

<sup>1</sup>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?<sup>2</sup>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.<sup>3</sup>If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?<sup>4</sup>The LORD is in his holy temple, the LORD's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.<sup>5</sup>The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.<sup>6</sup>Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.<sup>7</sup>For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.