

# Hopkinton

Transcribed from *The Harmonist's Companion*, 1797.

1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound; My ears, \_\_\_ at - tend the cry; Ye li - ving men, come view the ground \_ Where you must short - - - ly lie.

2. 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!

3. Great God! is this our certain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walking downward to our tomb, \_\_\_ And yet pre - pare \_\_\_\_\_ no more?

4. Grant us the powers of quic kening grace, To fit \_\_\_ our souls \_\_\_\_\_ to fly, Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, \_ We'll rise \_\_\_\_\_ a - bove \_\_\_\_\_ the sky.