

# Psalm 12

David R. Erb, 2016

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

New King James Version

A Psalm of David

Freely

Help, LORD, for the god-ly man ceas-es! For the faith-ful dis-ap-pear from a-mong the sons of men.

In Tempo

They speak i-dl-y ev-'ry - one with his neigh-bor; With flat-ter-ing lips and a dou-ble heart they speak.

May the LORD cut off all flat-ter-ing lips, And the tongue that speaks proud things,

Who have said, "With our tongue we will pre-vail; Our lips are our own; Who is lord o-ver us?"

"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 years."

The words of the LORD are pure words, Like sil - ver tried in a fur-nace of earth,

Pur - i - fied sev - en times. You shall keep them, O LORD,

You shall pre-serve them from this gen - er - a - tion for - ev - er.

The wick-ed prowls on ev-'ry side, When vile-ness is ex - alt - ed a - mong the sons of men.