Epitaph. S.M.

1. And must this body die? This well-wrought frame decay
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldring in the clay?

2. Corruption, Earth, and Worms Shall but refine this flesh; Till
My triumphant Spirit comes to put it on afresh.

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

4. Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine; Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe, Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below, And sing thy power above!

T. Ivey