

And Must This Body Die

1. And must this bod - y die, This well-wrought frame de - cay? And must these
 2. Cor-rup - tion, earth and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri -

melody

And
Till

ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould-'ring in the clay?
 um-phunt spir-it comes To put it on a - fresh.

And must these ac - tive
 Till my tri-um-phunt

must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould-'ring in the clay, Lie
 my tri-um-phunt spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh, To

And
Till

And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie
 my tri-um-phunt spir - it comes To

limbs of mine Lie mould - 'ring in the clay, And must these
 spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh, Till my tri -

mould - 'ring in the clay, Lie mould-'ring in the clay?
 put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh.

mould-'ring in the clay, Lie mould-'ring in the clay?
 put it on a - fresh. To put it on a - fresh.

ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould-'ring in the clay?
 um - phunt spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh.

3. God my Redeemer lives!
He ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

4. Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Be Heav'nly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to Thy dying love;
Oh, may we bless Thy grace below,
And sing Thy grace above.

6. Savior, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.