

Why Do the Wealthy Wicked Boast?

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Thomas Arne, 1762.

Why do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinners gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But neer designs to pay;  
The saint is merciful and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.

His alms with liberal heart he gives  
Amongst the sons of need;  
His memory to long ages lives  
And blessed is his seed.

His lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learned of God.

The law and Gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide;  
Led by the Spirit and the Word,  
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
Preserved from every snare;  
They shall possess the promised land  
And dwell for ever there.