

# Brogan CM

E ♭ Major, Isaac Watts

Ed Johnson-Williams, September 2025

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears at - tend the cry: Ye liv-ing men! come view the ground Where you must short-ly lie.

2. Prin - ces! 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.

3. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walking down - ward to our tomb, And yet pre - pare no more!