

¹Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?²As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work:³So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me.⁴When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.⁵My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome.⁶My days are swifter than a weaver' shuttle, and are spent without hope.⁷O remember that my life is wind: mine eye shall no more see good.⁸The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more : thine eyes are upon me, and I am not.⁹As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more .¹⁰He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.¹¹Therefore I will not refrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.¹²Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?¹³When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint;¹⁴Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions:¹⁵So that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life.¹⁶I loathe it ; I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days are vanity.¹⁷What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?¹⁸And that thou shouldest visit

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him every morning, and try him every moment?¹⁹ How long wilt thou not depart from me, nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle?²⁰ I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burden to myself?²¹ And why dost thou not pardon my transgression, and take away mine iniquity? for now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be .