

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.²They speak vanity every one with his neighbour: with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.³The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things:⁴Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips

are our own: who is lord over us?⁵For 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.⁶The words of the LORD are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.⁷Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.⁸The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.