

FIDUCIA. C.M.D.

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Issac Watts

Rev. John Robinson
D.S.

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

“Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie. Prin-ces this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow’rs; The tall, the wise, the rev-’rend head, Must lie as low as ours.

2. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure?

Still walk-ing down-ward to the tomb, And yet pre-pared no more Grant us the pow’r of quick-’ning grace, To fit our souls to fly; Then when we drop this dy-ing flesh, We’ll rise a-bove the skies.