

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 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 never heard God.

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!