

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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