### Psalms

## Chapter 49

To the [music] director:  
  
By the sons of KorAh.  
  
  
  
  
1Listen to this, all you nations;  
 Give ear, all you who dwell in the land;  
 2You earth-born ones and sons of men,  
 Both the rich and the poor...  
  
3For my mouth will now speak about wisdom,  
 And the thoughts that my heart has come to know.  
 4So, incline your ears and listen to proverbs,  
 For I’ll explain my riddle in this song:  
  
 5‘Why should I fear that wicked day  
 When the lawless are chasing my heels,  
 And when they have me surrounded…  
 6Those who enforce their own power,  
 And brag of their wealth before all?  
  
 7‘A man’s brother can’t serve as his ransom,  
 Since he can’t pay God for even himself!  
 8And if he should try to ransom himself,  
 Throughout the age, he will grow weary by trying.  
 9Thus, may he live ‘till the end,  
 So his body won’t see corruption.  
  
 10‘Whenever a wise man comes to his end;  
 Along with the foolish and mindless he leaves,  
 And his wealth is then passed on to strangers.  
  
 11‘So thereafter, his home is his tomb…  
 It’s his tent through the next generations.  
 And even though they may call the land by his name,  
 12He will see no honor in that,  
 For, he becomes like the cattle;  
 And like them, he thinks nothing at all…  
 13So, this is the snare in his path.  
  
 ‘Although his mouth once found pleasure in the things that he said,  
 14Like a sheep, he goes to the the place of the dead,  
 And he’s put in a place where he’s tended by death.  
  
 ‘In the morning, he may have been ruled by the upright,  
 But their help grows old and ends in the grave  
 Where they and their glory are banished.  
  
 15‘For, only God can ransom our lives  
 From the hands of the grave,  
 Whenever He chooses to take us.  
  
 16‘So, fear not those who make themselves rich,  
 Or those whose houses receive all the glory.  
 17For when we die, we take nothing away,  
 And all of our glory is gone.  
  
 18‘Yet, while we’re alive, we think our lives blest,  
 When men have given us praise.  
 19But, from one generation to another,  
 We all just go down to our fathers,  
 And throughout the ages, we never see light.  
  
 20‘For an honored man doesn’t realize  
 That he’s like his unthinking cattle,  
 And [his end] is also like theirs.’