

Psalm 3

of David

Bob

Andante


Voice  when he ran a - way from the face of Ab - sa - lom his son

Vo.  Yh - wh how mul - ti - plied my straits so ma - ny ris - ing a

Vo.  gainst me so ma - ny say - ing of me there is no sal - va - tion for him in


Vo.  God Se - lah But you Yh - wh a shield a bout me my glo - ry and


Ballad


Vo.  lift - ing high my head my voice to Yh - wh I call and he ans - wers me

Vo.  from his ho - ly hill Se - lah I lie down and sleep I a -

Andante

Vo.  wake for Yh - wh supp - orts me I do not fear the mul - ti - pli - ci - ty of

Vo.  peo - ple that sur - round set a - gainst me a - rise Yh - wh

Vo.  Save me my God for you strike all my en - em - ies on the cheek

Vo.  the teeth of the wick - ed you break to Yh - wh is the sal - va - tion

Vo.  to your peo - ple your bless - ing se - lah