

¹To 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?²For, lo, the wicked bend their
bow, they make ready their arrow upon
the string, that they may privily shoot at
the upright in heart.³If the foundations be
destroyed, what can the righteous do?⁴The
LORD is in his holy temple, the LORD's
throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his
eyelids try, the children of men.⁵The LORD
trieth the righteous: but the wicked and
him that loveth violence his soul
hateth.⁶Upon the wicked he shall rain
snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible
tempest: this shall be the portion of their
cup.⁷For the righteous LORD loveth
righteousness; his countenance doth
behold the upright.