

PSALM 49

For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.

Geneva, 1562



1. Come, hear my words, you peo- ples eve-ry - where,
and be at - ten - tive to what I de - clare.
All you who dwell through - out the earth, draw near;
let high and low, and rich and poor, give ear.
My mouth to you great wis - dom will im - part,
for thought - ful and dis - cern - ing is my heart.
My ear now to a par - a - ble in - clin - ing,
I with the harp will show my rid - dle's mean - ing.

2. In evil days why should my courage fail,
though wicked men against me may prevail –
those who in their possessions place their trust,
who with their own great riches are impressed?
None for his brother's life can pay the price,
nor give to God a ransom to suffice.
From death's decay man's wealth can save him never,
and it will not let him live on forever.

3. He surely *sees that even wise men die,*
that *foolish men cannot death's power defy.*
The *grave's dark pit will ever be their home,*
their *dwelling for all ages yet to come.*
Although to great estates they give their name,
they *leave their wealth for other men to claim.*
For *man, despite the riches he may cherish,*
cannot abide but, like the beasts, will perish.

4. Such is the *fate of proud and foolish men,*
the *end of those who praise them for their sin.*
Into *Sheol like sheep they headlong run;*
their *shepherd, Death, stands by to urge them on.*
They *all go down directly to the grave;*
from *death's corruption no one them can save.*
But *God will pay my ransom and not leave me,*
for *He into His glory will receive me.*

5. When any *man grows rich, be not afraid,*
nor *let his glory render you dismayed.*
He *will not take it with him when he dies;*
on *his possessions he in vain relies.*
Though *he may here enjoy the praise of men,*
he *will not see the light of life again.*
For *man, despite the riches he may cherish,*
cannot abide but, like the beasts, will perish.