

METRE 2 attrib. Isaac Watts **CALVARY C.M.** Daniel Read

1. My thoughts that oft - en mount the skies, Go search the world be-neath,
2. The ty-rant, how he tri-umphs here, His tro - phies spread a-round!
3. These skulls, what ghast - ly fig - ures now! How loathe - some to the eyes!
4. But where the souls, those death-less things That left that dy - ing clay!

CALVARY C.M.—Continued

Where na-ture all in ru-in lies, Where na-ture all in ru - in lies, And owns, And owns, And owns her sov-'reign, Death.

And heaps of dust and bones appear, And heaps of dust and bones appear, Thro' all, Thro' all, Thro' all the hol - low ground.

These are the heads we lately knew, These are the heads we lately knew, So beau - So beau - So beau - teous and so wise.

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, And trace, And trace, And trace e - ter - ni - ty.