

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high,  
And here my spirit waiting stands  
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly my present house of clay  
Must be dissolved and fall:  
Then, O my soul! with joy obey  
The heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,  
That makes us fit for Heaven,  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith in joys to come,  
Faith lives upon His Word:  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis happy to *believe* Thy grace,  
But how we long to *see*;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*