

Psalm 3: A psalm of David, when he fled from his son Absalom.

O LORD, how many are my foes! How many rise up against me!
Many are saying of me, "God will not deliver him." Selah
But you are a shield around me, O LORD; you bestow glory on me
and lift up my head.

To the LORD I cry aloud, and he answers me from his holy hill.

Selah

I lie down and sleep; I wake again, because the LORD sustains me.
I will not fear the tens of thousands drawn up against me on every
side.

Arise, O LORD! Deliver me, O my God! Strike all my enemies on the
jaw; break the teeth of the wicked.

From the LORD comes deliverance. May your blessing be on your
people. Selah

