

Job Suite

Michael Card

Blameless and upright, a fearer of God
A man truly righteous, no pious facade
One about whom God was accustomed to boast
And so one whom Satan desired the most
One day the accuser came breathing out lies
"It's Your holy handouts, his faithfulness buys"
In one desperate day his possessions were lost
His children all killed in one raw holocaust
His children all killed in one raw holocaust
And yet through it all
Through the tears and pain
He worshiped his God Found no reason to blame
Once more the Deceiver denounced and decried
"It's skin for skin, and hide for hide,
Strike down his flesh and he'll surely deny
And confess that his praying has all been a lie."
"Very well, take him," the Holy One sighed
But you must spare his life, my son shall not die
So Job was afflicted with terrible sores
Sat down in the ashes to wait for the Lord
Sat down in the ashes to wait for the Lord
And yet through it all Through the tears and pain
He worshiped his God Found no reason to blame

A throne of ashes
A crown of pain
A sovereign of sorrow
A mournful reign
May the day of my birth be remembered no more

May darkness and shadow come and claim it once more

Why did I not perish on that dreadful day

And sleep now where kings and counselors lay

What I dreaded most has now come upon me

Why is light given those in misery?

I loathe my own life, so my tears fall like rain

As I find that there is no peace in my pain

Lord, send a Comforter now to my door

So that this terror will frighten no more

A Counselor between us, to come bear my oath

Someone who could lay a hand on us both

These friends of mine are no comfort to me

So deafly they listen, so blindly they see

Their words and their doctrine, they all sound so true

The problem is Lord, they're all wrong about you!

I know my Advocate waits upon high

My Witness in heaven sees the tears that I cry

A true intercessor who will condescend

To plead with God as a man pleads for his friend

If I've been untrue, if I've robbed the poor

If I'm without guilt, what am I suffering for?

God would not crush me for some secret sin

And though He slay me still I'll trust in Him

I know now that my Redeemer's alive

He'll stand on this earth on the day He arrives

And though my own body by then is no more

Yet in my flesh I know, I'll see the Lord

I'll see the Lord,

I'll see the Lord

Who is it that darkens my counsel?

Who speaks empty words without knowledge?

Brace yourself up like a man

And answer me now, if you can

Can you put on glory and splendor?

What's the way to the home of the light?

Does your voice sound like the thunder?

Are you not afraid?

Where were you when earth's foundations were laid?

Who gave the heart its wisdom?

The mind its desire to know?

Can you bind the stars?

Raise your voice to the clouds?

Did you make the eagle proud?

Will the ox spend the night by your manger?

Did you let the wild donkey go free?

Can you take leviathan home as a pet?

If you merely touched him, you'd never forget

Who is it that darkens my counsel?

Who speaks empty words without knowledge?

Brace yourself up like a man

And answer me now, if you can

I am unworthy, how can I reply?

There's nothing that you cannot do

You are the storm that calmed my soul

I place my hand over my mouth

I place my hand over my mouth