

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.