

# Job 30

## Chapter 30

<sup>1</sup> **B**UT now *they that are* younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock.

<sup>2</sup> Yea, whereto *might* the strength of their hands *profit* me, in whom old age was perished?

<sup>3</sup> For want and famine *they were* solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste.

<sup>4</sup> Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots *for* their meat.

<sup>5</sup> They were driven forth from among *men*, (they cried after them as *after* a thief;)

<sup>6</sup> To dwell in the clifts of the valleys, *in* caves of the earth, and *in* the rocks.

<sup>7</sup> Among the bushes they brayed; under the nettles they were gathered together.

<sup>8</sup> *They were* children of fools, yea, children of base men: they were viler than the earth.

<sup>9</sup> And now am I their song, yea, I am their byword.

<sup>10</sup> They abhor me, they flee far from me, and spare not to spit in my face.

<sup>11</sup> Because he hath loosed my cord, and afflicted me, they have also let loose the bridle before me.

<sup>12</sup> Upon *my* right *hand* rise the youth; they push away my feet, and they raise up against me the ways of their destruction.

<sup>13</sup> They mar my path, they set forward my calamity, they have no helper.

<sup>14</sup> They came *upon me* as a wide breaking in *of waters*: in the desolation they rolled themselves *upon me*.

<sup>15</sup> Terrors are turned upon me: they pursue my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud.

<sup>16</sup> And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me.

<sup>17</sup> My bones are pierced in me in the night season: and my sinews take no rest.

<sup>18</sup> By the great force *of my disease* is my garment changed: it bindeth me about as the collar of my coat.

<sup>19</sup> He hath cast me into the mire, and I am become like dust and ashes.

<sup>20</sup> I cry unto thee, and thou dost not hear me: I stand up, and thou regardest me *not*.

<sup>21</sup> Thou art become cruel to me: with thy strong hand thou opposest thyself against me.

<sup>22</sup> Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me to ride *upon it*, and dissolvest my substance.

<sup>23</sup> For I know *that* thou wilt bring me *to* death, and *to* the house appointed for all living.

<sup>24</sup> Howbeit he will not stretch out *his* hand to the grave, though they cry in his destruction.

<sup>25</sup> Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was *not* my soul grieved for the poor?

<sup>26</sup> When I looked for good, then evil came *unto me*: and when I waited for light, there came darkness.

<sup>27</sup> My bowels boiled, and rested not: the days of affliction prevented me.

<sup>28</sup> I went mourning without the sun: I stood up, *and* I cried in the congregation.

<sup>29</sup> I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.

<sup>30</sup> My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat.

<sup>31</sup> My harp also is *turned* to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.