Why Do the Proud Insult the Poor

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
Why do the proud in- sult the

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
poor, And boast the large es-

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
tates they have? How

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
vain are riches to se-

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
cure Their haughty owners

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
from the grave!

The other verses

2 They can't 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.

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

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

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour 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.

Tune UXBRIDGE by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); 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.