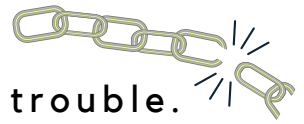


# PSALM 4

To the Chief Musician, a Psalm of David on stringed instruments

Respond to my cry,  
God who makes me **RIGHTEOUS!**



Free me from this trouble.



Bend down and show kindness.

**DISCERN** my prayer.



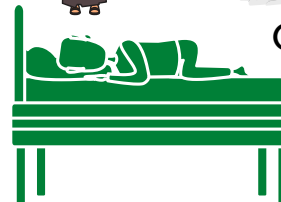
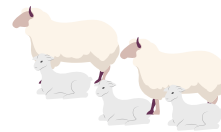
Sons of man, how long will  
**GLORY** be disgraced - loving empty,  
useless things and striving for falsehood?



Know that **ADONAI** sets apart the faithful ones.



**ADONAI**  
**HEARS** my call.



Quiver and don't sin;  
say to your heart  
while in bed:

"rest"



Offer sacrifices of **RIGHTEOUSNESS**  
and trust **ADONAI!**



Many say  
"Who **SEES** what is **GOOD**?"



and turn **YOUR** face, **ADONAI**.

Put rejoicing in my heart,

more than when grain increases,

and freshly pressed wine abounds.



I will lie down and sleep;  
for in **ADONAI** alone  
dwells safety.