Psalm 140  

**Eripe me, Domine**  

tone III5

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: and preserve me from the wicked man, who imagine mischief in their hearts: and stir up strife all the day long.  

They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips.  

Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the ungodly: preserve me from the wicked men, who are purposed to overthrow my goings.  

The proud have laid a snare for me, and spread a net abroad with cords: yea, and set traps in my way.  

I said unto the Lord, Thou art my God: hear the voice of my prayer, O Lord.  

God, thou strength of my health; thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.  

Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord: let not his mischiefous Imagination prosper, lest they be too proud.  

Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the head of them: that compass me about.  

Let hot burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire and into the
pit, that they never rise up again. 11. A man full of words shall not prosper
upon the earth: evil shall hunt the wicked person to overthrow him.
12. Sure I am that the Lord will avenge the poor: and maintain the cause of the
helpless. 13. The righteous also shall give thanks unto thy Name: and the just
shall continue in thy sight. 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.