PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 11

1 For the Chief Musician. [A Psalm] of David. In Jehovah do I take refuge: How say ye to my soul, Flee [as] a bird to your mountain;

2 For, lo, the wicked bend the bow, They make ready their arrow upon the string, That they may shoot in darkness at the upright in heart;

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

4 Jehovah is in his holy temple; Jehovah, his throne is in heaven; His eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

5 Jehovah trieth the righteous; But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

6 Upon the wicked he will rain snares; Fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the portion of their cup.

7 For Jehovah is righteous; he loveth righteousness: The upright shall behold his face.

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