O, I Shall Envy Them No More

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
O, I shall envy them no more Who

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
grow profanely great, Tho'

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
they increase their golden store, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
rise to wondrous height.

The other verses

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

3 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.

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

5 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.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.