

Albany

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Hymn 56)

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D minor -- Daniel Read, 1785

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

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. Well, God.

3. Shake off the thoughts of dy - ing too, and think of life your own. But death comes hastening on to you, to mow your glory down. But 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 Re-deem-er's mine! Your mine.

1. 2.