

Chapter 16

Job moued by his importune freindes, 4. expoſtulateth their feueritie, 12. further deſcribeth his afflictions, and appealeth to Gods iudgement, that he ſuffereth more then his finnes deferue.

But Iob anſwering ſayd: ² I haue heard often times ſuch things, ^{a)} heauiſe comforters you are al. ³ Shal wordes ful of winde haue an end? or is anie thing troubleſome to thee, if thou ſpeake? ⁴ I alſo could ſpeake thinges like to you: and would God your foule were for my foule. ⁵ I alſo would comfort you with wordes, and would wag my head vpon you. ⁶ I would ſtrengthen you with my mouth, and would moue my lippes, as ſparing you. ⁷ But what ſhal I doe? If I ſpeake, my paine wil not reſt: and if I hold my peace, it wil not depart from me. ⁸ But now my forow hath oppreſſed me, and al my limmes are brought to nothing. ⁹ My wrinkles giue teſtimonie againſt me, and ^{b)} a falſe ſpeaker is rayſed vp againſt my face contradicting me. ¹⁰ He hath gathered his furie vpon me, and threatening me hath gnawed againſt me with his teeth, mine enemy hath beheld me with terrible eies. ¹¹ They haue opened their mouthes vpon me, and exprobatyng haue ſtrooken my cheke, they are filled with my paines. ¹² God hath ſhut me vp with the wicked man, and hath deliuered me to the hands of the impious. ¹³ I ſometyme that welthie one ſodenly am broken: he hath held my necke, broken me, and ſet me to himſelf as it were a marke. ¹⁴ He hath compaſſed me with his ſpeares, he hath wounded my loynes, he hath not ſpared, and hath powred out on the earth my bowels. ¹⁵ He hath cut me with wound vpon wound, he hath come violently vpon me as it were

^a True and freindlie comforters ought to heare the afflicted with patience, and not vnmercifully charge him with crimes which they neither know, nor his conſcience is guiltie of.

^b A great affliction, when one ful of paine and diſtreſſe is alſo forced to defend his owne innocencie againſt calumniators.

a giant. ¹⁶ I haue fowed sackcloth vpon my fkinne, and haue couered my flesh with ashes. ¹⁷ My face is fwollen with weeping, and my eyeliddes are dimme. ¹⁸ Thefe thinges haue I fuffred ^{a)}without the iniquitie of my hand, wheras I had cleane prayers to God. ¹⁹ Earth couer not my bloud, neither let my crie find place in thee to be hid. ²⁰ For behold my witneffe is in heauen, and he that knoweth my confcience on high. ²¹ My freindes ful of wordes: mine eie diftilleth vnto God. ²² And would God a man might fo be iudged with God, as the fonne of man is iudged with his companion. ²³ For behold the short yeares paffe away, and I walke the path, by the which I shal not returne.

^a As the aduerfaries ftill obiect great iniquitie to him fo he yeldeth them the fame true anfwer.