Job 7

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 Hath not man a life of labour upon earth? and are not his days like the days of a hireling? 2 As a bondman earnestly desireth the shadow, and a hireling expecteth his wages, 3 So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me. 4 If I lie down, I say, When shall I rise up, and the darkness be gone? and I am full of tossings until the dawn. 5 My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and suppurates. 6 My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

7 Remember thou that my life is wind; mine eye shall no more see good. 8 The eye of him that hath seen me shall behold me no more: thine eyes are upon me, and I am not. 9 The cloud consumeth and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to Sheol shall not come up. 10 He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him again. 11 Therefore I will not restrain my mouth: I will speak in the anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my soul. 12 Am I a sea, or a sea-monster, that thou settest a watch over me? 13 When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; 14 Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions; 15 So that my soul chooseth strangling, death, rather than my bones. 16 I loathe it; I shall not live always: let me alone, for my days are a breath.

17 What is man, that thou makest much of him? and that thou settest thy heart upon him? 18 And that thou visitest him every morning, triest him every moment? 19 How long wilt thou not look away from me, nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle? 20 Have I sinned, what do I unto thee, thou Observer of men? Why hast thou set me as an object of assault for thee, so that I am become a burden to myself? 21 And why dost not thou forgive my transgression and take away mine iniquity? for now shall I lie down in the dust, and thou shalt seek me early, and I shall not be.