

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

Cypress

A Funeral Thought

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A minor
Daniel Read, 1795
(Revised 1804)

Tr. 1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, My ears at -

C. 2. Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of

T. 3. Great God, is this our cer - tain doom? And are we

B. 4. Grant us the powers of quick - ening grace, To fit our

Tr. tend the cry, Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where

C. all your towers; The tall, the wise, the reve - rend head Must

T. still se - cure? Still wal - king down - ward to our tomb, And

B. souls to fly; Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll

Tr. you must short - ly die, Where you must short - ly die.

C. lie as low as ours, Must lie as low as ours.

T. yet pre - pare no more? And yet pre - pare no more?

B. rise a - bove the sky, We'll rise a - bove the sky.