

Tr. 5  
1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound; My ears, at – tend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie. Princes, this clay must

C.

T. 8  
2. Great God! is this our certain doom? And are we still se – cure? Still walking downward to our tomb, And yet prepare no more? Grant us the powers of

B.

10 15  
Tr. be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reverend head Must lie \_\_\_\_\_ as low as ours!

C.

T. 8 quickening grace, To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we drop this dy – ing flesh, We'll rise \_\_\_\_\_ a – bove the sky.

B.