**PSALM 11**

Salvum me fac.

*The prophet calls for God’s help against the wicked.*

**1** Unto the end; for the octave, a psalm for David.

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

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

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

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

**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.

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

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

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