







Set by Allen Garvin (aurvondel@gmail.com) (ver. 2022-11-12) CC BY-NC 2.5

Help Lord for wasted are those men, which right'ousness embrace:
And rarely found that faithful are,
but all the truth deface.
Each to his neighbor falsehood speaks and them seeks to beguile:
With flatt'ring lips and double heart, when smoothest he doth smile.

All flattering lips, the Lord our God, in justice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things he will bring to the ground.

Our tongues say they shall lift us up, by them we shall prevail:
Who should us let, or stop our course,
that thereof we should fail.

For the destruction of the just, and such as be opprest:
And for the mournings of the poor,
that likewise be distrest.
I will rise up now saith the Lord, and ease their grief and care:
Of those which he full craftily,
hath draw'n into his snare.

Like silver fine that tried is seven times by heat of fire:
So are thy words, Lord, pure and clean, to such as them desire.

Thou Lord wilt keep, and wilt defend, all such as in thee trust: And from that cursed race of men, save all such as be just.

When evil men exalted be
the wicked gad about:
Far from all fear of pain, but thou
O Lord wilt root them out.

