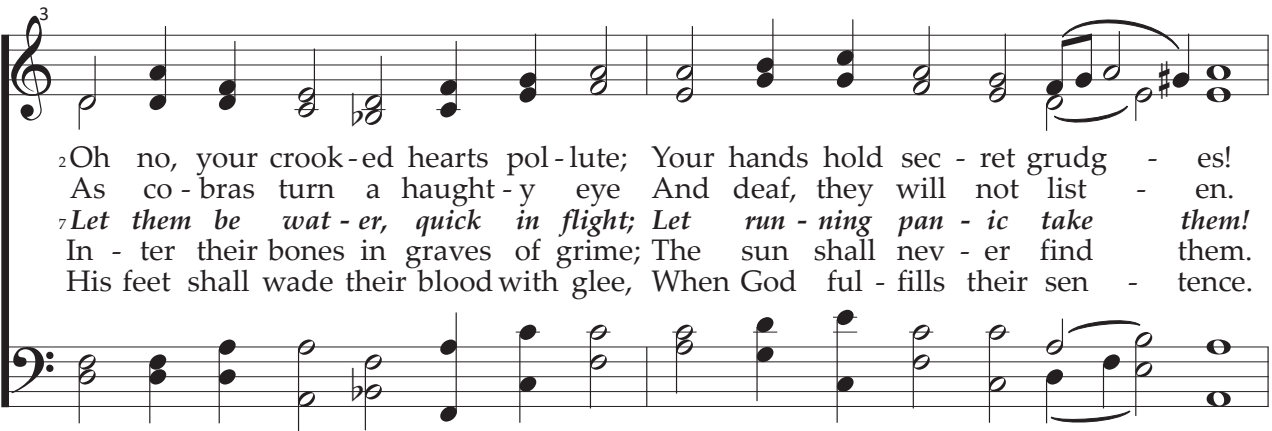
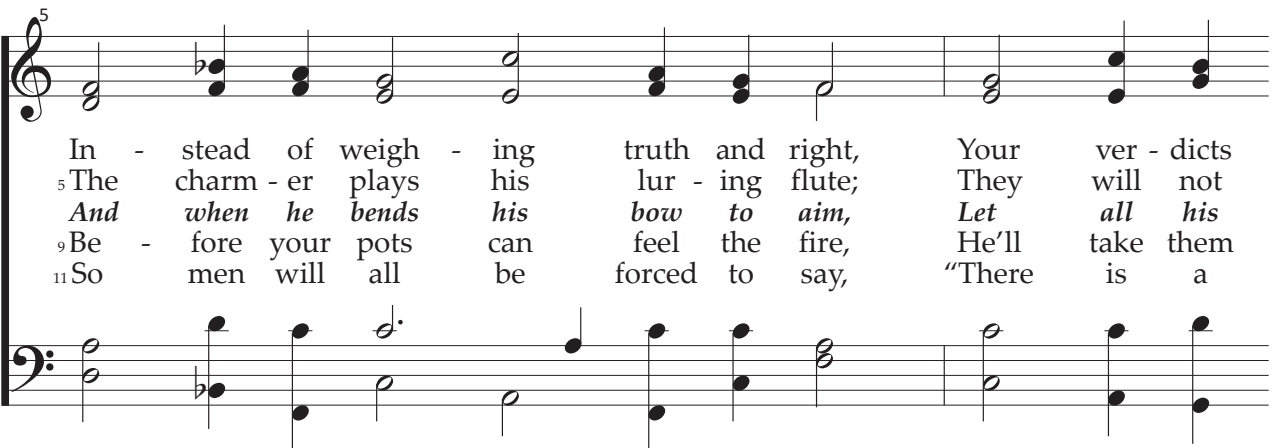


1. ¹Do you speak right de - crees, you mute? Or rule for truth, you judg - es?
 2. The wick - ed stray from birth; they lie! ⁴They drip with ser - pent's poi - son.
 3. ⁶*God, break the teeth with which they bite, As li - on fangs, LORD, break them!*
 4. ⁸Like snails which melt a - way in slime, Like still-born bab - ies, blind them.
 5. ¹⁰The right - eous shall re - joice to see The wick - ed slain in venge - ance.



²Oh no, your crook - ed hearts pol - lute; Your hands hold sec - ret grudg - es!
 As co - bras turn a haught - y eye And deaf, they will not list - en.
⁷*Let them be wat - er, quick in flight; Let run - ning pan - ic take them!*
 In - ter their bones in graves of grime; The sun shall nev - er find them.
 His feet shall wade their blood with glee, When God ful - fills their sen - tence.



In - stead of weigh - ing truth and right, Your ver - dicts
⁵The charm - er plays his lur - ing flute; They will not
And when he bends his bow to aim, Let all his
⁹Be - fore your pots can feel the fire, He'll take them
¹¹So men will all be forced to say, "There is a



foul the earth with blight. ³For you were born cor - rupt - ed.
 sway to his pur - suit. De - spite his skill - ful charm - ing.
ar - rows fall in shame, Like kind - ling cut to splin - ters.
 in His burn - ing ire; His liv - ing, an - gry whirl - wind.
 God who wins the day, And He re - wards the right - eous!"