### Psalms

## Chapter 12

To the [music] director:  
  
David’s 8th Psalm.  
  
  
  
  
1O Jehovah,  
  
Please come down here and save me!  
 For there are no holy ones left,  
 And few among men tell the truth.  
  
2Each man, to his neighbor, now speaks foolish things…  
 Deceit and wrong, they speak from their hearts.  
  
3O Jehovah,  
  
Please destroy the lips of the liars,  
 And the tongues of those who boast of great things…  
 4Those who say:  
  
 ‘We’ll make our tongues great,  
 And ask with our lips, ‘Who’s Jehovah?’’  
  
5[But Jehovah says:]  
  
 ‘Because of the misery of the poor  
 And the groaning cries of the needy,  
 I’ll arise and offer them safety…  
 To them, I will openly speak.’  
  
6These wise words of Jehovah are like refined silver…  
 They’re wisdom refined seven times in a fire.  
  
Even though you stand tall in the heights, O our Lord,  
 On the sons of men, You still keep an eye.  
 7So, please watch over and keep us  
 From [the bad of] this generation and age.  
 8For the Godless now have us surrounded,  
 And around us, they walk everywhere.