

Vocal Score

MM^o

Dirge

Solemnly, with a heavy tread



1. Hark, from the ___ tombs a ___ dole - ful sound, Mine ears at - tend the
 ces, this ___ clay must ___ be your bed, In spite of ___ all your
 God, is ___ this our ___ cer - tain doom? And are we ___ still se -
 us the ___ pow'r of ___ quick - 'ning grace, To fit our ___ souls to



cry; Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground, Where _ you must _ short - ly lie. 2. Prin -
 tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev - 'rend head, Must _ lie as _ low as ours. 3. Great
 cure? Still walk - ing down - ward to the tomb, And _ yet pre - pare no more? 4. Grant
 fly, That when we drop this dy - ing flesh, We'll _



rise ___ a - bove the sky.