

# Exeter

Transcribed from  
*The Gentleman and Lady's Musical Companion*, 1774.

Tr. 5  
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound; My ears, at-tend the cry; Ye living men, come view the

C.

T. 8  
2. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure? Still walking downward to our

B.

10  
ground Where you must shortly lie. Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the

C.

T. 8  
tomb, And yet prepare no more? Grant us the powers of quickening grace, To fit our souls to fly, Then, when we

B.

15  
wise, the reverend head Must lie as low as ours!

C.

T. 8  
drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

B.