

¹My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my complaint upon myself; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.²I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore thou contendest with me.³Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress, that thou shouldest despise the work of thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?⁴Hast thou eyes of flesh? or seest thou as man seeth?⁵Are thy days as the days of man? are thy years as man's days,⁶That thou enquirest after mine iniquity, and searchest after my sin?⁷Thou knowest that I am not wicked; and there is none that can deliver out of thine hand.⁸Thine hands have made me and fashioned me together round about; yet thou dost destroy me.⁹Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay; and wilt thou bring me into dust again?¹⁰Hast thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me like cheese?¹¹Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews.¹²Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.¹³And these things hast thou hid in thine heart: I know that this is with thee.¹⁴If I sin, then thou markest me, and thou wilt not acquit me from mine iniquity.¹⁵If I be wicked, woe unto me; and if I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head. I am full of confusion; therefore see thou mine affliction;¹⁶For it increaseth. Thou huntest me as a fierce lion: and again thou shewest thyself marvellous upon me.¹⁷Thou renewest thy witnesses against me, and increasest thine indignation upon me; changes and war are against

¹قَدْ كَرِهْتُ نَفْسِي حَيَاتِي. أَسَيْبُ سَكَوَايَ. أَتَكَلِّمُ فِي مَرَارَةِ نَفْسِي قَائِلًا لِلَّهِ، لَا تَسْأَلْنِي. فَهَمِّي لِمَاذَا تُخَاصِمُنِي. أَحْسِنْ عِنْدَكَ أَنْ تَطْلِمَ، أَنْ تَزْدُلَ عَمَلَ يَدَيْكَ، وَتُشْرِقَ عَلَى مَشُورَةِ الْأَشْرَارِ. أَلَيْكَ عَيْنَا بَشَرٍ، أَمْ كَيْطَرِ الْإِنْسَانِ تَنْظُرُ. أَأَيَّامُكَ كَأَيَّامِ الْإِنْسَانِ، أَمْ سَيُوكَ كَأَيَّامِ الرَّجُلِ حَتَّى تَبْحَثَ عَنِ إِثْمِي وَتُقَسِّسَ عَلَى خَطِيئَتِي. فِي عِلْمِكَ أَنِّي لَسْتُ مُذْنِبًا، وَلَا مُنْقِدًا مِنْ يَدِكَ.⁸يَذَاكَ كَوْنَتَانِي وَصَنَعَتَانِي كُلِّي جَمِيعًا. أَفَتَبْلِيغُنِي. أَذْكَرُ أَنَّكَ حَيْلَتَنِي كَالطِّينِ. أَفَتُعِيدُنِي إِلَى التُّرَابِ. أَلَمْ تَصْنَعْ كَاللِّينِ وَخَرَّزْتَنِي كَالْجُبْنِ. كَسَوْتَنِي جِلْدًا وَلَحْمًا فَتَسْجَتَنِي بِعِطَامٍ وَعَصَبٍ. مَنَحْتَنِي حَيَاةً وَرَحْمَةً وَحَفِظْتَ عَيْنَايَ رُوحِي.¹³لَيْكُنْكَ كَتَمْتَ هَذِهِ فِي قَلْبِكَ. عَلِمْتُ أَنَّ هَذَا عِنْدَكَ. إِنْ أَخْطَأْتُ ثَلَاثِينَ وَلَا تُبْرِئَنِي مِنْ إِثْمِي. إِنْ أَذْنِبْتُ قَوْلٌ لِي. وَإِنْ تَبَرَّرْتُ لَا أَرْفَعُ رَأْسِي. إِنِّي سَبْعَانُ هَوَانًا وَتَاطِرٌ مَذَلَّتِي. وَإِنْ ارْتَفَعَ رَأْسِي تَصْطَادُنِي كَأَسَدٍ، ثُمَّ تَعُودُ وَتَتَجَبَّرُ عَلَيَّ.¹⁷تَجَدَّدُ شُهُودَكَ تُجَاهِي وَتَزِيدُ عَصَبَكَ عَلَيَّ. مَصَائِبُ وَجَيْشٍ ضِدِّي.¹⁸فَلِمَاذَا أَخْرَجْتَنِي مِنَ الرَّجَمِ. كُنْتُ قَدْ أَسْلَمْتُ الرُّوحَ وَلَمْ تَرِنِي عَيْنٌ.¹⁹فَكُنْتُ كَأَنِّي لَمْ أَكُنْ فَأَقَادَ مِنَ الرَّجَمِ إِلَى الْقَبْرِ.²⁰الْيَسْتُ أَيَّامِي قَلِيلَةً. انْزُكْ. كُفَّ عَنِّي فَأَبْتَسِمُ قَلِيلًا قَبْلَ أَنْ أَذْهَبَ وَلَا أَعُودَ. إِلَى أَرْضٍ ظُلْمَةٍ وَظِلٍّ الْمَوْتِ، أَرْضٍ ظَلَامٍ مِثْلَ دُجَى ظِلِّ الْمَوْتِ وَلَا تَرْتِبُ، وَإِسْرَافُهَا كَالدَّجَى.

me.¹⁸ Wherefore then hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? Oh that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me!¹⁹ I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave.²⁰ Are not my days few? cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little,²¹ Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death;²² A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.