

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

# CONDESCENSION C.M.

Isaac Tucker

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high! And here my wait - ing spir - it stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Short - ly this pris - on of my clay Must be dis - solved and fall; Then, oh my soul! with joy o - bey Thy heaven - ly Fa - ther's call.

3. 'Tis he, by his Al - might - y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n, And as an earn - est of the place, Has his own Spir - it given.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up - on his word; But while the bo - dy is our home, We're ab - sent from the Lord.