

Psalms 120

¹A Song of degrees. In my distress I cried unto the LORD, and he heard me.²Deliver my soul, O LORD, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.³What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?⁴Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.⁵Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!⁶My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.⁷I am for peace: but when I speak, they are for war.