

- 4. Fools nev-er raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till thy breath Blasts them in ev-er-last-ing death.
- 5. But I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well re fin'd my heart, And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho ly oil, to cheer my head.
- 6. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de sir'd, or wish'd be-low; And ev'-ry pow'r find sweet em-ploy In that e ter nal world of joy.