

Job 6

Chapter 6

¹ **B**UT Job answered and said,

² Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together!

³ For now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea: therefore my words are swallowed up.

⁴ For the arrows of the Almighty *are* within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.

⁵ Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder?

⁶ Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt? or is there *any* taste in the white of an egg?

⁷ The things *that* my soul refused to touch *are* as my sorrowful meat.

⁸ Oh that I might have my request; and that God would grant *me* the thing that I long for!

⁹ Even that it would please God to destroy me; that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off!

¹⁰ Then should I yet have comfort; yea, I would harden myself in sorrow: let him not spare; for I have not concealed the words of the Holy One.

¹¹ What *is* my strength, that I should hope? and what *is*

mine end, that I should prolong my life?

¹² *Is my strength the strength of stones? or is my flesh of brass?*

¹³ *Is not my help in me? and is wisdom driven quite from me?*

¹⁴ *To him that is afflicted pity should be shewed from his friend; but he forsaketh the fear of the Almighty.*

¹⁵ *My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away;*

¹⁶ *Which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid:*

¹⁷ *What time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place.*

¹⁸ *The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing, and perish.*

¹⁹ *The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them.*

²⁰ *They were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither, and were ashamed.*

²¹ *For now ye are nothing; ye see my casting down, and are afraid.*

²² *Did I say, Bring unto me? or, Give a reward for me of your substance?*

²³ *Or, Deliver me from the enemy's hand? or, Redeem me from the hand of the mighty?*

²⁴ Teach me, and I will hold my tongue: and cause me to understand wherein I have erred.

²⁵ How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove?

²⁶ Do ye imagine to reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, *which are* as wind?

²⁷ Yea, ye overwhelm the fatherless, and ye dig *a pit* for your friend.

²⁸ Now therefore be content, look upon me; for *it is* evident unto you if I lie.

²⁹ Return, I pray you, let it not be iniquity; yea, return again, my righteousness *is* in it.

³⁰ Is there iniquity in my tongue? cannot my taste discern perverse things?