

Albany

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

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E minor
Daniel Read, 1785

1. No, I shall en - vy them no more, who grow pro - fane - ly great;
2. They taste of all the joys that grow up - on this earth - ly clod.
3. Shake off the thoughts of dy - ing, too, and think of life your own.
4. Yes, you must bow your state - ly head, A - way your spir - it flies,
5. Go now, and boast of all your stores, And tell how bright you shine.

7
Tr. Though they in - crease their gold - en store, and rise to won - drous heights.
C. Well, they may search the crea - ture through, For they have never a God.
T. But death comes hasten - ing on to you, To mow your glo - ry down.
B. And no kind an - gel near your bed To bear it to the skies.
Your heaps of glitter - ing dust are yours, And my Re - deem - er's mine.