19:1, 23-27a

## A reading from the Book of Job

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.