

Psalm 12

*To the maestro
upon the Octave:
a song of David
to sing and strum.*

Help us, O LORD, devoted men have ceased
And faithful ones among the sons of men:
Each one speaks falsehood to his fellow man:
They flatter and speak with a double mind!

Now may the LORD cut off all flat'ring lips
And ev'ry tongue that speaks great swelling words!
Those who have said: "With our tongues we'll prevail!
Our lips belong to us: who is our Lord?"

"Because of all the sobbing of the poor:
Because of all their groaning I have heard,
I will arise right now," declares the LORD
"And give My help to him who longs for it!"

The promises of GOD are good and pure,
Like silver that has been refined by fire
Within a furnace built upon the ground
And which has seven times been purified!

For You, O LORD, are watching over us,
And You will guard us from all those around:
The wicked prowl around on ev'ry side:
Vileness is praised among the sons of men!

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