

Psalm 3

A psalm of David. When he fled from his son Absalom.

¹ LORD, how many are my foes!
How many rise up against me!

² Many are saying of me,
"God will not deliver him."

³ But you, LORD, are a shield around me,
my glory, the One who lifts my head high.

⁴ I call out to the LORD,
and he answers me from his holy mountain.

⁵ I lie down and sleep;
I wake again, because the LORD sustains me.

⁶ I will not fear though tens of thousands
assail me on every side.

⁷ Arise, LORD!

Deliver me, my God!

Strike all my enemies on the jaw;
break the teeth of the wicked.

⁸ From the LORD comes deliverance.
May your blessing be on your people.