

## Chapter 7

*Iob explicateth diuers calamities of mans life, and namely of his owne. 6. Supposing it not likelie that he shal returne to former prosperous ftate, 15. defireth to dye.*

**T**he life of man vpon earth is a <sup>a)</sup>warfare, & his daies, as the daies of an hyred man. <sup>2</sup> As a feruant defireth the shadow, & as the hired man taryeth for the end of his worke: <sup>3</sup> So I alfo haue had vayne monethes, and haue numbred to myself laborious nightes. <sup>4</sup> If I fleepe, I shal fay: When shal I arife? And agayne I shal expect the euening, and shal be replenished with forowes euen vntil darkenes. <sup>5</sup> My flesh is clothed with rotteneffe and filth of duft, my skinne is withered, & drawn together. <sup>6</sup> My daies haue paffed more fwiftly, then the webbe is cut of the weauer, and are confumed without anie hope. <sup>7</sup> Remember that my life is a winde, and myne eie shal not returne to fee good thinges. <sup>8</sup> Neither shal the fight of man behold me: thine eies vpon me, and I shal not ftand. <sup>9</sup> As a clowde is confumed, and paffeth away: fo he that shal defcend *Seol.* to hel shal not afcend. <sup>10</sup> Neither shal he returne anie more into his houle, neither shal his place know him anie more. <sup>11</sup> Wherefore I alfo wil not fpare my mouth, I wil fpeake in the tribulation of my fpirit: I wil talke with the bitterneffe of my foule. <sup>12</sup> Why, am I a fea, or a whale, that thou haft compaffed me with a prifon? <sup>13</sup> If I fay: My litle bed shal comfort me, and I shal be releued fpeaking with myself in my couch: <sup>14</sup> Thou wilt terrefie me by dreames, and by vifions shake me with horreur. <sup>15</sup> For the which thing my foule hath chofen hanging, and my bones death. <sup>16</sup> I haue defpayred. I

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<sup>a</sup> A fouldiar muft be alwayes readie to indure trauel, to be promptly obedient, content to be beaten by his fuperior with out al refiftance, vpon paine of his life, he is alwayes fubiect to cares, and to danger of death, and therfore muft euer be readie to dye.

shal now liue no longer: <sup>a)</sup>Spare me, for my daies are nothing. <sup>17</sup> What is man that thou magnifiest him? or why fetteft thou thy hart toward him? <sup>18</sup> Thou doest vifite him early, and fodenly thou proueft him. <sup>19</sup> How long doest thou not spare me, nor fuffer me that I fwallow my fpittle? <sup>20</sup> I haue finned, what shal I doe to thee ô keeper of men? why haft thou fette me contrarie to thee, and I am become burdenous to my felf? <sup>21</sup> Why doest thou not take away my finne, and why doest thou not take away mine iniquitie? Behold now I shal fleepe in the duft: and if thou feeke me in the morning, I shal not be.

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<sup>a</sup> Iuft Iob fuppofing he was at the point of death, prayed God to spare or *ceafe to* punifh him more, and to accept of that affliction which he had already fuffered. So the Church in behalf of foules departed in ftate of grace prayeth God to spare and ceafe from further punifhing them, and to geue them eternal reft.