Hark! from the Tombs a Doleful Sound

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, My

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
ears attend the cry, "Ye

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
living men, come view the ground "Where

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
you must shortly lie.

The other verses

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

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

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.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.