

PSALM 12

Help us, O Lord, for the merciful fails; the faithful of mankind, no longer prevail.

- 2 They speak empty words, with their brothers and friends; with flattering lips, from a heart that is rent.
- 3 The Lord will hew down, their smooth talking aside; and every tongue, that is swollen with pride.
- 4 They have said “We will win, for our tongues we do trust. Our words are our own, who is master of us?”
- 5 For the needy who are ravaged, the shrieks of the poor; the Lord says “I’ll rise up, and save evermore.”
- 6 The Lord’s words are purest, as silver refined; tried in earthen furnace, purified seven times!
- 7 You will guard and protect them, O Lord all their days; preserving Your people, from age unto age.
- 8 The evil walk round, and encircle the land; when rulers rise up, of the vilest of man.