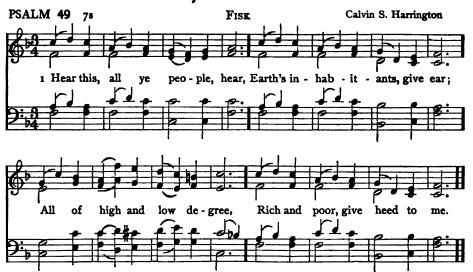
135 The Vanity of Trust in Riches



- 2 Truth with all my heart I seek, And my mouth shall wisdom speak; Hearken while in lyric strain I make hidden wisdom plain.
- 3 Why should I to fear give way
 When I see the evil day,
 When with wickedness my foes
 Shall surround me and oppose?
- 4 They that trust in treasured gold, Though they boast of wealth untold, None can bid his brother live, None to God a ransom give.
- 5 If from death one would be free And corruption never see, Costly is life's ransom price, Far beyond all sacrifice.

