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