


Anthem from Job Chapter 7
for a Funeral.

A 11

TENOR extracted part

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?

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,


Alto Solo Chorus

Ten.  8 and wea - risome nights are ap - pointed to me, to me.

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.

Duet Alto & Bass

 8

(56) **Chorus**

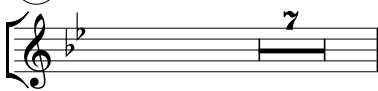
Ten.  8 I loathe it! I would not live al - way, live al - way, I

(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**

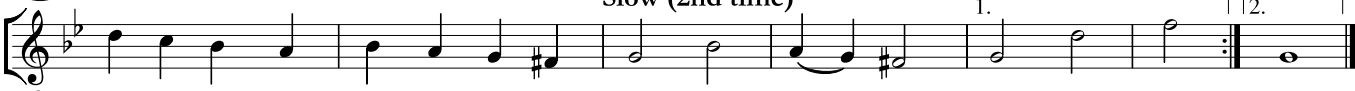
Ten.  8 O re - mem - ber that my life my life is wind, mine eye shall no more see good. As the

(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.