

# 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 -

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

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

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

And Till must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould-'ring in the  
my tri - um - phant spir - it comes To put it on a -

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

ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould-'ring in the clay?  
um - phant 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.

Music: William Billings, 1778  
Text: Isaac Watts, 1707

MARYLAND  
6 6. 8 6. w/ repeats