And must this body die? This well-wrought frame decay

Corruption, Earth, and Worms shall but refine this flesh; Till

Yet my Redeemer lives, And ever from the skies Looks

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

must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldring in the clay?

my triumphant Spirit comes to put it on afresh.

down, and watches all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

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