

# Psalm 3

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Scottish Psalter*, 1635.

1. O Lord, how are my foes increased, Which vex me more and more: They kill my heart as when they say, God can him not re -

2. Then with my voice unto the Lord, I did both call and cry: And He out of His holy hill Did hear me by and

3. If ten thousand had hemmed me in, I could not be afraid: For Thou art still my Lord, my God, My Savior and mine

4. Salvation only doth belong To Thee, O Lord, above: Thou do bestow upon Thy folk, Thy blessing and Thy

10 15

1. -store. But Thou, O Lord, art my defense, When I am hard bested: My worship and mine honor both, And Thou hold up my head.

2. by. I laid me down, and quietly I slept and rose again: For why? I know assuredly the Lord will me sustain.

3. aid. Rise up therefore, save me, my God, For now to Thee I call: For thou hast broke the cheeks and teeth, Of these wicked men all.

4. love. Salvation only doth belong To Thee, O Lord, above: Thou do bestow upon Thy folk, Thy blessing and Thy love.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015.

1. No measures in original; 6/4 time superimposed. All notes halved in value.

2. Treble moved down an octave. Treble written in B<sup>b</sup> major; maintained F major, removing flats on E.