

JOB CHAPTER 17

¹ "I perish, carried away by the wind, and I seek for burial, and do not obtain it. ² Weary, I intreat; and what have I done? And strangers have stolen my goods. ³ Who is this? Let him join hands with me. ⁴ For You have hid their heart from wisdom, therefore You shall not exalt them. ⁵ He shall promise mischief to *his* companions: but *their* eyes have failed for their children.

⁶ "But You have made me a byword among the nations, and I have become a scorn to them. ⁷ For my eyes are dimmed through pain; I have been grievously beset by all. ⁸ Wonder has seized true men upon this, and let the just rise up against the transgressor. ⁹ But let the faithful hold on his own way, and let him that is pure of hands take courage.

¹⁰ "How do you all strengthen *yourselves* and come now, for I do not find truth in you. ¹¹ My days have passed in groaning, and my heart strings are broken. ¹² I have turned the night into day: the light is short because of darkness. ¹³ For if I remain, Hades is my habitation: and my bed has been made in darkness. ¹⁴ I have called upon death to be my father, and corruption *to be* my mother and sister. ¹⁵ Where then is yet my hope? Or where shall I see my good? ¹⁶ Will they go down with me to Hades, or shall we go down together to the tomb?"