

# Greenwich

Tr. C. T. B.

1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and re - pine,

5

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To see the wick-ed placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

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But,

But, O, their end, their

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But, O, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me

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But, O, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctu-a-ry

O, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so; On

dread-ful end! Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so; On

Tr. C. T. B.

so; On slip-pery rocks I see them stand, and fie-ry bil-lows roll be - low.

25

taught me so; On slip-pery rocks I see them stand, and fie-ry bil-lows roll be - low.

slip-pery rocks I see them stand, and fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.

slip-pery rocks I see them stand, and fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
I'll never envy them again;  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!  
Just like a dream when man awakes;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a preface to their plagues.