Psalms 11

[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?[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.