

## **PSALM 120 2024 Deliver Me, O Lord! Relief from a Warlike Tongue!**

2/10/24 Sat. Morn Prayer - P. Twente, [www.ptwente.com](http://www.ptwente.com) 714 425-9221; [ptwente@gmail.com](mailto:ptwente@gmail.com)

### **O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES** Charles Wesley (1739) Maranatha (2:12)

*1 O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise  
The glories of my God and King The triumphs of his grace!*

*2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears That bids our sorrows cease  
'tis music in the sinner's ears 'tis life and health and peace*

*3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me*

*4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ  
Ye blind, behold your savior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy*

*5 My gracious Master and my God Assist me to proclaim  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad The honors of your name*

**PSALMS OF ASCENTS** - These psalms, the fifteen psalms that begin with Psalm 120, are called the psalms of ascents. They are those psalms that were written to express the feelings of those who were preparing to journey to Jerusalem. They were the psalms of the pilgrims who were going to make this pilgrimage to Jerusalem at a time of the feast to worship God. So, they're starting to become conscious of God. They're starting to become conscious of Jerusalem, their journey to Jerusalem. They're standing within the walls of the city of Jerusalem and standing with the people of God to worship God. That's the background for these next fifteen psalms.

*Psalm 120.* The psalmist speaks of dwelling in the midst of these pagan people in Meshech and Kedar. The hostility of these foreigners towards him and his cry unto the Lord.

### ***Deliver Me, O Lord A Song of Ascents.***

#### ***Psa 120:1 In my distress I cried to the LORD, And He heard me.***

- The Bible says that His ear, the Lord's ear is open to the righteous and He hears their cry. "*In my distress I cried to the Lord, He heard me.*" This is his cry.
- *In my distress.* Slander occasions distress of the most grievous kind. Those who have felt the edge of a cruel tongue know assuredly that it is sharper than the sword. Slander rouses our indignation by a sense of injustice, and yet we find ourselves helpless to fight with the evil, or to act in our own defense.
- *I cried unto the Lord!* (or Jehovah). The wisest course that he could follow. It is of little use to appeal to our fellows on the matter of slander, for the more we stir in it the more it spreads; it is of no avail to appeal to the honour of the slanderers, for they have none, and the most piteous demands for justice will only increase their malignity and encourage them to fresh insult. To whom should children cry but to their father? Does not some good come even out of that vile thing, falsehood, when it drives us to our knees and to our God?
- *And he heard me.* Yes, Jehovah hears. He is the living God, and hence prayer to Him is reasonable and profitable. The Psalmist remembered and recorded this instance of prayer-hearing, for it had evidently much affected him; and now he rehearses it for the glory of God and the good of his brethren.
- "The righteous cry and the Lord heard them." The ear of our God is not deaf, nor even heavy. He listens attentively, He catches the first accent of supplication; He makes each of His children confess, - "*He heard me.*" When we are slandered it is a joy that the Lord knows us, and cannot be made to doubt our uprightness. He will not hear the lie against us, but He will hear our prayer against the lie.
- If these Psalms were sung at the ascent of the ark to Mount Zion, and then afterwards by the pilgrims to Jerusalem at the annual festivals and at the return from Babylon, we shall find in the life of David a reason for this being made the first of them.

***Psa 120:2 Deliver my soul, O LORD, from lying lips And from a deceitful tongue.***

- *Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips.* It will need divine power to save a man from these deadly instruments. Lips are soft; but when they are lying lips, they suck away the life of character and are as murderous as razors.
- Lips should never be red with the blood of honest men's reputes, nor salved with malicious falsehoods.
- David says, "*Deliver my soul*": the soul, the life of the man, is endangered by lying lips; cobras are not more venomous, nor devils themselves more pitiless.
- *And from a deceitful tongue.* Here is to the believer good cause for prayer. "Deliver us from evil," may be used with emphasis concerning this business. From gossips, talebearers, writers of anonymous letters, forgers of newspaper paragraphs, and all sorts of lies, good Lord deliver us!

***Psa 120:3 What shall be given to you, Or what shall be done to you, You false tongue?***

- *What shall be given to you.* Talking about those people who were lying about him. The Psalmist seems lost to suggest a fitting punishment. It is the worst of offences - this detraction, calumny, and slander. Judgment sharp and crushing would be measured out to it if men were visited for their transgressions. But what punishment could be heavy enough?
- *What shall be done to you, you false tongue?* And this is what he desires to be done. The law of retaliation can hardly meet the case, since none can slander the slanderer, he is too black to be blackened; neither would any of us blacken him if we could.

***Psa 120:4 Sharp arrows of the warrior, With coals of the broom tree!***

- *That sharp arrows of the warrior!* That God would really bend His bow and smite them with sharpest arrows. Their words were as arrows, and so shall their punishment be. God will see to it that their punishment shall be comparable to an arrow keen in itself, and driven home with all the force with which a mighty man shoots it from his bow of steel, - "*sharp arrows of the warrior, the mighty one.*" Nor shall one form of judgment suffice to avenge this complicated sin.
- *With coals of the broom tree!* The broom tree there makes some of the best charcoal that is hottest and longest lasting. He's really wanting his enemies to experience the *arrows of the warrior and the coals of broom tree*, which long retain their heat, but hell burneth ever, and the deceitful tongue may not deceive itself with the hope of escape from the fire which it has kindled.

***Psa 120:5 Woe is me, that I dwell in Meshech, That I dwell among the tents of Kedar!***

- *Meshech*, The area to the north. *that I dwell in the tents of Kedar*, southeast, among the heathen. This is not our home!
- Gracious men are vexed with the conversation of the wicked.
- Our poet felt himself to be as ill-at-ease among lying neighbors as if he had lived among savages and cannibals. The traitors around him were as bad as the unspeakable Turk. He cries "*Woe is me!*" Their sin appalled him, their enmity galled him.
- He had some hope from the fact that he was only a sojourner in Meshech; but as years rolled on the time dragged heavily, and he feared that he might call himself a dweller in Kedar.
- The wandering tribes to whom he refers were constantly at war with one another; it was their habit to travel, armed to the teeth; they were a kind of plundering gypsies, with their hand against every man and every man's hand against them; and to these he compared the false-hearted ones who had assailed his character.

***Psa 120:6 My soul has dwelt too long With one who hates peace.***

- He's living under difficult conditions because of the hostility that is there towards him as a Jew. Long, long enough, too long had he been an exile among such barbarians. A peace-maker is a blessing, but a

peace-hater is a curse.

- To lodge with such for a night is dangerous, but to dwell with them is horrible. What a change for the man of God from the quietude of the sheepfold to the turmoil of court and the tumult of combat!
- How he must have longed to lay aside his scepter, and to resume his crook.

***Psa 120:7 I am for peace; But when I speak, they are for war.***

- So that longing of his heart to be gathered with God's people where there would be that commonality among them. He would be away from this hostility that he's experiencing in these foreign lands.
- My kindest words appear to provoke them, and they are at daggers drawn at once.
- Nothing pleases them; if I am silent they count me morose, and if I open my mouth they complain and argue. It is the lot of the saints to find foes even in their own households.

**THE LORD'S PRAYER – Bocelli (3:31)**

**PRAY FOR OUR CHURCH/PERSECUTED CHURCH; SCHOOLS; POLICE OFFICERS/MILITARY; ISRAEL:**

**PRAY FOR OUR NATION'S LEADERS: PRAY FOR CALIFORNIA: PRAY FOR WORLD LEADERS: - Pray for World Leaders, especially their salvation!**

**CC LIVING WORD STAFF/LEADERSHIP – FOR A NEW LOCATION!!**

# Psalm 120:5

**Woe, to me that I dwell in Meshech,  
that I live among the tents of Kedar!**

