Job 16

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 And Job answered and said, 2 I have heard many such things: grievous comforters are ye all. 3 Shall words of wind have an end? or what provoketh thee that thou answerest? 4 I also could speak as ye: if your soul were in my soul's stead, I could join together words against you, and shake my head at you; 5 But I would encourage you with my mouth, and the solace of my lips should assuage your pain.

6 If I speak, my pain is not assuaged; and if I forbear, what am I eased? 7 But now he hath made me weary; ...thou hast made desolate all my family; 8 Thou hast shrivelled me up! it is become a witness; and my leanness riseth up against me, it beareth witness to my face. 9 His anger teareth and pursueth me; he gnasheth with his teeth against me; as mine adversary he sharpeneth his eyes at me. 10 They gape upon me with their mouth; they smite my cheeks reproachfully; they range themselves together against me. 11 *God hath delivered me over to the iniquitous man, and hurled me into the hands of the wicked. 12 I was at rest, but he hath shattered me; he hath taken me by the neck and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark. 13 His arrows encompass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground. 14 He breaketh me with breach upon breach; he runneth upon me like a mighty man. 15 I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and rolled my horn in the dust. 16 My face is red with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death;

17 Although there is no violence in my hands, and my prayer is pure. 18 O earth, cover not my blood, and let there be no place for my cry! 19 Even now, behold, my Witness is in the heavens, and he that voucheth for me is in the heights. 20 My friends are my mockers; mine eye poureth out tears unto +God. 21 Oh that there were arbitration for a man with +God, as a son of man for his friend! 22 For years few in number shall pass, --and I shall go the way whence I shall not return.