

Albany

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Hymn 56)

D minor -- Daniel Read, 1785

Treble

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.

Counter

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.

Tenor

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 glo - ry down. But down.

Bass

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.

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