

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.