

Job / Job 30

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- 1 But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock.
- 2 Yea, whereto might the strength of their hands profit me, in whom old age was perished?
- 3 For want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste.
- 4 Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat.
- 5 They were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief;)
- 6 To dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks.
- 7 Among the bushes they brayed; under the nettles they were gathered together.
- 8 They were children of fools, yea, children of base men: they were viler than the earth.
- 9 And now am I their song, yea, I am their byword.
- 10 They abhor me, they flee far from me, and spare not to spit in my face.
- 11 Because he hath loosed my cord, and afflicted me, they have also let loose the bridle before me.
- 12 Upon my right hand rise the youth; they push away my feet, and they raise up against me the ways of their destruction.
- 13 They mar my path, they set forward my calamity, they have no helper.
- 14 They came upon me as a wide breaking in of waters: in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me.
- 15 Terrors are turned upon me: they pursue my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud.
- 16 And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me.
- 17 My bones are pierced in me in the night season: and my sinews take no rest.
- 18 By the great force of my disease is my garment changed: it bindeth me about as the collar of my coat.
- 19 He hath cast me into the mire, and I am become like dust and ashes.
- 20 I cry unto thee, and thou dost not hear me: I stand up, and thou regardest me not.
- 21 Thou art become cruel to me: with thy strong hand thou opposest thyself against me.
- 22 Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance.
- 23 For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.
- 24 Howbeit he will not stretch out his hand to the grave, though they cry in his destruction.
- 25 Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor?
- 26 When I looked for good, then evil came unto me: and when I waited for light, there came darkness.
- 27 My bowels boiled, and rested not: the days of affliction prevented me.
- 28 I went mourning without the sun: I stood up, and I cried in the congregation.
- 29 I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.
- 30 My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat.
- 31 My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.

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