

Psalm 12

To the Chief Musician. On an eight-stringed harp.
A Psalm of David.

Freely



1 Help, LORD, for the godly man ceases! For the faithful disappear from among the sons of men.

In Tempo



2 They speak i-dl-y ev-'ry-one with his neighbor; With flattering lips and a double heart they speak.



3 May the LORD cut off all flat-ter-ing lips, And the tongue that speaks proud things,



4 Who have said, "With our tongue we will pre-vail; Our lips are our own; Who is lord o-ver us?"



5 "For the op - pres - sion of the poor, for the sigh - ing of the need - y,



Now I will a-rise," says the LORD; "I will set him in the safe - ty for which he yearns."



6 The words of the LORD are pure words, Like sil - ver tried in a fur-nace of earth,



Pur - i - fied sev - en times. 7 You shall keep them, O LORD,



You shall pre - serve them from this gen - er - a - tion for - ev - er.



8 The wicked prowl on ev-'ry side, When vile-ness is ex-alt - ed a - mong the sons of men.

Music: David R. Erb, 2016 ©

Text: Holy Bible, New King James Version, 1982 ©