Job 10

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 My soul is weary of my life: I will give free course to my complaint; I will speak in the bitterness of my soul. 2 I will say unto +God, Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore thou strivest with me. 3 Doth it please thee to oppress, that thou shouldest despise the work of thy hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked? 4 Hast thou eyes of flesh? or seest thou as man seeth? 5 Are thy days as the days of a mortal? are thy years as a man's days, 6 That thou searchest after mine iniquity, and inquirest into my sin; 7 Since thou knowest that I am not wicked, and that there is none that delivereth out of thy hand?

8 Thy hands have bound me together and made me as one, round about; yet dost thou swallow me up! 9 Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as clay, and wilt bring me into dust again. 10 Hast thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me like cheese? 11 Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and knit me together with bones and sinews; 12 Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy care hath preserved my spirit; 13 And these things didst thou hide in thy heart; I know that this was with thee.

14 If I sinned, thou wouldest mark me, and thou wouldest not acquit me of mine iniquity. 15 If I were wicked, woe unto me! and righteous, I will not lift up my head, being so full of shame, and beholding mine affliction; -- 16 And it increaseth: thou huntest me as a fierce lion; and ever again thou shewest thy marvellous power upon me. 17 Thou renewest thy witnesses before me and increasest thy displeasure against me; successions of evil and a time of toil are with me. 18 And wherefore didst thou bring me forth out of the womb? I had expired, and no eye had seen me. 19 I should be as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave. 20 Are not my days few? cease then and let me alone, that I may revive a little, 21 Before I go, and never to return, --to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; 22 A land of gloom, as darkness itself; of the shadow of death, without any order, where the light is as thick darkness.