

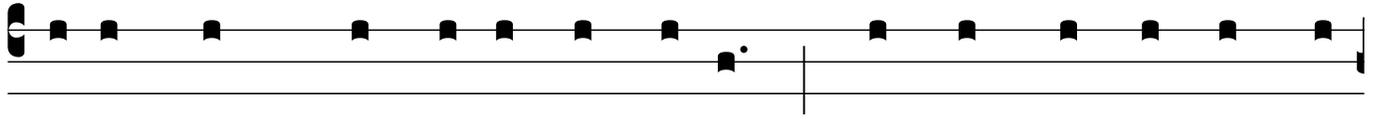
Job 4:12-21

Service for All Hallows' Eve 2

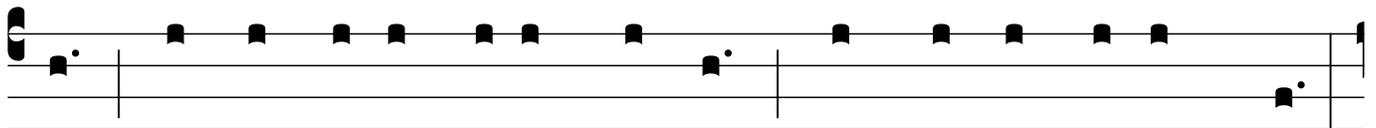


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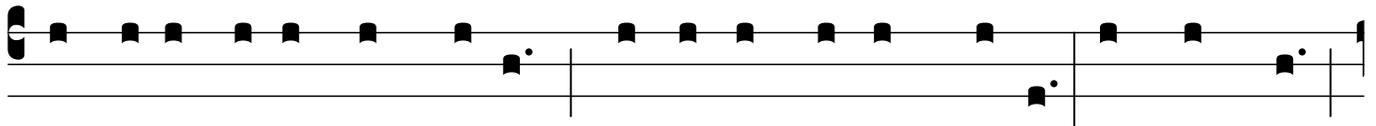
Now a word came steal-ing to me; my ear re-ceived the whisper of it.



Amid thoughts from vi-sions of the night, when deep sleep falls on mor-



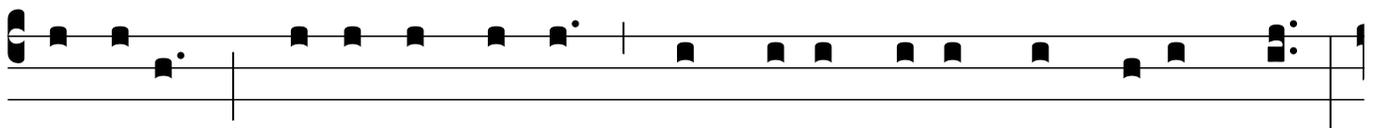
als, dread came up-on me and trembling, which made all my bones shake.



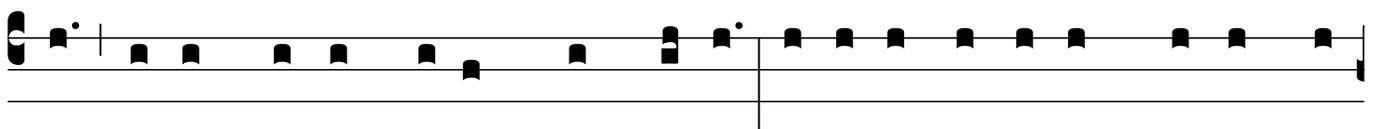
A spir-it glid-ed past my face; the hair of my flesh bristled. It stood still,



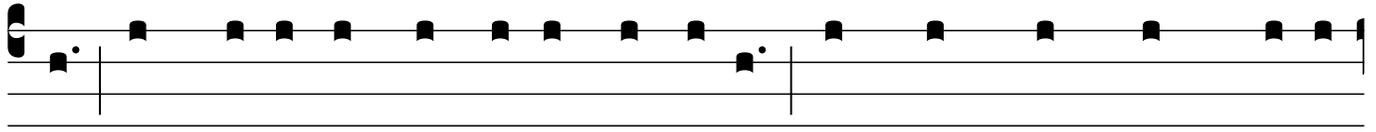
but I could not discern its appear-ance. A form was be-fore my eyes; there



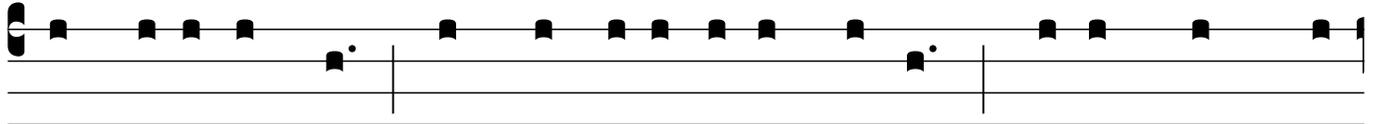
was si-lence; then I heard a voice: ‘Can mortals be righteous be-fore God?



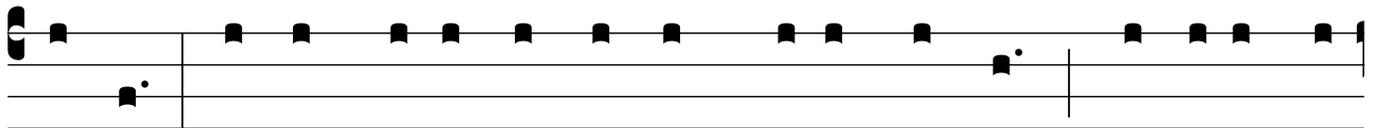
Can humans be pure be-fore their Mak-er? E-ven in his servants he puts no



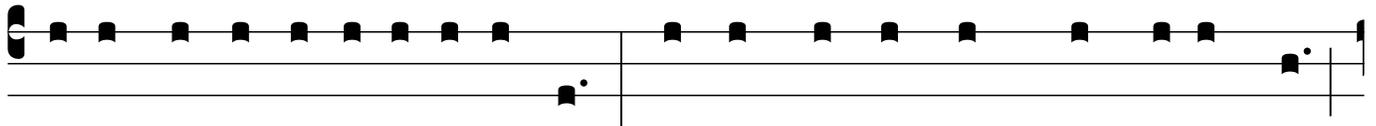
trust, and his angels he charges with error; how much more those who live



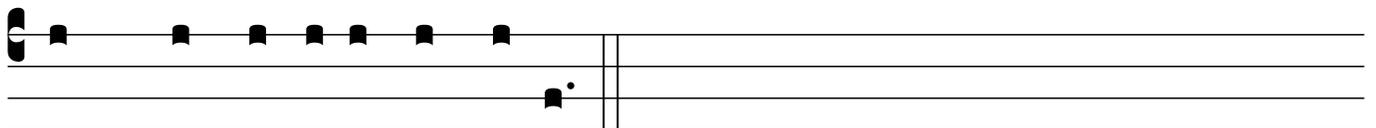
in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, who are crushed like



a moth. Between morning and evening they are destroyed; they per-ish for-



ev-er without an-y re-garding it. Their tent cord is plucked up within them,



and they die devoid of wisdom.””