

Tr. <sup>5</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
1. Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound; My ears, attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie. Prin-  
2. Great God! is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walking downward to our tomb, And yet prepare no more? Grant

C.  
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B.  
Princes, this clay must be your bed, \_  
Grant us the powers of quickening grace, \_

Tr. <sup>15</sup> <sup>20</sup> 1. 2.  
1. -ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reve - rend head Must lie as low as ours!  
2. 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.

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