

Ye Sons of Pride

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Wurttemberg, Germany, 1784.

Ye sons of pride, that hate the just  
And trample on the poor,  
When death has brought you down to dust,  
Your pomp shall rise no more.

The last great day shall change the scene;  
When will that hour appear?  
When shall the just revive and reign  
O'er all that scorned them here?

God will my naked soul receive  
When separate from the flesh;  
And break the prison of the grave,  
To raise my bones afresh.

Heaven is my everlasting home,  
The inheritance is sure:  
Let men of pride their rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.