

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Robert Boyd, 1816 (treble from *Tennessee Harmony*).

1. In vain the wealth-y mor-tals toil, And heap their shin-ing dust in vain, Their gold-en cor-dials can-not ease
 Look down and scorn the hum-ble poor, And boast their loft-y hills of gain.

2. The lin-g'ring, the un-will-ing soul The dis-mal sum-mons must o-bey, Thence they are hud-dled to the grave,
 And bid a long, a sad fare-well To the pale lump of life-less clay.

Their pain-ed hearts or ach-ing heads, Nor fright nor bribe ap-proach-ing death From glit-t'ring roofs and down-y beds.

Where kings and slaves have e-equal thrones; Their bones with-out dis-tinc-tion lie A-mongst the heap of mean-er bones.