Ye Sons of Pride, That Hate the Just

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

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| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
  Ye      sons of pride, that       hate the just, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
  trample on the          poor, When

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
  death has brought you   down to dust, Your

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  pomp shall rise no      more,
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The other verses

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

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

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

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.