

Salem

Tr.  5 10

1. And must this body die? This mortal frame de-cay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?
2. Corruption, earth, and worms Shall but refine this flesh, Till my tri-um-phant spi-rit comes To put it on a-fresh.

T.  tr

3. God my Redeemer lives, And of- ten 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 eve-ry shape, and eve-ry face, Look hea-venly and di-vine.

B. 

5. These lively hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love; We would a-dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove.
6. Dear Lord, accept the praise Of these our hum-ble songs, Till tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017

1. Top and middle staves exchanged.

2. Measure 5, *Tenor*: in original, tie extends over whole measure: reduced to two notes.