

# Bedford

Transcribed from The Village Compilation, 1806.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; And here my spirit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it

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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.

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.

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.

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