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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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