

D Major Isaac Watts, 1709.

Edmund Dumas, 1859.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; I long to see my friends a -
 And here my spir - it wait - ing stands, Till God shall and bid on it fly.

2. Short - ly this pris - on of my clay Must be dis - solved and fall; I long to see my friends a -
 Then, O my soul, with joy o - bey Thy heav'n - ly Fa - ther's call.

3. 'Tis He, by His al - might - y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n; I long to see my friends a -
 And as an ear - nest of the place, Has His own Spir - it giv'n.

gain, and hear them sweet - ly say, Come, wea - ry dove, Here is thy home, Then fold thy wings and stay.

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