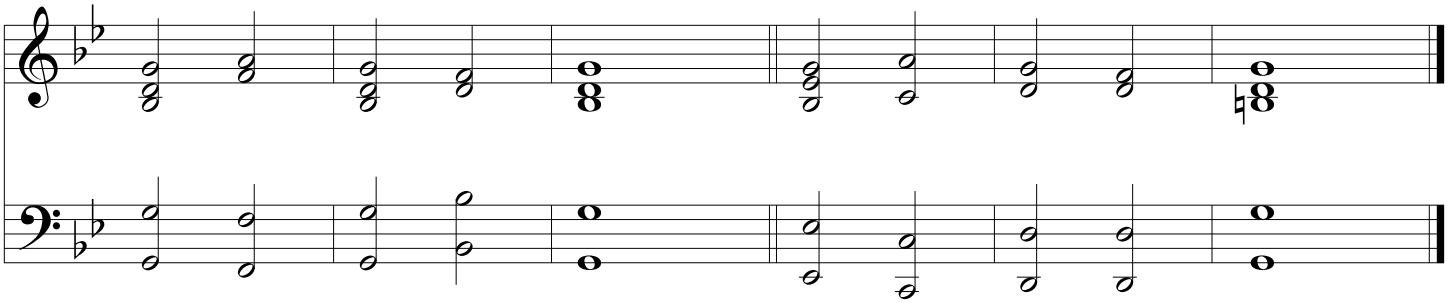


Psalm 3

(†)



A psalm of David, as he fled from the face of Absalom, his son.

1. Yahweh, how many are my | foes!
How many are rising | up a- | gainst me!
2. How many are saying of my | soul,
"There is no salvation for | Him in | God."

Selah Yahweh, how many are my | foes!
How many are rising | up a- | gainst me!

3. But it is You, Yahweh, who are a shield a- | round me,
My Glory, and the One lifting | up my | head.

4. With loud voice to Yahweh I | cry,
And He hears me from His | holy | mountain.

Selah Yahweh, how many are my | foes!
How many are rising | up a- | gainst me!

5. I myself lie down and | sleep;
I awake because | Yahweh sus- | tains me.
6. I will not fear myriads of | people,
Who on all sides are | set a- | gainst me.

7. Arise, | Yahweh!
Deliver me, | O my | God!
For You have struck all my enemies on the | jaw;
The teeth of the un- | godly You have | broken.

- (†)8. From Yahweh is the de- | liverance!
On Your people | is Your | blessing.

Blessed be Yahweh, the God of | Israel,
From everlasting and | unto ever- | lasting;
A- | men!
Yes! A- | men.