

There Is a House Not Made with Hands

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Joseph Funk, 1832.

There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms Thee fit for Heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His Word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh
And present, Lord, with Thee.