

## PSALM 11

**T**o the Lord do I flee, and confide in His skill; can my soul wish to flee, as a bird to the hills?

- 2 For the wicked string bows, and make ready each dart; to secretly shoot, at the upright in heart.
- 3 If foundations are pulled down, destroyed from our view; then what can the just, and the righteous man do?
- 4 The Lord's in His temple, His throne's in the sky; He sees sons of Adam, His eyes they all try.
- 5 The Lord proves the righteous, (examines the just); but the wicked and cruel, cause His soul disgust.
- 6 Raining snares on the wicked, He'll burn them all up; with a terrible storm, He will fill up their cup.
- 7 For the righteous Lord cares, for all justice and light; His face gazes upon, those who walk upright.