

Anthem from Job Chapter 7

for a Funeral.

TENOR extracted part

B_b Clarinet

A 11

A Chorus

Tenor

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

(7)

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

⑪ Tenor Solo

Tenor

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

(16)

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

21 Alto Solo

Chorus

Ten.

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 tos-sings

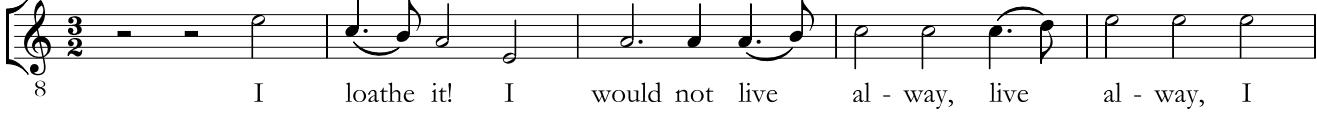
(43)

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

48 Duet Alto & Bass

8

(56) **Chorus**

Ten. 

I loathe it! I would not live al-way, live al-way, I

(61)



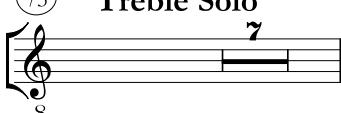
would not live al-way, I loathe it! I would not live al-way.

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

Ten. 

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

(75) **Treble Solo**

Ten. 

(82) **E Chorus**

Ten. 

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

(90)



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, shall I sleep in the dust and thou shalt seek me

(106)



Slow (2nd time)

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

2.