

86. 86. 86. 86. (C. M. D.)

Isaac Watts, 1709 (Hymn 63, Book 2)

Golgotha

No copyright. Transcribed from The Psalm-Singer's Amusement, 1781.

F minor

William Billings, 1781

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

5 10 15

1. Hark! From the tombs a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry. Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly die.

2. Great God! Is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walking downward to our tomb, And yet prepare no more?

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

20

1. Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers. The tall, the wise, the reverend head must lie as low as ours.

2. Grant us the powers of quickening grace, To fit our souls to fly. Then, when we drop this dying flesh, we'll rise above the sky.