

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