

Job 13

New King James Version (NKJV)

Job 13

1 “Behold, my eye has seen all this,
My ear has heard and understood it.

2 What you know, I also know;
I am not inferior to you.

3 But I would speak to the Almighty,
And I desire to reason with God.

4 But you forgers of lies,
You are all worthless physicians.

5 Oh, that you would be silent,
And it would be your wisdom!

6 Now hear my reasoning,
And heed the pleadings of my lips.

7 Will you speak wickedly for God,
And talk deceitfully for Him?

8 Will you show partiality for Him?
Will you contend for God?

9 Will it be well when He searches you out?

Or can you mock Him as one mocks a man?

10 He will surely rebuke you
If you secretly show partiality.

11 Will not His excellence make you afraid,
And the dread of Him fall upon you?

12 Your platitudes are proverbs of ashes,
Your defenses are defenses of clay.

13 “Hold your peace with me, and let me speak,
Then let come on me what may!

14 Why do I take my flesh in my teeth,
And put my life in my hands?

15 Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.
Even so, I will defend my own ways before Him.

16 He also shall be my salvation,
For a hypocrite could not come before Him.

17 Listen carefully to my speech,
And to my declaration with your ears.

18 See now, I have prepared my case,
I know that I shall be vindicated.

19 Who is he who will contend with me?
If now I hold my tongue, I perish.

Job's Despondent Prayer

- 20 "Only two things do not do to me,
Then I will not hide myself from You:
- 21 Withdraw Your hand far from me,
And let not the dread of You make me afraid.
- 22 Then call, and I will answer;
Or let me speak, then You respond to me.
- 23 How many are my iniquities and sins?
Make me know my transgression and my sin.
- 24 Why do You hide Your face,
And regard me as Your enemy?
- 25 Will You frighten a leaf driven to and fro?
And will You pursue dry stubble?
- 26 For You write bitter things against me,
And make me inherit the iniquities of my youth.
- 27 You put my feet in the stocks,
And watch closely all my paths.
You set a limit[a] for the soles of my feet.
- 28 "Man[b] decays like a rotten thing,
Like a garment that is moth-eaten.