

# Job 17

## Chapter 17

<sup>1</sup> **M**Y breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the graves *are ready* for me.

<sup>2</sup> *Are there* not mockers with me? and doth not mine eye continue in their provocation?

<sup>3</sup> Lay down now, put me in a surety with thee; who *is* he *that* will strike hands with me?

<sup>4</sup> For thou hast hid their heart from understanding: therefore shalt thou not exalt *them*.

<sup>5</sup> He that speaketh flattery to *his* friends, even the eyes of his children shall fail.

<sup>6</sup> He hath made me also a byword of the people; and aforetime I was as a tabret.

<sup>7</sup> Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow, and all my members *are* as a shadow.

<sup>8</sup> Upright *men* shall be astonied at this, and the innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite.

<sup>9</sup> The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.

<sup>10</sup> But as for you all, do ye return, and come now: for I cannot find *one* wise *man* among you.

<sup>11</sup> My days are past, my purposes are broken off, *even* the thoughts of my heart.

<sup>12</sup> They change the night into day: the light *is* short because of darkness.

<sup>13</sup> If I wait, the grave *is* mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness.

<sup>14</sup> I have said to corruption, Thou *art* my father: to the worm, *Thou art* my mother, and my sister.

<sup>15</sup> And where *is* now my hope? as for my hope, who shall see it?

<sup>16</sup> They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when *our* rest together *is* in the dust.