Great God, I Own Thy Sentence Just

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Great God, I own thy sentence just And

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
nature must de- cay; I

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
yield my body to the dust To

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
dwell with fellow clay.

The other verses

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.