


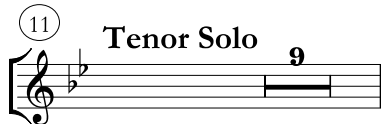
Anthem from Job Chapter 7  
for a Funeral.

ALTO extracted part

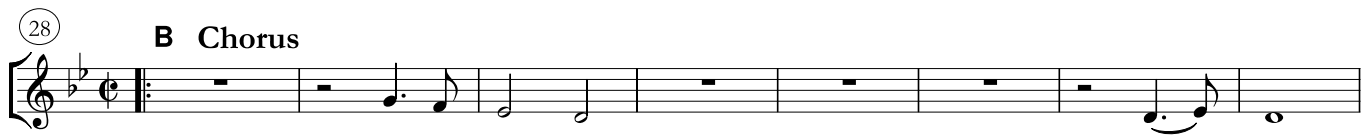
**A Chorus**

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


(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**  My flesh is cloth'd with worms, my

(52)  skin is bro - - - ken and be - come loath - some.


(56) **Chorus**  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.