


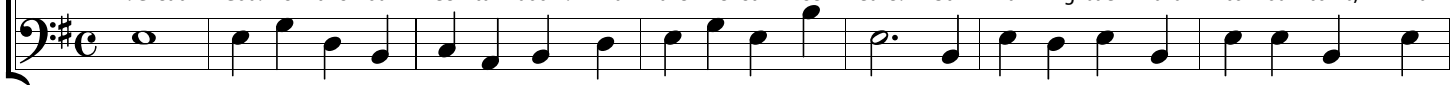
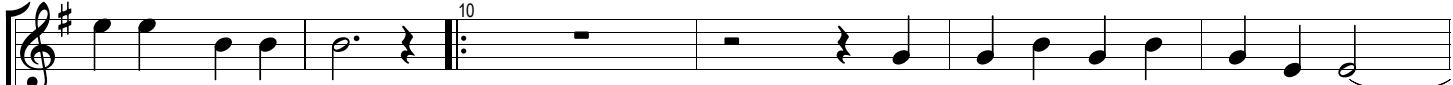


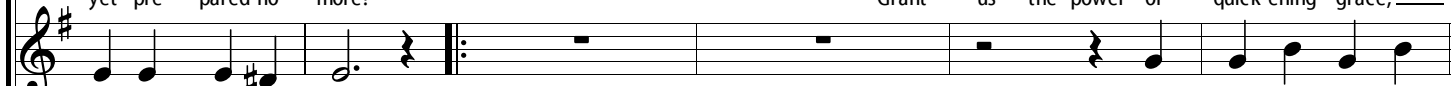
Tr.  5
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound; My ears, at-tend the cry; Ye li-ving men, come view the ground Where
2. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure? Still wal-king down-ward to our tomb, And


C. 


T.  8
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound; My ears, at-tend the cry; Ye li-ving men, come view the ground Where
2. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure? Still wal-king back-ward to our tomb, And

B. 


Tr.  10
you must short-ly lie. Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed,
yet pre - pared no more? Grant us the power of quick-ening grace, —

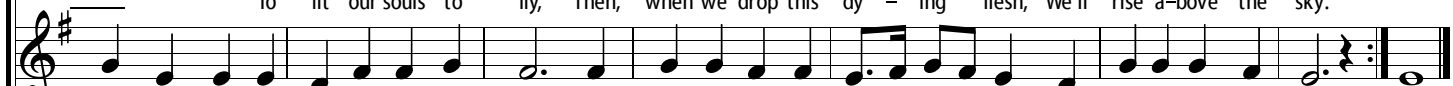
C.  Prin - ces, this clay must
Grant us the power of


T.  you must short-ly lie. Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed,
yet pre - pared no more? Grant us the power of quick-ening grace, —

B. 

Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed,
Grant us the power of quick-ening grace, —

Tr.  15 20 1. 2.
In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reve - rend head Must lie as low as ours!
To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

C.  be your bed,
quick-ening grace,

T.  In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reve - rend head Must lie as low as ours!
To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

B. 