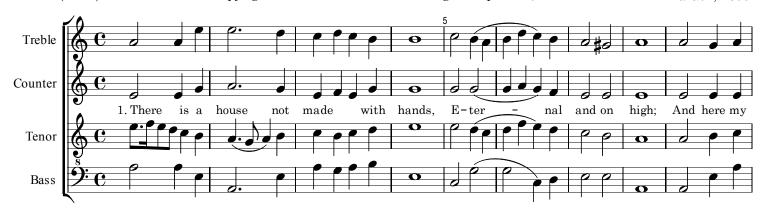
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- 2. Shortly this prison of my clay Must be dissolved and fall; Then, O my soul! with joy obey Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3. 'Tis he, by his almighty grace, That forms thee fit for heaven; And, as an earnest of the place, Has his own Spirit given.
- 4. 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.
- 5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace, But we had rather see; We would be absent from the flesh, And present, Lord, with thee.