

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