

¹My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves are ready for me.²Are there not mockers with me? and doth not mine eye continue in their provocation?³Lay down now, put me in a surety with thee; who is he that will strike hands with me?⁴For thou hast hid their heart from understanding: therefore shalt thou not exalt them .⁵He that speaketh flattery to his friends, even the eyes of his children shall fail.⁶He hath made me also a byword of the people; and aforetime I was as a tabret.⁷Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow, and all my members are as a shadow.⁸Upright men shall be astonied at this, and the innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite.⁹The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.¹⁰But as for you all, do ye return, and come now: for I cannot find one wise man among you.¹¹My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart.¹²They change the night into day: the light is short because of darkness.¹³If I wait, the grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness.¹⁴I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.¹⁵And where is now my hope? as for my hope, who shall see it?¹⁶They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust.

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