

# Psalm 12

Of the choirmaster on Sheminith, a psalm of David

dbb trans.

- 1 Save, O LORD, for the saint comes to an end,  
For the faithful have vanished from among the sons of men.
- 2 They speak vanity, each one with his neighbor,  
Smooth speech they speak with a duplicitous heart.
- 3 The LORD will cut off all the smooth words,  
The tongue of great things.
- 4 Which says, "With our tongue we will give strength,  
Our speech is ours, who is lord over us?"
- 5 "From the violence against the poor to the groaning of the oppressed,  
Now I will rise up," says the LORD,  
"I will set him in safety from them that puff at him."
- 6 The LORD's words/speech are pure words/speech,  
Silver refined in a furnace,  
Of earth, refined seven times.
- 7 You, O LORD will keep them,  
You will keep them from this generation unto eternity.
- 8 The wicked man causes himself to walk all around,  
So, the worthless is exalted among the sons of men.