

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 63, Book 2)

86. 86. (C. M.)

Buxton

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

D minor

Jacob French, 1789

Tr. 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 shortly lie.

C. 2. Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the re - - - verend 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 prepare no more?

T. 4. Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we drop this dy - - - ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky.

B.