

And Must This Body Die?  
by Charles Wesley

1 AND must this body die?  
This well-wrought frame decay  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh;  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And 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 every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love:  
O may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy power above!