



## **Ketouvim (hagiographes) - Job**

### **Chapter 30**

- 30,1 But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I disdained to set with the dogs of my flock.
- 30,2 Yea, the strength of their hands, whereto should it profit me? men in whom ripe age is perished.
- 30,3 They are gaunt with want and famine; they gnaw the dry ground, in the gloom of wasteness and desolation.
- 30,4 They pluck salt-wort with wormwood; and the roots of the broom are their food.
- 30,5 They are driven forth from the midst of men; they cry after them as after a thief.
- 30,6 In the clefts of the valleys must they dwell, in holes of the earth and of the rocks.
- 30,7 Among the bushes they bray; under the nettles they are gathered together.
- 30,8 They are children of churls, yea, children of ignoble men; they were scourged out of the land.
- 30,9 And now I am become their song, yea, I am a byword unto them.
- 30,10 They abhor me, they flee far from me, and spare not to spit in my face.
- 30,11 For He hath loosed my cord, and afflicted me, and they have cast off the bridle before me.
- 30,12 Upon my right hand rise the brood; they entangle my feet, and they cast up against me their ways of destruction.
- 30,13 They break up my path, they further my calamity, even men that have no helper.
- 30,14 As through a wide breach they come; in the midst of the ruin they roll themselves upon me.
- 30,15 Terrors are turned upon me, they chase mine honour as the wind; and my welfare is passed away as a cloud.
- 30,16 And now my soul is poured out within me; days of affliction have taken hold upon me.
- 30,17 In the night my bones are pierced, and fall from me, and my sinews take no rest.
- 30,18 By the great force [of my disease] is my garment disfigured; it bindeth me about as the collar of my coat.
- 30,19 He hath cast me into the mire, and I am become like dust and ashes.
- 30,20 I cry unto Thee, and Thou dost not answer me; I stand up, and Thou lookest at me.
- 30,21 Thou art turned to be cruel to me; with the might of Thy hand Thou hatest me.
- 30,22 Thou liftest me up to the wind, Thou causest me to ride upon it; and Thou dissolvest my substance.
- 30,23 For I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.
- 30,24 Surely none shall put forth his hand to a ruinous heap, neither because of these things shall help come in one's calamity,
- 30,25 If I have not wept for him that was in trouble, and if my soul grieved not for the needy.
- 30,26 Yet, when I looked for good, there came evil; and when I waited for light, there came darkness.
- 30,27 Mine inwards boil, and rest not; days of affliction are come upon me.
- 30,28 I go mourning without the sun; I stand up in the assembly, and cry for help.
- 30,29 I am become a brother to jackals, and a companion to ostriches.
- 30,30 My skin is black, and falleth from me, and my bones are burned with heat.
- 30,31 Therefore is my harp turned to mourning, and my pipe into the voice of them that weep.