

Why Do the Proud Insult the Poor?

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: William Gardiner, 1815.

Why do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

They cant redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold and molders in the ground.

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find thoppressor at their feet.

His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion oer the proud.

My Savior shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.