

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.