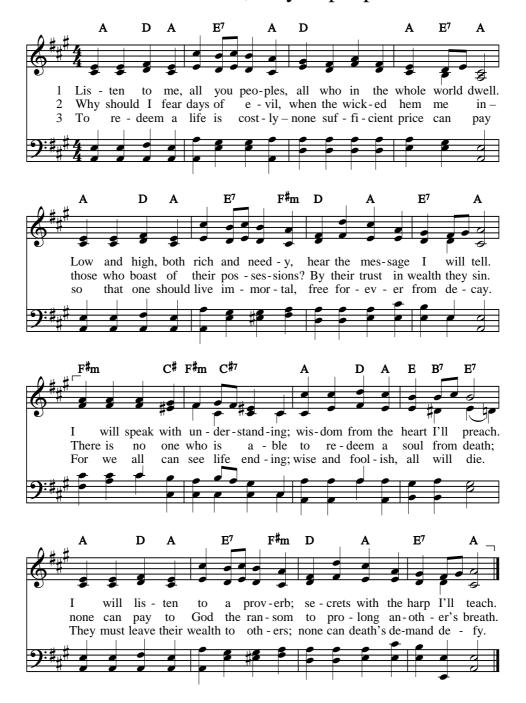
Listen to me, all you peoples



Text: Sing Psalms, © Psalmody Committee, Free Church of Scotland, 2003 Tune: John Zundel, 1870

Listen to me, all you peoples

- 4 So for endless generations in their tombs they will remain, though they owned, while they were living, lands to which they gave their name.

 Man despite his wealth is mortal; like the beasts, he fades away.

 Thus the self-assured will perish, though renowned for what they say.
- 5 Death will feed upon their bodies; just like sheep they meet their fate. In the grave their forms will perish, far from where they lived in state. But the upright ones will rule them, once the morning light has shone. From the grave God will redeem me; he will take me for his own.
- 6 Do not quake before a rich man, though his fortune grows immense and his outward state increases for he will take nothing hence. He will soon descend with nothing of the splendour he possessed, though in life he prospered greatly and they told him he was blest.

(to stanza 7 below)

