



Ketouvim (hagiographies) - Job

Chapter 16

- 16,1 {S} Then Job answered and said:
16,2 I have heard many such things; sorry comforters are ye all.
16,3 Shall windy words have an end? Or what provoketh thee that thou answerest? {S} Then Job answered and said:
16,4 I also could speak as ye do; if your soul were in my soul's stead, I could join words together against you, and shake my head at you.
16,5 I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the moving of my lips would assuage your grief.
16,6 Though I speak, my pain is not assuaged; and though I forbear, what am I eased?
16,7 But now He hath made me weary; Thou hast made desolate all my company.
16,8 And Thou hast shrivelled me up, which is a witness against me; and my leanness riseth up against me, it testifieth to my face.
16,9 He hath torn me in His wrath, and hated me; He hath gnashed upon me with His teeth; mine adversary sharpeneth his eyes upon me.
16,10 They have gaped upon me with their mouth; they have smitten me upon the cheek scornfully; they gather themselves together against me.
16,11 God delivereth me to the ungodly, and casteth me into the hands of the wicked.
16,12 I was at ease, and He broke me asunder; yea, He hath taken me by the neck, and dashed me to pieces; He hath also set me up for His mark.
16,13 His archers compass me round about, He cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; He poureth out my gall upon the ground.
16,14 He breaketh me with breach upon breach; He runneth upon me like a giant.
16,15 I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and have laid my horn in the dust.
16,16 My face is reddened with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death;
16,17 Although there is no violence in my hands, and my prayer is pure.
16,18 O earth, cover not thou my blood, and let my cry have no resting-place.
16,19 Even now, behold, my Witness is in heaven, and He that testifieth of me is on high.
16,20 Mine inward thoughts are my intercessors, mine eye poureth out tears unto God;
16,21 That He would set aright a man contending with God, as a son of man setteth aright his neighbour!
16,22 For the years that are few are coming on, and I shall go the way whence I shall not return.