

Psalm 3

*Domine, quid multiplicati?*

tone VIII2

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me: ma-ny are they that rise against  
me. 2. Ma-ny one there be that say of my soul: There is no help for him in  
his God. 3. But thou, O Lord, art my defender: thou art my worship, and the  
lifter up of my head. 4. I did call upon the Lord with my voice: and he heard  
me out of his holy hill. 5. I laid me down and slept, and rose up again: for  
the Lord sustained me. 6. I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the  
people: that have set themselves against me round about. 7. Up, Lord, and  
help me, O my God: for thou smitest all mine en-emies upon the cheekbone;  
thou hast broken the teeth of the un-godly. 8. Sal-vation belongeth un-to  
the Lord: and thy blessing is upon thy people. Glory be to the Father, and  
to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now,  
and ever shall be: world without end. Amen