

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

Freely

1. Help, LORD, for the god-ly man ceases! For the faithful dis-ap-pear from a - mong the sons of men.

In Tempo

2. They speak i - dl - y ev - ry - one with his neighbor; With flat - ter - ing lips and a dou - ble 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 wick - ed prowl on ev - ry side, When vile - ness is ex - alt - ed a - mong the sons of men.