

# Anthem from Job Chapter 7

A 11

for a Funeral.

ALTO extracted part

B $\flat$  Clarinet

## A Chorus

Counter  Is there not an ap - poin - ted time to man u - pon earth? Are not his

7



days al - so like the days of an hire - ling?

11

### Tenor Solo




21

Altos  Chorus  1. | 2. |  
and wea - ri - some nights, and wea - ri - some nights are ap - poin - ted to me, to me.

28

## B Chorus




When I lie down I say,

36



"When shall I a - rise and the night be gone?" I'm full of toss - ings


43




to and fro un - to the dawn - ing of the day.

48

## C Duet: Alto & Bass

Ctr.  My flesh is cloth'd with worms, my


52



skin is bro - - - ken and be - come loath - some.

56

## Chorus

Ctr.  I loathe it! I would not, I

61

would not live al - way, I would not live al - way.

67 **D Trio A-T-B Slow**

Ctr. 

Let me a - lone, for my days are va - ni - ty, my days are va - ni - ty.

75 **Treble Solo**

Ctr.

82 **E Chorus**

Ctr. 

O re - mem - ber that my life is wind, mine eye shall no more see good.

90

As the cloud is con - su - med and va - nish - eth a - way, so he that go - eth down to the

97

grave shall come up no more, for now shall I sleep in the dust and

106 **Slow (2nd time)**

1. thou shalt seek me in the mor - ning, but I shall not be, 2. be.