



Ketouvim (hagiographies) - Job

Chapter 10

- 10,1 My soul is weary of my life; I will give free course to my complaint; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.
10,2 I will say unto God: Do not condemn me; make me know wherefore Thou contendest with me.
10,3 Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldest oppress, that Thou shouldest despise the work of Thy hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?
10,4 Hast Thou eyes of flesh? or seest Thou as man seeth?
10,5 Are Thy days as the days of man, or Thy years as a man's days,
10,6 That Thou inquirest after mine iniquity, and searchest after my sin,
10,7 Although Thou knowest that I shall not be condemned; and there is none that can deliver out of Thy hand?
10,8 Thy hands have framed me and fashioned me together round about; yet Thou dost destroy me!
10,9 Remember, I beseech Thee, that Thou hast fashioned me as clay; and wilt Thou bring me into dust again?
10,10 Hast Thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me like cheese?
10,11 Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and knit me together with bones and sinews.
10,12 Thou hast granted me life and favour, and Thy providence hath preserved my spirit.
10,13 Yet these things Thou didst hide in Thy heart; I know that this is with Thee;
10,14 If I sin, then Thou markest me, and Thou wilt not acquit me from mine iniquity.
10,15 If I be wicked, woe unto me; and if I be righteous, yet shall I not lift up my head-- being filled with ignominy and looking upon mine affliction.
10,16 And if it exalt itself, Thou huntest me as a lion; and again Thou showest Thyself marvellous upon me.
10,17 Thou renewest Thy witnesses against me, and increasest Thine indignation upon me; host succeeding host against me.
10,18 Wherefore then hast Thou brought me forth out of the womb? Would that I had perished, and no eye had seen me!
10,19 I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave.
10,20 Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little,
10,21 Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death;
10,22 A land of thick darkness, as darkness itself; a land of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness.