Psalm 52  Quid gloriairis?  tone VII7

WHY boastest thou thyself, thou tyrant: that thou canst do mischief;

2. Whereas the goodness of God: endureth yet daily? 3. Thy tongue imagineth wickedness: and with lies thou cuttest like a sharp rasor. 4. Thou hast loved unrighteousness more than goodness: and to talk of lies more than righteousness. 5. Thou hast loved to speak all words that may do hurt: O thou false tongue. 6. Therefore shall God destroy thee for ever: he shall take thee, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling, and root thee out of the land of the living.

7. The righteous also shall see this, and fear: and shall laugh him to scorn; 8. Lo, this is the man that took not God for his strength: but trusted unto the multitude of his riches, and strengthened himself in his wickedness. 9. As for me, I am like a green olive-tree in the house of God: my trust is in the tender mercy of God for ever and ever. 10. I will always give thanks unto thee for that thou hast done: and I will hope in thy Name, for thy saints like
it well. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end.

Amen