

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Hymn 56)
86. 86. (C.M.)

Albany

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Daniel Read, 1785

1. No, I shall en - vy them no more, who grow pro - fane - ly

2. They taste of all the joys that grow up - on this earth - ly

3. Shake off the thoughts of dy - ing, too, and think of life your

4. Yes, you must bow your state - ly head, A - way your spir - it
5. Go now, and boast of all your stores, And tell how bright you

6

great; Though they in - crease their gold - en store, and rise to wondrous heights.

clod. Well, they may search the crea - ture through, For they have never a God.

own. But death comes hasten - ing on to you, To mow your glo - ry down.

flies, And no kind an - gel near your bed To bear it to the skies.
shine. Your heaps of glitter - ing dust are yours, And my Re - deem - er's mine.