

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. And must this body die, This mortal frame de - cay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mol - dering in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri - um - phant spirit comes To put it on a - fresh.

3. These lively hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love; We would adore his grace below, And sing his power a - bove.

4. Dear Lord, accept the praise Of these our hum - ble songs, Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.

15

20

1. And must these active limbs of mine lie mol - dering in the clay? Lie mol - - dering in the clay? Lie mol - dering in the clay?

2. Till my tri - um - phant spi - rit comes To put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh.

3. We would adore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove, And sing his power a - bove, And sing his power a - bove.

4. Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues, With our im - mor - tal tongues, With our im - mor - tal tongues,

1. And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mol - dering in the clay? Lie mol - dering in the clay?

2. Till my tri - um - phant spi - rit comes To put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh.

3. We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove, And sing his power a - bove.

4. Till tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues, With our im - mor - tal tongues.

1. And must these active limbs of mine Lie mol - dering in the clay? lie mol - - dering in the clay?

2. Till my tri - um - phant spi - rit comes To put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh.

3. We would adore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove, And sing his power a - bove.

4. Till tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues, With our im - mor - tal tongues.

1. And must these active limbs of mine Lie mol - dering in the clay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine lie mol - dering in the clay?

2. Till my tri - um - phant spirit comes To put it on a - fresh. Till my tri - um - phant spi - rit comes To put it on a - fresh.

3. We would adore his grace below, And sing his power a - bove. We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove.

4. Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues. Till tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.