

## Book of Job Chapter 07

18\_JOB\_07\_01 [Is there] not an appointed time to man upon earth? [are not] his days also like the days of an hireling?

18\_JOB\_07\_02 As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for [the reward of] his work:

18\_JOB\_07\_03 So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me.

18\_JOB\_07\_04 When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.

18\_JOB\_07\_05 My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken, and become loathsome.

18\_JOB\_07\_06 My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.

18\_JOB\_07\_07 O remember that my life [is] wind: mine eye shall no more see good.

18\_JOB\_07\_08 The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no [more]: thine eyes [are] upon me, and I [am] not.

18\_JOB\_07\_09 [As] the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no [more].

18\_JOB\_07\_10 He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

18\_JOB\_07\_11 Therefore I will not refrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.

18\_JOB\_07\_12 [Am] I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?

18\_JOB\_07\_13 When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint;

18\_JOB\_07\_14 Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions:

18\_JOB\_07\_15 So that my soul chooseth strangling, [and] death rather than my life.

18\_JOB\_07\_16 I loathe [it]; I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days [are] vanity.

18\_JOB\_07\_17 What [is] man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?

18\_JOB\_07\_18 And [that] thou shouldest visit him every morning, [and] try him every moment?

18\_JOB\_07\_19 How long wilt thou not depart from me, nor let me alone till I swallow down my spittle?

18\_JOB\_07\_20 I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burden to myself?

18\_JOB\_07\_21 And why dost thou not pardon my transgression, and take away mine iniquity? for now shall I sleep in the dust; and thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I [shall] not [be].