

EGYPT S.M.

1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine, Lie moul-d'ring in the clay?

2. Cor - rup-tion, earth and worms, Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri - um-phant spir - it comes, To put it on a - fresh.

3. God my Re - deem - er lives, And oft - en from the skies Looks down and watch - es all my dust, 'Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Ar - ray'd in glo - rious grace Shall these vile bo - dies shine, And eve - ry shape and eve - ry face, Look heav'n-ly and di - vine.