

A funeral thought

Isaac Watts, Hymns, Book II

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 rev'rend 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 quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.