

Anthem from Job Chapter 7
for a Funeral.

A 11

TENOR extracted part


B \flat Clarinet

A Chorus

Tenor  8 Is there not an ap - poin - ted time to man up - on earth? Are not his

7  8 days al - so like the days of an hire - ling?

11 Tenor Solo


Tenor  8 I'm made to pos - sess months of va - - - ni - ty, and

16  8 wea - ri - some nights are ap - poin - - - ted to me,


21 Alto Solo Chorus

Ten.  8 and wea - ri - some nights are ap - poin - ted to me, to me.

28 B Chorus

 8 When I lie down I say,

36  8 "When shall I a - rise and the night be gone?" I'm full of tos - sings


43  8 to and fro un - to the dawn - ing of the day.

48 Duet Alto & Bass

 8

(56) **Chorus**


Ten.  8 I loathe it! I would not live al-way, live al-way, I

(61)  8 would not live al-way, I loathe it! I would not live al-way.

(67) **D Trio: A - T - B Slow**


Ten.  8 Let me a-lone, for my days are va-ni-ty, my days are va-ni-ty.

(75) **Treble Solo**

Ten.  8

(82) **E Chorus**

Ten.  8 O re-mem-ber that my life my life is wind, mine eye shall no more see good. As the

(90)  8 cloud is con-su-med and va-nish-eth a-way, so he that go-eth down to the

(97)  8 grave shall come up no more, for now shall I sleep, shall I sleep in the dust and thou shalt seek me

(106) **Slow (2nd time)**

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