And Must This Body Die

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: SOUTHWELL

```
| l, - | d - d - t, - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
  And      must this body          die? This

| d - d - r - r - | m - - - - - m - |
  mortal frame de-      cay? And

| s - s - f - f - | m - m - r - m - |
  must these active     limbs of mine Lie

| r - d - t, - t, - | l, - - - - - |
  mouldering in the       clay?
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The other verses

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune SOUTHWELL (From William Daman's Psalter, 1579); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.