**CHAPTER** **16**

*Job expostulates with his friends: and appeals to the judgment of God.*

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

**2** I have often heard such things as these: you are all troublesome comforters.

**3** Shall windy words have no end? or is it any trouble to thee to speak?

**4** I also could speak like you: and would God your soul were for my soul.

**5** I would comfort you also with words, and would wag my head over you.

**6** I would strengthen you with my mouth, and would move my lips, as sparing you.

**7** But what shall I do? If I speak, my pain will not rest: and if I hold my peace, it will not depart from me.

**8** But now my sorrow hath oppressed me, and all my limbs are brought to nothing.

**9** My wrinkles bear witness against me, and a false speaker riseth up against my face, contradicting me.

**10** He hath gathered together his fury against me, and threatening me he hath gnashed with his teeth upon me: my enemy hath beheld me with terrible eyes.

**11** They have opened their mouths upon me, and reproaching me they have struck me on the cheek, they are filled with my pains.

**12** God hath shut me up with the unjust man, and hath delivered me into the hands of the wicked.

**13** I that was formerly so wealthy, am all on a sudden broken to pieces: he hath taken me by my neck, he hath broken me, and hath set me up to be his mark.

**14** He hath compassed me round about with his lances, he hath wounded my loins, he hath not spared, and hath poured out my bowels on the earth.

**15** He hath torn me with wound upon wound, he hath rushed in upon me like a giant.

**16** I have sowed sackcloth upon my skin, and have covered my flesh with ashes.

**17** My face is swollen with weeping, and my eyelids are dim.

**18** These things have I suffered without the iniquity of my hand, when I offered pure prayers to God.

**19** O earth, cover not thou my blood, neither let my cry find a hiding place in thee.

**20** For behold my witness is in heaven, and he that knoweth my conscience is on high.

**21** My friends are full of words: my eye poureth out tears to God.

**22** And O that a man might so be judged with God, as the son of man is judged with his companion!

**23** For behold short years pass away, and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return.