

# Job 7

## Chapter 7

<sup>1</sup> *IS there* not an appointed time to man upon earth? *are not* his days also like the days of an hireling?

<sup>2</sup> As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for *the reward of* his work:

<sup>3</sup> So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me.

<sup>4</sup> When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.

<sup>5</sup> My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome.

<sup>6</sup> My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

<sup>7</sup> O remember that my life *is* wind: mine eye shall no more see good.

<sup>8</sup> The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no *more*: thine eyes *are* upon me, and I *am* not.

<sup>9</sup> *As* the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no *more*.

<sup>10</sup> He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

<sup>11</sup> Therefore I will not refrain my mouth; I will speak in the

anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.

<sup>12</sup> *Am* I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?

<sup>13</sup> When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint;

<sup>14</sup> Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions:

<sup>15</sup> So that my soul chooseth strangling, *and* death rather than my life.

<sup>16</sup> I loathe *it*; I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days *are* vanity.

<sup>17</sup> What *is* man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?

<sup>18</sup> And *that* thou shouldest visit him every morning, *and* try him every moment?

<sup>19</sup> How long wilt thou not depart from me, nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle?

<sup>20</sup> I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burden to myself?

<sup>21</sup> And why dost thou not pardon my transgression, and take away mine iniquity? for now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I *shall* not *be*.