

Sunday between 17 July and 23 July (Proper 16)

Psalm 52

$\text{♩} = 96$

I trust in the mer-cy of God for ev-er.

D.C.

You tyrant, why do you boast of · **wickedness**
against the godly · **all** day long?
You plot ruin; your tongue is like a sharpened · **razor**,
O worker · **of** de-ception.

You love evil more than · **good**
and lying more than · **speaking** the truth.
You love all words that · **hurt**,
O you de-**ceit**-ful tongue.

1 - Oh, that God would demolish you · **utterly**,
2 - topple you, and snatch you · **from** your dwelling,
4 - and root you out of the · **land** of the living!

The righteous shall see and · **tremble**,
and they shall · **laugh** at him, saying,
"This is the one who did not take God for a · **refuge**,
but trusted in great wealth and re-**lied** up-on wickedness."

But I am like a green olive tree in the house of · **God**;
I trust in the mercy of God for · **ever** and ever.
I will give you thanks for what you have · **done**
and declare the goodness of your Name in the · **presence** of the godly.