

Bedford

No copyright. Transcribed from The Village Compilation, 1806.

A minor
Ezra Goff, 1806

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

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

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

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

And here my spi-rit wai - ting

And here my spi-rit wai - ting stands, Till

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

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

wai - ting stands Till God shall bid it fly.

stands, Till God shall bid it fly, Till God shall bid it fly.

God shall bid it fly, And here my spi-rit wai-ting stands, 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 heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

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