

Psalm 11



In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul,
Flee as a bird to your mountain?

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.

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



The Lord is in his holy temple,
the Lord's throne is in heaven:
his eyes behold, his eyelids try,
the children of men.



The Lord trieth the righteous:
but the wicked and him that loveth
violence his soul hateth. Upon the
wicked he shall rain snares, fire
and brimstone, and an
horrible tempest: this
shall be the portion of their cup.



For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness,
his countenance doth behold the upright.