

397. An Eastern Gradual

Henry Vaughan (1622-1695)

S.C.

T.B.

Death and dark-ness get you pack-ing, no-thing now to man is lack-ing. All your tri-umph

6

now are end-ed, and what A-dam marr'd is mand - ed. Graves beds now for the waer-y, death

12

a nap to wa - ke more mer-ry; Youth now, full of pi-ous du-ty, Seeks in thee for

17

per-fect heap - y. Then un-to him who thus hath thrown E'en to con-tempt thy

22

icing-dom down. And by his blood did us ad-vance Un - to his own in - he - ri - tance. To

28

him be glo - ry, pow'r and praise, from this, un - to the end of days.