Refain: Deliver me, O Lord, from lying lips.

1 When I was in trouble I called to the Lord; he answered me.

2 Deliver me, O Lord, from lying lips and from a deceitful tongue.

3 What shall be given to you? What more shall be done to you, deceitful tongue?

4 The sharp arrows of a warrior, tempered in burning coals!

5 Woe is me, that I must lodge in Meshech and dwell among the tents of Kedar.

6 My soul has dwelt too long with enemies of peace.

7 I am for making peace, but when I speak of it, they make ready for war.

Refain: Deliver me, O Lord, from lying lips.

God of consolation,
look on us, pilgrims in a strange land;
preserve us from slander and deceit,
show us the truth
and give to our souls the peace of Christ.

Å