

# Psalm 11

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

<sup>1</sup>In the LORD I put my trust; How can you say to my soul,  
<sup>4</sup>"Flee as a bird to your moun - tain"?  
<sup>7</sup><sup>2</sup>For look! The wick-ed bend their bow, They make read - y their ar - row on the string,  
<sup>11</sup>That they may shoot sec - ret - ly at the up - right in heart.  
<sup>14</sup><sup>3</sup>If the foun - da - tions are de - stroyed, What can the right - eous do?  
<sup>18</sup><sup>4</sup>The LORD is in His ho - ly tem - ple, The LORD's throne is in Heav'n;  
<sup>22</sup>His eyes be - hold, His eye - lids test the sons of men.  
<sup>26</sup><sup>5</sup>The LORD tests the right-eous, But the wick-ed and the one who loves vi-o-lence His soul hates.  
<sup>31</sup><sup>6</sup>Up - on the wick-ed He will rain coals; Fire and brim-stone and a burn - ing wind  
<sup>35</sup>Shall be the por - tion of their cup.

Music: David R. Erb, 2015 ©

Text: Holy Bible, New King James Version, 1982 ©

38 C Dm A5 C F

7For the LORD is right - eous, He loves right - eous - ness;

42 Am Em F C Dm <sup>Dm</sup>E F <sup>F</sup>G A

His coun - te - nance be - holds the up - right.