

Cover Image: Otto Rahm, “Hib”, 1951.
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Practice video (instrumental SATB parts with synthesized piano):
<https://youtu.be/BLJcaqFqrUc>
or, equivalently, at <https://tinyurl.com/JobSatPractice>

Practice part emphasizing Soprano <https://youtu.be/UCjBhR2epkM> = <https://tinyurl.com/JobSatSoprano>
Practice part emphasizing Alto <https://youtu.be/OldoF05sqao> = <https://tinyurl.com/JobSatAlto>

Practice part emphasizing Tenor <https://youtu.be/1g3AW0cnleM> = <https://tinyurl.com/JobSatTenor>
Practice part emphasizing Bass <https://youtu.be/4Vg4bvMkOhk> = <https://tinyurl.com/JobSatBass>

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

Job Sat Upon the Ash Heap

A song for Baritone written by Arthur Eschenlauer
Piano accompaniment by F. Michel Kline



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

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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.

94 *mp* *p*

Bar. each one whom I cre - at - ed. I come to be their strength, not to con - demn them."

Pn. *pp*

100 *molto rit. ma poco a poco* *p* *a tempo* *f* *mf*

Bar. Job rose up from the ashheap and cast a - way his pot shard.

Pn. *molto rit. ma poco a poco* *f* *p* *f*

106 *mp*

Bar. God had no quar - rel with him and showed how much God loved him.

Pn. *mp* *mf* *mp*

111 *molto rit. ma poco a poco* *f* *mf*

Bar. Pn.

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

p *mf* *mp*

poco rit. a tempo

Bar. Pn.

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

mf *p* *poco rit.*

Bar. Pn.

rit. a fermarsi, poco a poco *a tempo* "Job, I love you. I do not cause your

p

Bar. Pn.

suffering. When I see you suf-fer, Job, I suffer, too. I care for My children,

mp *p*

Job Sat Upon the Ash Heap

Baritone Piano

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

p *mp* *p* *mp* *mp*

Bar. Pn.

potshard. He was a faith-ful man, even when fac-ing dis-as-ter.

p *mp* *p* *mp* *p* *du*

Bar. Pn.

Sa-tan said to God, "I have not seen a right-eous

mf *f*

Bar. Pn.

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

mp *mf* *du* *mf*

24 *mf*

Bar. Then Sa - tansaid to God, "If I take a-way his wealth, his

Pn. *mp*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

29 *f* *rit. poco a poco* *f* *p* *sf* *p* *a tempo* *p*

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

Pn. *mf* *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

35 *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

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

Pn. *mp* *p* *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

41 *mp* *p* *p*

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

Pn. *mp* *pp* *p* *mp* *p* *mp*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

48 *mp* *p* *mp*

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

Pn. *p* *mp* *mf*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

53 *mf* *f* *mf* *p*

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

Pn. *mp* *f*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

58 *mp* *mf* *mp*

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

Pn. *mp* *f*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

63 *f* *molto rit.* *a tempo* *mf* *mp*

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

Pn. *mf* *f* *mf* *mp*

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.