

Book of Psalms

Chapter 11

Douay-Rheims Bible

Psalms Chapter 11

Salvum me fac.

The prophet calls for God's help against the wicked.

11:1. Unto the end: for the octave, a psalm for David.

11:2. Save me, O Lord, for there is now no saint: truths are decayed from among the children of men.

11:3. They have spoken vain things, every one to his neighbour: with deceitful lips, and with a double heart have they spoken.

11:4. May the Lord destroy all deceitful lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things.

11:5. Who have said: We will magnify our tongue: our lips are our own: who is Lord over us?

11:6. By reason of the misery of the needy, and the groans of the poor, now will I arise, saith the Lord. I will set him in safety: I will deal confidently in his regard.

11:7. The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried by the fire, purged from the earth, refined seven times.

11:8. Thou, O Lord, wilt preserve us: and keep us from this generation for ever.

11:9. The wicked walk round about: according to thy highness, thou hast multiplied the children of men.