

**Job answered Bildad the Shuhite and said:**

**Oh, would that my words were written down!**

**Would that they were inscribed in a record:**

**That with an iron chisel and with lead**

**they were cut in the rock forever!**

**But as for me, I know that my Vindicator lives,**

**and that he will at last stand forth upon the dust;**

**Whom I myself shall see:**

**my own eyes, not another's, shall behold him;**

**And from my flesh I shall see God;**

**my inmost being is consumed with longing.**

**The word of the Lord.**