1  Help me, Lord, for no one godly is left;  
the faithful have vanished from the whole human race.

2  They all speak falsely with their neighbour;  
they flatter with their lips, but speak from a double heart.

3  O that the Lord would cut off all flattering lips  
and the tongue that speaks proud boasts!

4  Those who say, 'With our tongue will we prevail;  
our lips we will use; who is lord over us?'

5  ‘Because of the oppression of the needy,  
and the groaning of the poor,  
I will rise up now,' says the Lord,  
'and set them in the safety that they long for.'

6  The words of the Lord are pure words,  
like silver refined in the furnace  
and purified seven times in the fire.

7  You, O Lord, will watch over us  
and guard us from this generation for ever.

8  The wicked strut on every side,  
when what is vile is exalted by the whole human race.
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