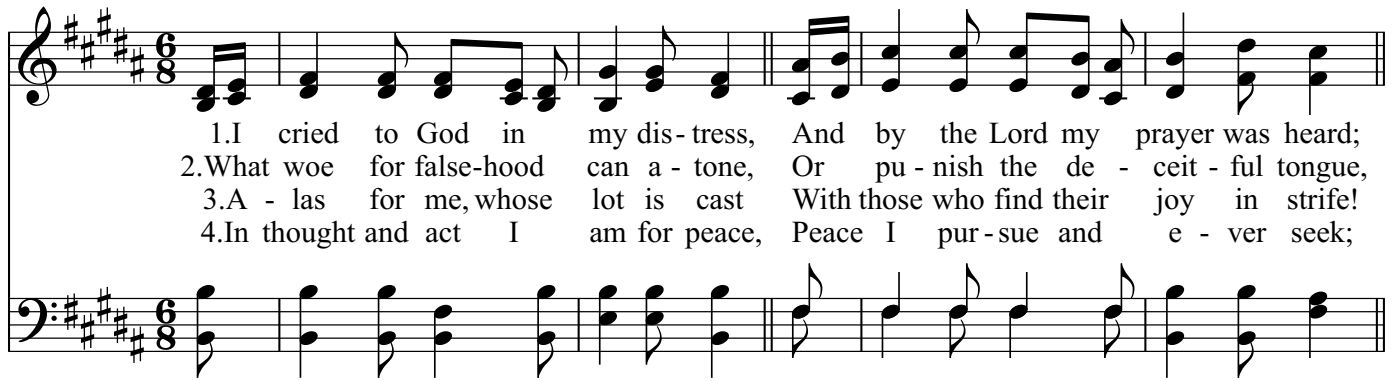
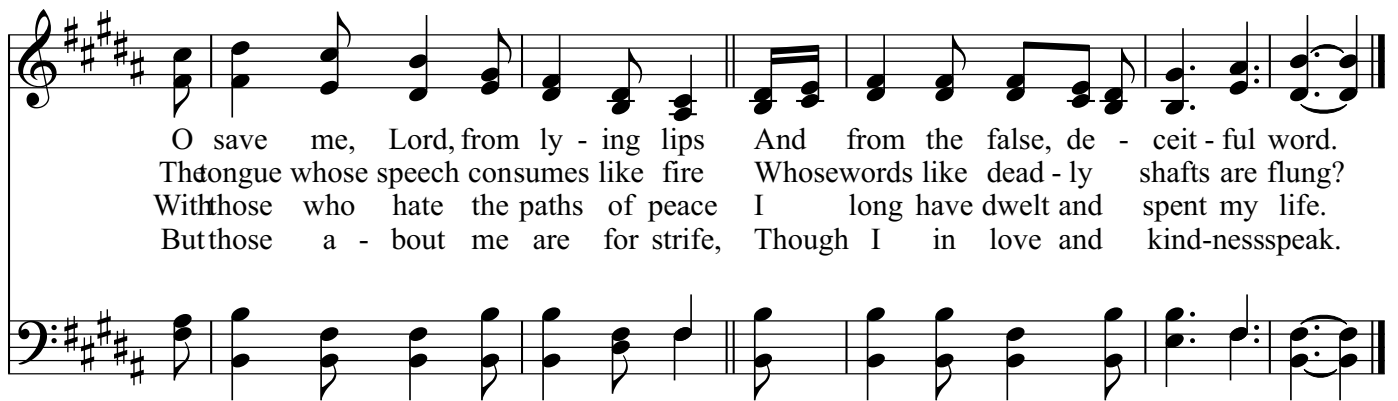


343.The False Tongue



1.I cried to God in my dis-tress, And by the Lord my prayer was heard;
2.What woe for false-hood can a - tone, Or pu - nish the de - ceit - ful tongue,
3.A - las for me, whose lot is cast With those who find their joy in strife!
4.In thought and act I am for peace, Peace I pur - sue and e - ver seek;



O save me, Lord, from ly - ing lips And from the false, de - ceit - ful word.
Thætongue whose speech consumes like fire Whose words like dead - ly shafts are flung?
Withthose who hate the paths of peace I long have dwelt and spent my life.
Butthose a - bout me are for strife, Though I in love and kind-nessspeak.