

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 56, Book 2) 86. 86. (C.M.)

Albany

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Daniel Read, 1785

1. No, I shall en- vy them no more who grow profanely great. Though they increase their golden store, and rise to wondrous heights.

2. They taste of all the joys that grow up-on this earth-ly clod. Well, they may search the creature through, but they have ne'er heard God.

8 3. Shake off the thoughts of dying, too, and think of life your own. But death comes hastening on to you, to mow your glo-ry down.

4. Go now, and boast of all your stores, and tell how bright you shine. Your heaps of glittering dust are yours, and my Redeemer's mine!