

- 3 Oh what hath Jesus bought for me !  
 Before my ravish'd eyes,  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of Paradise !  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there !  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 Oh what are all my suff'rings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptured host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet !  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life or friends away :  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day.

Hymn 7. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die,  
 This well-wrought frame decay ?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
 Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.