

Psalms 3

¹A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son. LORD, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.²Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. Selah.³But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.⁴I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.⁵I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.⁶I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.⁷Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.⁸Salvation belongeth unto the LORD: thy blessing is upon thy people. Selah.