

Saybrook

For Seven Voices

Transcribed from Belknap's *The Harmonist's Companion*, 1797.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high;

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1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; And here my spi - rit

And here my spi-rit wai ting stands, 'Til God shall bid it fly, 'Till God shall bid it fly.

And here my spi - rit wai - ting stands, 'Til God shall bid it fly.

here my spi - rit wai - ting stands, 'Till God shall bid it fly.

God shall bid it fly, And here my spi - rit wai - ting stands, 'Til God shall bid it fly. And

wai-ting stands, 'Till God shall bid it fly, 'Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

3. 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.