

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

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him every morning, and try him every moment?<sup>19</sup> How long wilt thou not depart from me, nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle?<sup>20</sup> 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?<sup>21</sup> 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 .

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