

# Job 16

## Chapter 16

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

<sup>2</sup> I have heard many such things: miserable comforters *are* ye all.

<sup>3</sup> Shall vain words have an end? or what emboldeneth thee that thou answerest?

<sup>4</sup> I also could speak as ye *do*: if your soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you.

<sup>5</sup> *But* I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the moving of my lips should assuage *your grief*.

<sup>6</sup> Though I speak, my grief is not asswaged: and *though* I forbear, what am I eased?

<sup>7</sup> But now he hath made me weary: thou hast made desolate all my company.

<sup>8</sup> And thou hast filled me with wrinkles, *which* is a witness *against me*: and my leanness rising up in me beareth witness to my face.

<sup>9</sup> He teareth *me* in his wrath, who hateth me: he gnasheth upon me with his teeth; mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me.

<sup>10</sup> They have gaped upon me with their mouth; they have smitten me upon the cheek reproachfully; they have gathered themselves together against me.

<sup>11</sup> God hath delivered me to the ungodly, and turned me over into the hands of the wicked.

<sup>12</sup> I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder: he hath also taken *me* by my neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark.

<sup>13</sup> His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground.

<sup>14</sup> He breaketh me with breach upon breach, he runneth upon me like a giant.

<sup>15</sup> I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust.

<sup>16</sup> My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids *is* the shadow of death;

<sup>17</sup> Not for *any* injustice in mine hands: also my prayer *is* pure.

<sup>18</sup> O earth, cover not thou my blood, and let my cry have no place.

<sup>19</sup> Also now, behold, my witness *is* in heaven, and my record *is* on high.

<sup>20</sup> My friends scorn me: *but* mine eye poureth out *tears* unto God.

<sup>21</sup> O that one might plead for a man with God, as a man *pleadeth* for his neighbour!

<sup>22</sup> When a few years are come, then I shall go the way *whence* I shall not return.