

Job 30

JPS [\[Online\]](#)

Job's Honor Turned to Contempt

¹But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, Whose fathers I disdained to set with the dogs of my flock.

²Yea, the strength of their hands, whereto should it profit me? Men in whom ripe age is perished.

³They are gaunt with want and famine; They gnaw the dry ground, in the gloom of wasteness and desolation.

⁴They pluck salt-wort with wormwood; And the roots of the broom are their food.

⁵They are driven forth from the midst of men; They cry after them as after a thief.

⁶In the clefts of the valleys must they dwell, In holes of the earth and of the rocks.

⁷Among the bushes they bray; Under the nettles they are gathered together.

8They are children of churls, yea, children of ignoble men; They were scourged out of the land.

9And now I am become their song, Yea, I am a byword unto them.

10They abhor me, they flee far from me, And spare not to spit in my face.

11For He hath loosed my cord, and afflicted me, And they have cast off the bridle before me.

12Upon my right hand rise the brood; They entangle my feet, And they cast up against me their ways of destruction.

13They break up my path, They further my calamity, Even men that have no helper.

14As through a wide breach they come; In the midst of the ruin they roll themselves upon me.

Job's Prosperity Becomes Calamity

15Terrors are turned upon me, They chase mine honour as the wind; And my welfare is passed away as a cloud.

16And now my soul is poured out within me; Days of affliction have taken hold upon me.

17In the night my bones are pierced, and fall from me, And my sinews take no rest.

18By the great force [of my disease] is my garment disfigured; It bindeth me about as the collar of my coat.

19He hath cast me into the mire, And I am become like dust and ashes.

20I cry unto Thee, and Thou dost not answer me; I stand up, and Thou lookest at me.

21Thou art turned to be cruel to me; With the might of Thy hand Thou hatest me.

22Thou liftest me up to the wind, Thou causest me to ride upon it; And Thou dissolvest my substance.

23For I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, And to the house appointed for all living.

24Surely none shall put forth his hand to a ruinous heap, Neither because of these things shall help come in one's calamity,

25If I have not wept for him that was in trouble, And if my soul grieved not for the needy.

26Yet, when I looked for good, there came evil; And when I waited for light, there came darkness.

27Mine inwards boil, and rest not; Days of affliction are come upon me.

28I go mourning without the sun; I stand up in the assembly, and cry for help.

29I am become a brother to jackals, And a companion to ostriches.

30 My skin is black, and falleth from me, And my bones are burned with heat.

31 Therefore is my harp turned to mourning, And my pipe into the voice of them that weep.