

FUNERAL THOUGHT C.M.

B. Austin

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears at - tend the cry; "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground

2. "Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs: The tall, the wise, the rev - 'rend head,

3. Great God, is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walk-ing downward to the tomb,

4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick-'ning grace To fit our souls to fly; Then when we drop this dy - ing flesh

Where you must short - ly lie," "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie."

Must lie as low as ours, The tall, the wise, the rev - 'rend head, Must lie as low as ours."

And yet pre - pare no more? Still walk - ing down - ward to the tomb, And yet pre - pare no more!

We'll rise a - bove the sky, Then when we drop this dy - ing flesh We'll rise a - bove the sky.