Help Lord for wasted are those men





Source: William Byrd, Psalmes, Sonets, \& songs of sadnes and pietie (London, 1588), no.7.

## V.8.2-9.1: underlay crowded

1. Help Lord for wasted are those men, which right'usnesse embrace: And rarely found that faithfull are, but all the truth deface.
2. Each to his neighbour falsehood speakes and them seekes to beguile: With flattering lips and double heart, when smoothest hee doth smile.
3. All flattering lips, the Lord our God, in justice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things hee will bring to the ground.
4. Our tongues say they shall lift us up, by them wee shall prevail:
Who should us let, or stop our course, that thereof wee should faile.
5. I will ryse up now saith the Lord, and ease their griefe and care: Of those which hee full craftely, hath draw'n into his snare.
6. Like silver fine that tried is, seven times by heate of fire:
So are thy words Lord pure and cleane, to such as them desire.
7. Thou Lord wilt keepe, and wilt defend, all such as in thee trust:
And from that cursed race of men, save all such as bee just.
8. When evill men exalted bee,
the wicked gad about:
Farre from all feare of paine, but thou O Lord wilt roote them out.
9. For the destruction of the just, and such as bee opprest:
And for the mournings of the poore, that likewise bee distrest.
