
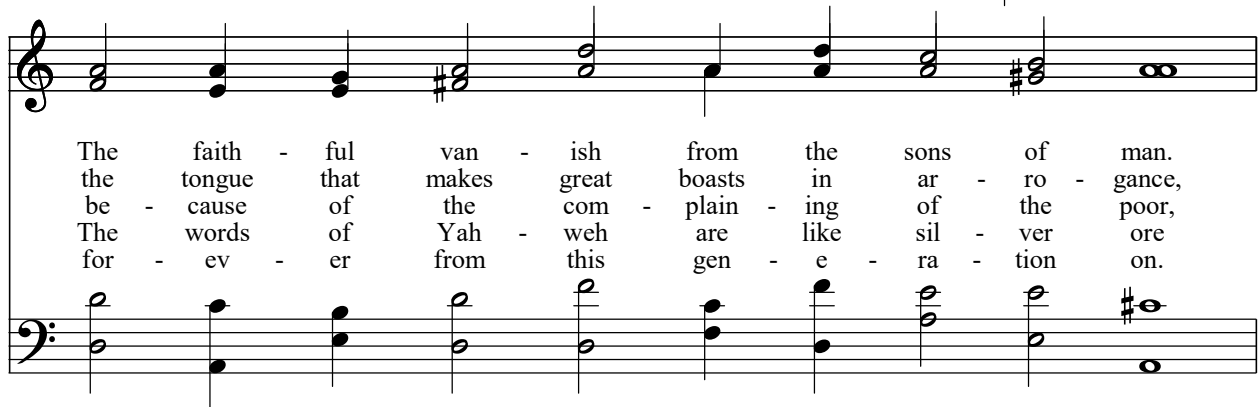


# Psalm 12


To the chief musician, on an eight-stringed harp, a psalm of David



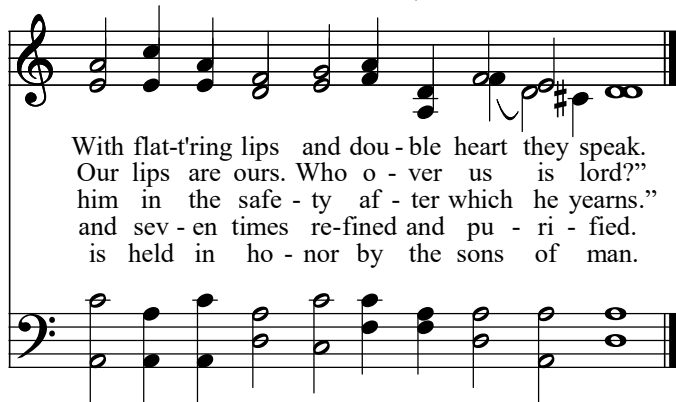
1.O Yah - weh, save, be - cause the god - ly cea - ses.  
3.May Yah - weh cut off all the lips that flat - ter,  
5."Be - cause of the op - pres - sion of th'af - flict - ed,  
6.The words of Yah - weh are com - plete - ly pure words.  
7.O Yah - weh, you will guard them. You will keep them



The faith - ful van - ish from the sons of man.  
the tongue that makes great boasts in ar - ro - gance,  
be - cause of the com - plain - ing of the poor,  
The words of Yah - weh are like sil - ver ore  
for - ev - er from this gen - e - ra - tion on.



2.They all speak van - i - ty, each with his neigh - bor.  
4.those who have said, "With our tongue we will con - quer.  
right now I will a - rise," says Yah - weh. "I'll set  
that has been smel - ted in an ear - then fur - nace  
8.The wic - ked prowl on ev - ery side when vile - ness



With flat-t'ring lips and dou - ble heart they speak.  
Our lips are ours. Who o - ver us is lord?"  
him in the safe - ty af - ter which he yearns."  
and sev - en times re - fined and pu - ri - fied.  
is held in ho - nor by the sons of man.