

¹But Job answered and said,²Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together!³For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up.⁴For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.⁵Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder?⁶Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?⁷The things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat.⁸Oh that I might have my request; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for!⁹Even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off!¹⁰Then should I yet have comfort; yea, I would harden myself in sorrow: let him not spare; for I have not concealed the words of the Holy One.¹¹What is my strength, that I should hope? and what is mine end, that I should prolong my life?¹²Is my strength the strength of stones? or is my flesh of brass?¹³Is not my help in me? and is wisdom driven quite from me?¹⁴To him that is afflicted pity should be shewed from his friend; but he forsaketh the fear of the Almighty.¹⁵My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away;¹⁶Which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid:¹⁷What time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place.¹⁸The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to

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nothing, and perish.¹⁹ The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them.²⁰ They were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither, and were ashamed.²¹ For now ye are nothing; ye see my casting down, and are afraid.²² Did I say, Bring unto me? or, Give a reward for me of your substance?²³ Or, Deliver me from the enemy's hand? or, Redeem me from the hand of the mighty?²⁴ Teach me, and I will hold my tongue: and cause me to understand wherein I have erred.²⁵ How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove?²⁶ Do ye imagine to reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind?²⁷ Yea, ye overwhelm the fatherless, and ye dig a pit for your friend.²⁸ Now therefore be content, look upon me; for it is evident unto you if I lie.²⁹ Return, I pray you, let it not be iniquity; yea, return again, my righteousness is in it.³⁰ Is there iniquity in my tongue? cannot my taste discern perverse things?

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