

Job 30

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to set with the dogs of my flock. **2** Yea, whereto should the strength of their hands profit me, men in whom vigour hath perished? **3** Withered up through want and hunger, they flee into waste places long since desolate and desert: **4** They gather the salt-wort among the bushes, and the roots of the broom for their food. **5** They are driven forth from among men --they cry after them as after a thief-- **6** To dwell in gloomy gorges, in caves of the earth and the rocks: **7** They bray among the bushes; under the brambles they are gathered together: **8** Sons of fools, and sons of nameless sires, they are driven out of the land. **9** And now I am their song, yea, I am their byword. **10** They abhor me, they stand aloof from me, yea, they spare not to spit in my face. **11** For he hath loosed my cord and afflicted me; so they cast off the bridle before me. **12** At my right hand rise the young brood; they push away my feet, and raise up against me their pernicious ways; **13** They mar my path, they set forward my calamity, without any to help them; **14** They come in as through a wide breach: amid the confusion they roll themselves onward.

15 Terrors are turned against me; they pursue mine honour as the wind; and my welfare is passed away like a cloud. **16** And now my soul is poured out in me; days of affliction have taken hold upon me. **17** The night pierceth through my bones and detacheth them from me, and my gnawing pains take no rest: **18** By their great force they have become my raiment; they bind me about as the collar of my coat. **19** He hath cast me into the mire, and I have become like dust and ashes. **20** I cry unto thee, and thou answerest me not; I stand up, and thou lookest at me. **21** Thou art changed to a cruel one to me; with the strength of thy hand thou pursuest me. **22** Thou liftest me up to the wind; thou causest me to be borne away, and dissolvest my substance. **23** For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and into the house of assemblage for all living. **24** Indeed, no prayer availeth when he stretcheth out his hand: though they cry when he destroyeth. **25** Did not I weep for him whose days were hard? was not my soul grieved for the needy? **26** For I expected good, and there came evil; and I waited for light, but there came darkness. **27** My bowels well up, and rest not; days of affliction have confronted me. **28** I go about blackened, but not by the sun; I stand up, I cry in the congregation. **29** I am become a brother to jackals, and a companion of ostriches. **30** My skin is become black and falleth off me, and my bones are parched with heat. **31** My harp also is turned to mourning, and my pipe into the voice of weepers.