

Psalm 3

EVENTIDE. 10.10.10.10.

A Psalm of David, in his fleeing from the face of Absalom his son.

Digby S. Wrangham, 1885, alt.

William H. Monk, 1861

1. O Lord, how count - less are mine en - e - mies!
 2. Yet Thou, Lord, art a shield a - bout me spread,
 3. As for my - self, I laid me down and slept;
 4. Up, Lord! and save me, O my God! for Thou

How man - y 'gainst me in re - bel - lion rise!
 My glo - ry and the lift - er of my head.
 I waked; for by Je - ho - vah am I kept.
 Hast smit - ten on the jaw mine eve - ry foe;

How man - y are they that of my soul fore - bode,
 A - loud un - to Je - ho - vah do I cry,
 I will not fear the hosts of an - gry foes,
 Break - ing their teeth, Thou cast'st the wick - ed down.

There is no safe - ty for him in his God!
 And from His ho - ly mount He makes re - ply.
 Whose ranks on eve - ry side a - gainst me close.
 Sal - va - tion is the Lord's; Thy peo - ple bless.