

# Job 9

## Chapter 9

<sup>1</sup> THEN Job answered and said,

<sup>2</sup> I know *it is* so of a truth: but how should man be just with God?

<sup>3</sup> If he will contend with him, he cannot answer him one of a thousand.

<sup>4</sup> *He is* wise in heart, and mighty in strength: who hath hardened *himself* against him, and hath prospered?

<sup>5</sup> Which removeth the mountains, and they know not: which overturneth them in his anger.

<sup>6</sup> Which shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble.

<sup>7</sup> Which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not; and seaeth up the stars.

<sup>8</sup> Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea.

<sup>9</sup> Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.

<sup>10</sup> Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.

<sup>11</sup> Lo, he goeth by me, and I see *him* not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not.

<sup>12</sup> Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? who will

say unto him, What doest thou?

<sup>13</sup> *If* God will not withdraw his anger, the proud helpers do stoop under him.

<sup>14</sup> How much less shall I answer him, *and* choose out my words *to reason* with him?

<sup>15</sup> Whom, though I were righteous, *yet* would I not answer, *but* I would make supplication to my judge.

<sup>16</sup> If I had called, and he had answered me; *yet* would I not believe that he had hearkened unto my voice.

<sup>17</sup> For he breaketh me with a tempest, and multiplieth my wounds without cause.

<sup>18</sup> He will not suffer me to take my breath, but filleth me with bitterness.

<sup>19</sup> If *I speak* of strength, lo, *he is* strong: and if of judgment, who shall set me a time *to plead*?

<sup>20</sup> If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me: *if I say*, I *am* perfect, it shall also prove me perverse.

<sup>21</sup> *Though I were* perfect, *yet* would I not know my soul: I would despise my life.

<sup>22</sup> This *is* one *thing*, therefore I said *it*, He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked.

<sup>23</sup> If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent.

<sup>24</sup> The earth is given into the hand of the wicked: he covereth the faces of the judges thereof; if not, where, *and*

who *is* he?

<sup>25</sup> Now my days are swifter than a post: they flee away, they see no good.

<sup>26</sup> They are passed away as the swift ships: as the eagle *that* hasteth to the prey.

<sup>27</sup> If I say, I will forget my complaint, I will leave off my heaviness, and comfort *myself*:

<sup>28</sup> I am afraid of all my sorrows, I know that thou wilt not hold me innocent.

<sup>29</sup> *If* I be wicked, why then labour I in vain?

<sup>30</sup> If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean;

<sup>31</sup> Yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me.

<sup>32</sup> For *he is* not a man, as I *am*, *that* I should answer him, *and* we should come together in judgment.

<sup>33</sup> Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, *that* might lay his hand upon us both.

<sup>34</sup> Let him take his rod away from me, and let not his fear terrify me:

<sup>35</sup> *Then* would I speak, and not fear him; but *it is* not so with me.