

Psalm 3

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

¹ **L**ORD, how are they increased that trouble me! many *are* they that rise up against me.

² Many *there be* which say of my soul, *There is* no help for him in God. Selah.

³ But thou, O LORD, *art* a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

⁴ I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.

⁵ I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.

⁶ I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set *themselves* against me round about.

⁷ Arise, 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.

⁸ Salvation *belongeth* unto the LORD: thy blessing *is* upon thy people. Selah.