

Psalm 11

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To the chief Musician, *A Psalm* of David.

¹ **I**N the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee *as* a bird to your mountain?

² For, lo, the wicked bend *their* bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

³ If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

⁴ The LORD *is* in his holy temple, the LORD'S throne *is* in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

⁵ The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

⁶ Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: *this shall be* the portion of their cup.

⁷ For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.