

Come Hear My Words, You People Everywhere

PSALM 49 - Ellers

Major

G G/B C D G

1. Come, hear my words, you peo - ples eve - ry - where,
 2. In e - vil days why should my cour - age fail,
 3. He sure - ly sees that e - ven wise men die,
 4. Such is the fate of proud and fool - ish men,
 5. When an - y man grows rich, be not a - fraid,

C Em A7 D

and though be wick - ed at - ten - tive to what I de - clare.
 and though wick - ed men a - gainst me may pre - vail
 that fool - ish men can - not death's power de - fy.
 the end of those who praise them for their sin.
 nor let his glo - ry ren - der you dis - mayed.

G Am D7 G

All you who dwell through - out the earth, draw near;
 those who in their pos - ses - sions place their trust,
 The grave's dark pit will ev - er be their home,
 In - to She - ol like sheep they head - long run;
 He will not take it with him when he dies;

Em C D7 G

let high and low, and rich and poor, give ear.
 who with their own great rich - es are im - pressed?
 their dwell - ing for all ag - es yet to come.
 their shep - herd, Death, stands by to urge them on.
 on his pos - ses - sions he in vain re - lies.

G/B G C D G

My mouth to you great wis - dom will im - part,
 None for his broth - er's life can pay the price,
 Al - though to great es - tates they give their name,
 They all go down di - rect - ly to the grave;
 Though he may here en - joy the praise of men,

Tune: ELLERS - Edward John Hopkins, 1869; Arr. Tim Nijenhuis, © 2019

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