

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 63, Book 2)  
86. 86. (C. M.)

# Cypress

## *A Funeral Thought*

No Copyright. Transcribed from The Columbian Harmonist, 1807.

A minor  
Daniel Read, 1795  
(Revised 1804)

Tr  5 10 15 20

1. Hark! From the tombs a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry, Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly die, Where you must shortly die.

C 

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must lie as low as ours, Must lie as low as ours!"

T  8

3. Great God! is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walking downward to our tomb, And yet prepare no more? And yet prepare no more?

B 

4. Grant us the powers of quickening grace, To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we drop this dying flesh, We'll rise above the sky, We'll rise above the sky.