

Psalm 3

(tune: Evan - Capo 1)

Voice

Traditional

Transposed. Stefan Driesner - Feb 2024

SA

TB

5

8

N.C. G G C G

O LORD, how are my foes in-creas'd? a- gainst me ma- ny

rise. Ma- ny say of my soul, For him in God no suc- cour lies.

3 Yet thou my shield and glo-ry art,
th'up-lift-er of mine head.

4 I cried, and, from his ho-ly hill,
the Lord me an-swer made.

5 I laid me down and slept; I wak'd,
for God sus-tain-ed me.

6 I will not fear though thou-sands ten
set round a-gainst me be.

7 A-rise, O Lord; save me, my God;
for thou my foes hast stroke
All on the cheek-bone, and the teeth
of wick-ed men hast broke.

8 Sal-va-ti-on doth app-er-tain
un-to the Lord a-lone:
Thy bless-ing, Lord, for e-ver-more
thy peo-ple is up-on.