

PSALMS 11

PSALMS 11:1

1 ¶ To the chief Musician, *A Psalm* of David. In the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?

PSALMS 11:2

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.

PSALMS 11:3

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

PSALMS 11:4

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.

PSALMS 11:5

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

PSALMS 11:6

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

PSALMS 11:7

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