

## Job14

14 "Mortals, born of woman, are of few days and full of trouble.

2 They spring up like flowers and wither away; like fleeting shadows, they do not endure.

3 Do you fix your eye on them? Will you bring them[a] before you for judgment?

4 Who can bring what is pure from the impure? No one!

5 A person's days are determined; you have decreed the number of his months and have set limits he cannot exceed.

6 So look away from him and let him alone, till he has put in his time like a hired laborer.

7 "At least there is hope for a tree: If it is cut down, it will sprout again, and its new shoots will not fail.

8 Its roots may grow old in the ground and its stump die in the soil,

9 yet at the scent of water it will bud and put forth shoots like a plant.

10 But a man dies and is laid low; he breathes his last and is no more.

11 As the water of a lake dries up or a riverbed becomes parched and dry,

12 so he lies down and does not rise; till the heavens are no more, people will not awake or be roused from their sleep.

13 "If only you would hide me in the grave and conceal me till your anger has passed! If only you would set me a time and then remember me!

14 If someone dies, will they live again? All the days of my hard service I will wait for my renewal[b] to come.

15 You will call and I will answer you; you will long for the creature your hands have made.

16 Surely then you will count my steps but not keep track of my sin.

17 My offenses will be sealed up in a bag; you will cover over my sin.

18 "But as a mountain erodes and crumbles and as a rock is moved from its place,

19 as water wears away stones and torrents wash away the soil, so you destroy a person's hope.

20 You overpower them once for all, and they are gone; you change their countenance and send them away.

21 If their children are honored, they do not know it; if their offspring are brought low, they do not see it.

22 They feel but the pain of their own bodies and mourn only for themselves."