Psalm 3  
Domine, quid multiplicati?  
tone VIII2

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me: many are they that rise against me.  2. Many 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 smittest all mine enemies upon the cheekbone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.  8. Salvation belongeth un-to the Lord: and thy blessing is upon thy people. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen