

Psalm 3

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.

J. Battisill

1 Lord, how are they in-
2 creased that
3 But thou, O Lord, art a-
shield for
trouble me!
me;

1 Many are
2 My glory, and the
they that
lift-er
rise up a-
up of mine
gainst me
head.

2 Many there be which
4 I cried unto the
say of my
Lord with my
soul,
voice,

2 There is no
4 and he heard me
help for
out of his
him in
ho-ly
God.
hill.
Se-lah.
Se-lah.

Psalm 3 (continued)

5 I laid me down and slept;
 7 Arise, O LORD; save me, my God:

5 I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.
 7 for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheekbone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people;
 8 Salvation belongeth unto the LORD:

6 that have set themselves against me round about.
 8 thy blessing is upon thy people. Selah.