

No, I Shall Envy Them No More

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Lowell Mason, 1832.

No, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

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.