger, and I have been like an alien in their eyes.

**16** I called my servant, and he gave me no answer, I entreated him with my own mouth.

**17** My wife hath abhorred my breath, and I entreated the children of my womb.

**18** Even fools despised me, and when I was gone from them, they spoke against me.

**19** They that were sometime my counsellors, have abhorred me: and he whom I loved most is turned against me.

**20** The flesh being consumed, my bone hath cleaved to my skin, and nothing but lips are left about my teeth.

**21** Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.

**22** Why do you persecute me as God, and glut yourselves with my flesh?

**23** Who will grant me that my words may be written? who will grant me that they may be marked down in a book?

**24** With an iron pen and in a plate of lead, or else be graven with an instrument in flint stone?

**25** For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth.

**26** And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God.

**27** Whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold, and not another: this my hope is laid up in my bosom.

**28** Why then do you say now: Let us persecute him, and let us find occasion of word against him?

**29** Flee then from the face of the sword, for the sword is the revenger of iniquities: and know ye that there is a judgment.