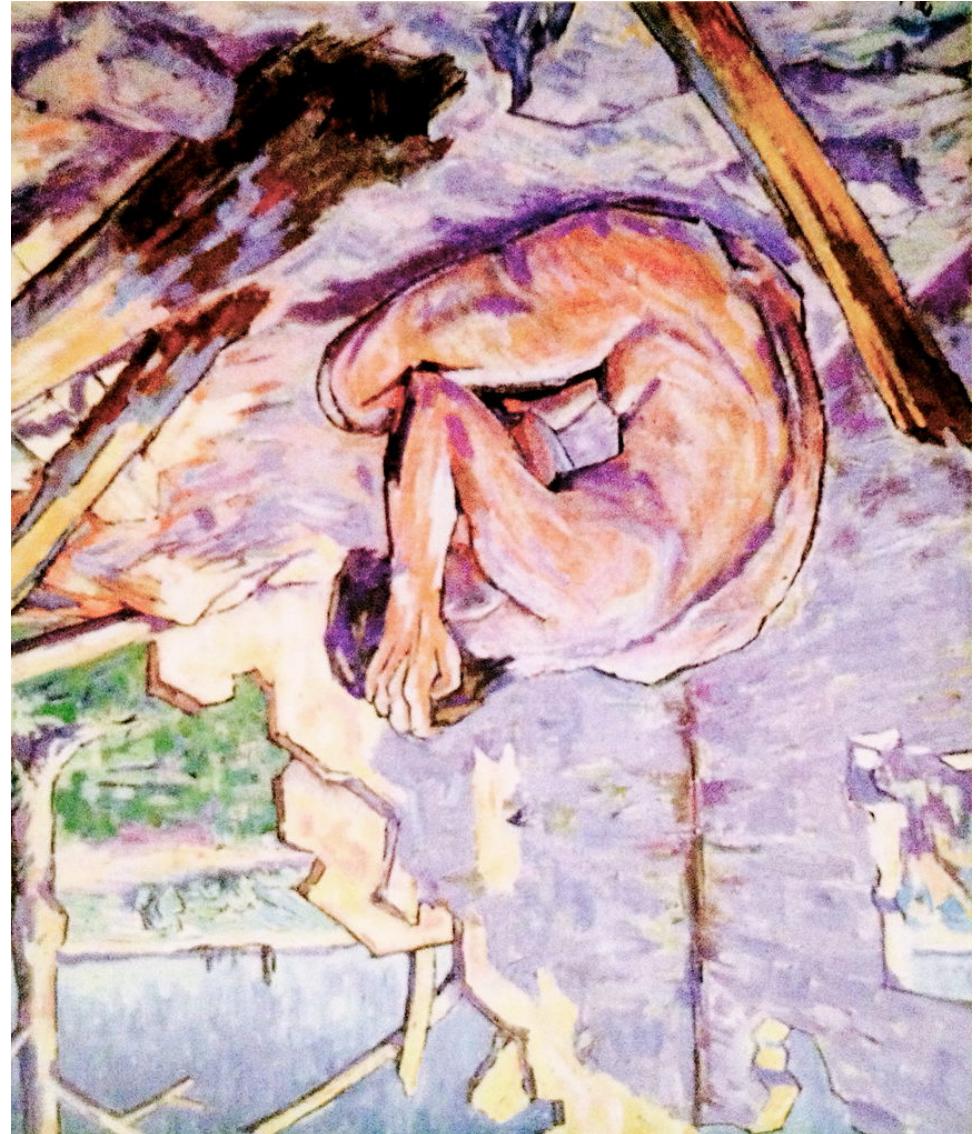


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<http://eschenlauer.com/music/jobSatUponTheAshHeap/satb/>



Job Sat Upon the Ash Heap

A song for Baritone written by Arthur Eschenlauer

Piano accompaniment by F. Michael Klime

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Otto_Rahm_%22Hirb%22,_1951.JPG
Cover Image: Otto Rahm, "Hirb", 1951.

Practice video (instrumental SATB parts with synthesized piano):

<https://youtu.be/B1JcaqEqrUc>

or, equivalently, at

<https://tinyurl.com/jobSatPractice>

Practice part emphasizing Soprano
<https://youtu.be/UChjBHR2epkM> = <https://tinyurl.com/jobSatSoprano>

Practice part emphasizing Alto
<https://youtu.be/OIdoF05sqao> = <https://tinyurl.com/jobSatAlto>

Practice part emphasizing Tenor
<https://youtu.be/lg3AW0cnLM> = <https://tinyurl.com/jobSatTenor>

Practice part emphasizing Bass
<https://youtu.be/4VqAbVMQ0ps> = <https://tinyurl.com/jobSatBass>

Video (recording of arrangement for solo Baritone and Piano):
<https://youtu.be/OKWqMfxvzo>

Job struggles to explain why he suffers so much.

Conventional wisdom proclaimed that one must suffer for what he has done wrong. Job believes this, and yet he still suffers, even when he tried to do everything right. But, because he believes that God is just, he asks God to explain why God is making him suffer so horribly.

I met a priest who had left the ministry and entered law school, so I asked him what his perspective on divine justice is. He said:

Job is sitting in the garbage dump, scraping the boils on his skin with a broken piece of pottery, and he cries out to God, 'What did I do to deserve this?' God comes in a whirlwind and replies ... 'Nothing'. But where the story really ends is several thousand years later, when God comes to earth as one of us to tell Job, 'Move over. Make room on the garbage heap for Me, too. Because I will not make your suffering go away, but I will share it with you, I will experience it completely, and I will be there to strengthen you in your struggle.' God does not cause the suffering; God participates in the recovery.

The musical score consists of four staves of piano music. The top staff is for the right hand (treble clef) and the bottom staff is for the left hand (bass clef). The middle two staves are for the piano's harmonic system (pedal or basso continuo). The music is in common time, with various key signatures (G major, F# major, B major, G major, B major, F# major, B major, F# major). The score includes lyrics from the Book of Job, such as "each one whom I cre - at - ed. I come to be their strength, not to con - demn them.", "Job rose up from the ashheap and cast a - way his pot shard.", and "God had no quar - rel with him and showed how much God loved him." The dynamics range from *p* (pianissimo) to *f* (fortissimo), and the tempo changes include *molto rit. ma poco a poco*, *a tempo*, and *molto rit. ma poco a poco*.

Job Sat Upon the Ash Heap

$\text{♩} = 100$

Bar.

poco rit. a tempo piano
Job sat up-on the ash heap and scraped his sores with a potshard. He was a faith-ful man, even when fac-ing dis-as-ter.

9

rit. a fermari, a tempo
was a faith-ful man, even when fac-ing dis-as-ter.

18

poco a poco a tempo
"job, I love you. I do not cause your

rit. a fermari, a tempo
Sa - tan said to God, "I have not seen a righteous

13

poco a poco a tempo
Sa - tan said to God, "I have not seen a righteous

Bar.

When I see you suf-fer, job, I suffer, too. I care for My chil-dren,

19

suf-fering. When I see you suf-fer, job, I suffer, too. I care for My chil-dren,

Bar.

man." God said, "Look up-on my ser-vant, job. He is peer-less in his faith."

Pn.

Bar.

<

mp

He
Job sat up-on the ash heap and scraped his sores with a potshard. He

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

When I see you suf-fer, job, I suffer, too. I care for My chil-dren,

87

Bar.

man." God said, "Look up-on my ser-vant, job. He is peer-less in his faith."

Pn.

Bar.

>

mp

Job sat up-on the ash heap and scraped his sores with a potshard. He

poco rit.

When I see you suf-fer, job, I suffer, too. I care for My chil-dren,

88

Bar.

man." God said, "Look up-on my ser-vant, job. He is peer-less in his faith."

Pn.

Bar.

<

mp

Job sat up-on the ash heap and scraped his sores with a potshard. He

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24

Bar.

mf

Then Sa - tan said to God, "If I take a-way his wealth, his

Pn.

mp

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

29

Bar.

f rit. poco a poco

f

p

sfp

a tempo

p

health, his precious children, then, sure - ly, he will curse you." Job

Pn.

mf

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

35

Bar.

mp

p

mp

p

sat up-on the ash heap and scraped his sores with a pot shard. He was a faith-ful

Pn.

mp

p

mp

p

p

mp

p

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

41

Bar.

mp

p

man, ev-en when fac-ing dis - as - ter. "Oh,

Pn.

mp

p

pp

p

mp

p

mp

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

48

Bar.

mp

p

mp

Lord, why me? Why have you made me your en - e - my?

Pn.

p

8

8

mp

mf

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

53

Bar.

mf

f

mf

My health, my flocks, my ten beau-ti - ful child - ren!

Pn.

f

8

8

3

f

mf

f

mf

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

58

Bar.

mp

mf

mp

— Oh, Lord! Why me? What have I done to de - serve this fate? I have

Pn.

mp

f

mp

f

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*

63

Bar.

f

molto rit.

a tempo

mf

mp

tried hard to serve You! I don't think I've failed You. Treat me just - ly!"

Pn.

mf

f

mf

3

3

mf

a tempo

mf

mp

R&d. *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.* *R&d.*