

# Maryland

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A minor  
William Billings, 1778

1. And must this bo - dy die, this mor-tal frame de - cay? And must these  
2. Cor - rup-tion, earth and worms shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri -

act - ive limbs of mine lie molder - ing in the clay?  
umph-ant spir - it comes to put it on a - fresh.

1. And must these act - ive limbs of mine Lie  
2. Till my tri - umph-ant spir - it comes To

limbs of mine lie molder - ing in the clay? \_\_\_\_\_ And must these  
spir - it comes to put it on a - fresh. \_\_\_\_\_ Till my tri -

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Tr. molder - ing in the clay? Lie molder-ing in the clay?  
put it on a - fresh. To put it on a - fresh.

C. molder - ing in the clay? Lie molder-ing in the clay?  
put it on a - fresh, To put it on a - fresh.

T. clay? fresh, Lie To molder - ing in the clay? fresh.

B. act - ive limbs of mine lie molder-ing in the clay?  
umph - ant spir - it comes to put it on a - fresh.

3. God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Look heav'nly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore His grace below,  
And sing his power above.

6. Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.