

# A DOLEFUL SOUND. C. M. D.

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E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Ted Johnson, 2004.

Hark! Hark! Hark from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears attend the cry. Come view the ground Where you must lie.

Hark! Hark from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears attend the cry. Ye living men come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Hark! Hark! Hark from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears attend the cry. Come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Hark! Hark from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears attend the cry. Ye living men come view the ground Where you must lie.

Is this our doom? And are we still secure? Still walking downward, downward to the tomb, And yet prepar'd no more?

Great God! Is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walk - ing down - ward to the tomb, And yet prepar'd no more?

Great God! Is this our certain doom? And are we still secure? Still walk - ing downward, down - ward to the tomb, And yet prepar'd no more?

Is this our doom? And are we still secure? Still walk - ing, walk - ing down - ward to the tomb, And yet prepar'd no more?