In Vain the Wealthy Mortals Toil

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
In vain the wealthy mortals

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
toil, And heap their shining

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
dust in vain, Look down and

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
scorn the humble poor, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
boast their lofty hills of gain.

The other verses

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3 The lingering, the unwilling soul
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long a sad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.