

To the Chief Musician. On an eight-stringed harp.

A Psalm of David.

Freely

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

In Tempo

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

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

⁴Who 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."

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

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

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

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