

DUST to dust each mortal dies,
Both the foolish and the wise,
Noe for ever can remain,
Each must leave his hoarded gain.

2 Though in life they wealth attained,
Though the praise of men they gained,
They shall join those gone before,
Where the light shall shine no more.

3 All their beauty turned to dust,
Over them shall rule the just,
But my God my soul shall save,
He will raise me from the grave.

4 Crowned with honour though they be,
Highly gifted, strong or free,
If they be not truly wise,
All are as a beast that dies.