

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S.M.

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1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine, Lie mould-'ring in the clay?



2. Cor - rup - tion, earth, and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri - um - phant spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh.



3. God, my Re - deem - er, lives, And of - ten, from the skies, Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till He shall bid it rise.

