

Psalm 11 To the Leader of the choir; upon an eight-stringed instrument; a psalm of David

2. Save me O Lord, for there is none who is righteous: for there is none who is true among the sons of men. 3. All speak lies to their neighbor, flattering with their mouths, and speaking with a false heart. 4. The Lord shall destroy all flattering mouths, and the arrogant tongue, 5. those who say, “With our tongue we will prevail: our mouths are with us; who is Lord over us?”

6. Because of the suffering of the needy, and the groaning of the poor, “I will rise up now”, says the Lord, “and will set in safety those, whom the wicked want to ensnare”.

7. The words of the Lord are pure words, like silver, purified from dirt in a melting pot, smelted seven fold. 8. Thou, O Lord, shall keep them and watch over them from this generation for ever. 9. The wicked walk everywhere, when the insignificant are raised up from amongst the sons of men.