

Psalm 3

vers. Dewey Westra, 1931

6 6 7. 6 6 7. 6 6 7. 6 6 7

Ionian

Genevan Psalter, 1539

harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. O LORD, how swift - ly grows The num - ber of my foes
2. But Thou, LORD, al - ways art A shield a - bout my heart,
3. When I lay down, I slept; I woke for I was kept
4. A - rise and save me, LORD, For Thou hast smit - ten hard

Who wan - ton - ly op - press me! Yes, mul - ti - plied are they
My hope and sure re - li - ance. Thou, in the hour of dread,
In His di - vine pro - tec - tion. The LORD was at my side,
The jaws of them that hate me; Yes, Thou didst fierce - ly break

That rise to my dis - may, And day by day dis - tress me.
Dost lift my wear - y head, And bid - dest them de - fi - ance.
My safe - ty He sup - plied, What - ev - er my af - flic - tion.
For me Thy ser - vant's sake The teeth of the un - god - ly.

Though heav - y with de - spair, They scorn - ful - ly de - clare
When - e'er to God I cried, He hast - ened to my side
De - fend - ed by His hand, I shall un - daunt - ed stand
I shall not suf - fer long, For my sal - va - tion strong

To my hu - mil - i - a - tion, That Thou, O God, no more
 In all my trib - u - la - tions; From Zi - on's moun - tain fair
 While thou - sands surge a - bout me; Though fur - ious foes shall wage
 Thou, O my LORD, pro - vid - est. Thy peo - ple all will rest

Canst help me as be - fore Or come to my sal - va - tion.
 He looked on my de - spair And heard my sup - li - ca - tions.
 Their war with might - y rage, I know they shall not rout me.
 By Thee so rich - ly blest, Since Thou with them a - bid - est.