My Soul, This Curious House of Clay

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

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| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
  My      soul, this curious          house of clay, Thy
| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
  present frail a-          bode; Must
| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
  quickly fall to           worms a prey, And
| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
  thou return to            God.
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The other verses

2 Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
The change, before it come?
And say, "Let death this house destroy,
I have a heav'nly home!"

3 The Savior, whom I then shall see
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepared for me,
A mansion in the skies.

4 I feel this mud-walled cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.

5 Burdened and groaning, then no more,
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
"Death, thou hast lost thy sting."

6 Dear Savior, help us now to seek,
And know thy grace's power;
That we may all this language speak,
Before the dying hour.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.