

¹To the chief Musician upon Sheminith, A Psalm of David. Help, LORD; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.² They speak vanity every one with his neighbour: with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.³ The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things:⁴ Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own: who is lord over us?⁵ For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the LORD; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.⁶ The words of the LORD are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.⁷ Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.⁸ The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

لِإِمَامٍ الْمُتَعَبِّينَ عَلَى الْقَرَارِ. مَرْمُورٌ لِدَاوُدَ.
¹جَلَسْ، يَا رَبُّ، لِأَنَّهُ قَدْ انْقَرَصَ النَّقِيُّ، لِأَنَّهُ قَدْ انْقَطَعَ
 الْأَمَنَاءُ مِنْ بَيْنِ الْبَشَرِ.² يَتَكَلَّمُونَ بِالْكَذِبِ كُلُّ وَاحِدٍ مَعَ
 صَاحِبِهِ بِشِفَاهِ مِلْقَةٍ، بِقَلْبٍ قَلْبٍ يَتَكَلَّمُونَ.³ يَقْطَعُ الرَّبُّ
 جَمِيعَ الشِّفَاهِ الْمَلِقَةِ وَاللِّسَانَ الْمُتَكَلِّمَ بِالْعَطَائِمِ،⁴ الَّذِينَ
 قَالُوا: بِالسِّيئَةِ تَتَجَبَّرُ، شِفَاهُنَا مَعَنَا. مَنْ هُوَ سَيِّدٌ عَلَيْنَا؟
⁵"مِنْ اغْتِصَابِ الْمَسَاكِينِ، مِنْ صَرْخَةِ الْبَائِسِينَ، الْآنَ
 أَقُومُ"، يَقُولُ الرَّبُّ، "أَجْعَلُ فِي وَسْعِ الَّذِي يُنْقِثُ فِيهِ".
⁶كَلَامُ الرَّبِّ كَلَامٌ نَقِيٌّ، كِفَصَّةٌ مُصَفَّاءٌ فِي بُوْطَةٍ فِي
 الْأَرْضِ، مَمْخُوصَةٌ سَبْعَ مَرَّاتٍ.⁷ أَنْتَ، يَا رَبُّ، تَحْفَظُهُمْ،
 تَحْرُسُهُمْ مِنْ هَذَا الْجِيلِ إِلَى الدَّهْرِ.⁸ الْأَشْرَارُ يَتَمَشَّوْنَ
 مِنْ كُلِّ تَاجِيَةٍ عِنْدَ ارْتِفَاعِ الْأَرْدَالِ بَيْنَ النَّاسِ.