

Golgotha

86. 86. 86. 86. (C. M. D.)
Isaac Watts, 1709 (Hymn 63)

F minor
William Billings, 1781

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1. Hark! from the tombs, a dole-ful sound, My ears at - tend the cry. Ye liv - ing

2. Great God! Is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walk-ing

men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly die. Prin - ces, this clay must

down - ward to our tomb, And yet pre - pare no more? Grant us the powers of

be your bed, In spite of all your towers, The tall, the wise, the

quick-ening grace, To fit our souls to fly. Then, when we drop this

reve - rend head must lie as low as ours.

dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky.