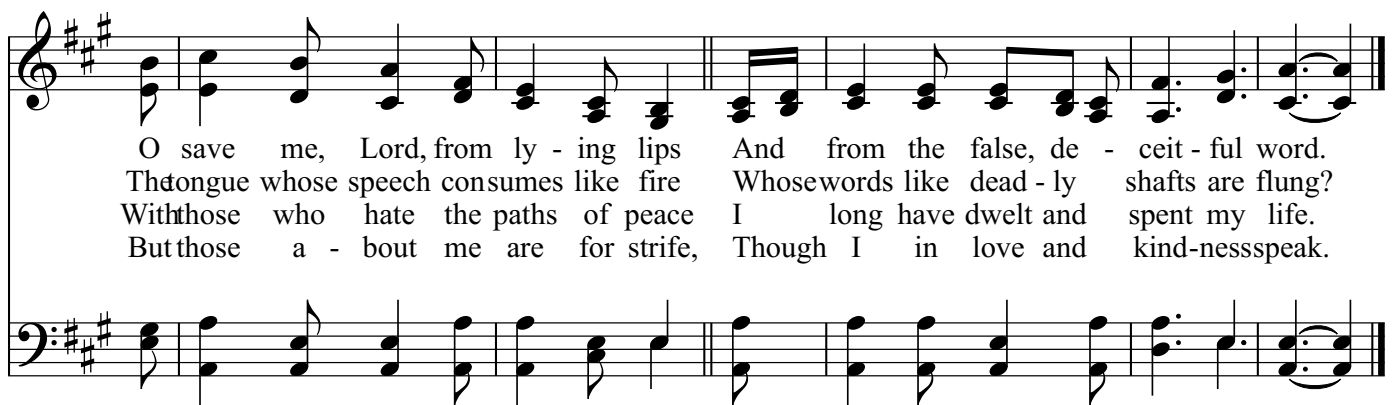


343.The False Tongue



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 Whosewords 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.