

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 63, Book 2)

86. 86. (C. M.)

Buxton
Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

D minor

Jacob French, 1789

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound: My ears, at - tend the cry: Ye li - ving
2. Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the
3. Great God, is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still wal - king
4. Grant us the powers of quick-en ing grace, To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we

men, come view _____ the ground Where you must short - ly lie.
wise, the re - verend head tomb, Must lie as low as ours!
down - ward to _____ the And yet pre - pare no more?
drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky.