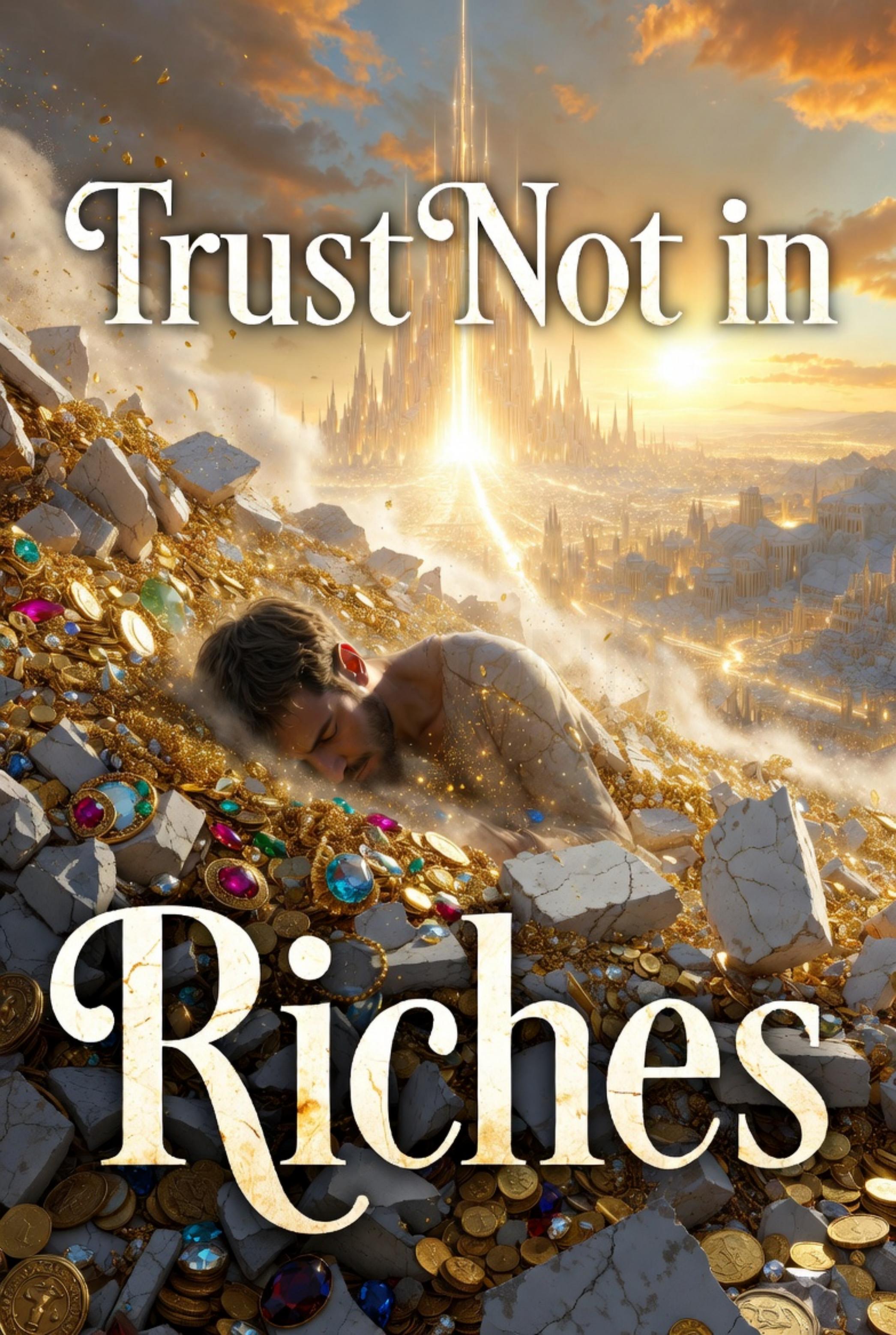


Trust Not in

Riches



Song 2 Trust not in riches

Psalm 49 (Hear this, all peoples! ... Why should I fear in days of adversity when the iniquity of my foes surrounds me, those who trust in their wealth and boast of the abundance of their riches? ... For he sees that even the wise die; the fool and the stupid alike must perish and leave their wealth to others.)

Trust not in riches, trust not in your store
When you die, you take nothing, your glory goes no more

The wise will pass away, the foolish fade and die
To whom will you leave your wealth, under what sky?
What profit in naming lands for those who go?
The heirs of vanity, what do they know?

Trust not in riches, trust not in your store
When you die, you take nothing, your glory goes no more

O builders of houses, O holders of land so vast
What do you ponder, what future do you cast?
What is the end of man who perishes in dust?
Like a shadow fleeting, all your toil is thrust

Trust not in riches, trust not in your store
When you die, you take nothing, your glory goes no more

