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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