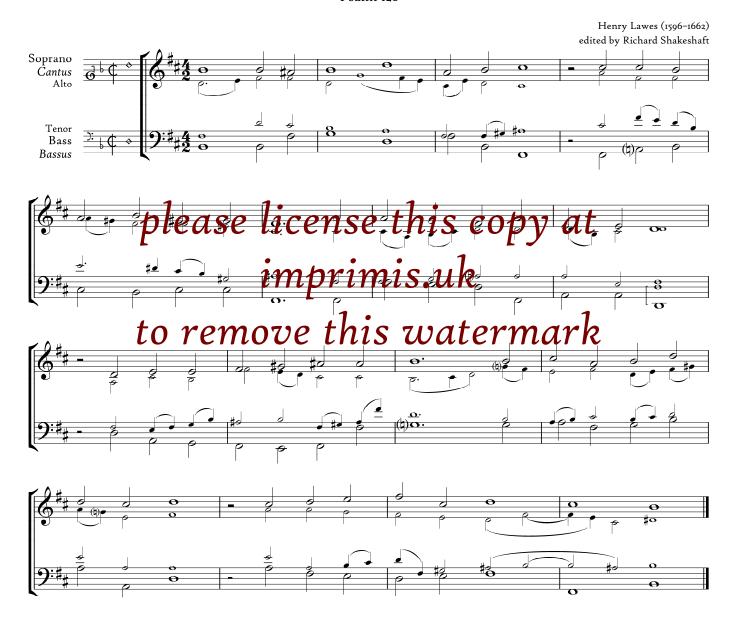
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## Psalm 120



- Distressed, and in my mind dismayed,
   When destitute of human aid,
   To thee successfully I prayed.
   Lord, shield me from the fraudulent;
   From those that are on malice bent;
   Who envious calumnies invent.
- O thou false tongue, steeped in the gall
  Of serpents what reward, for all
  Thy mischief, shall to thee befall!
  Like arrows shot from Parthian strings,
  Fired juniper, and scorpions' stings;
  Such art thou, O thou worst of things!
- Woe's me, that I from Israel
  Exilèd, must in Mesech dwell;
  And in the tents of Ishmael!
  O how long shall I live with those,
  Whose savage minds sweet peace oppose;
  Where fury by dissuasion grows.

George Sandys (1578–1644)