

Issac Watts

Ravenscroft



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.



2. "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.



3. 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.

