

And Must This Body Die

Charles Wesley, 1746.

Lowell Mason, 1843.

And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

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

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

Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

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