Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

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!"

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

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.

Originally set as TASB, but with the air in the Treble, bracketed with, and immediately above the Bass line. The Alto and Tenor parts were also added as accompaniment with small dots in the two underlying parts. BL Ref: A.666.a.