

## PSALM 120

A song of ascents.

Geneva, 1551



1. I seek the LORD in my af-flic-tion  
and cry to Him for my pro-tection:  
"O save me, LORD, from lips that slan-der,  
from tongues that will to false-hood pan-der."  
De-keit-ful tongue, what shall He grant you,  
and with what more shall He pre-sent you?  
Sharp ar-rows from a war-rior's bow  
and burn-ing char-coal's red-hot glow!

2. *Woe me! Behold my tribulation,  
for Meshech is my habitation;  
near Kedar's tents I'm forced to wander,  
where treacherous tribesmen kill and plunder.  
Too long I have with those resided  
who hate all peace and who deride it.  
I am for peace, which they abhor;  
thus when I speak, they are for war!*