

PSALM 11

For the director of music. Of David.

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Geneva, 1551

1. The LORD's my ref-uge! Why do you keep saying,
 "Flee like a bird that to the moun-tain wings.
 For look, the wick-ed bend their bows for slay-ing;
 they fit their sharp-ened ar-rows to the strings
 to shoot in se-cret those who right-ness cher-ish.
 What can the right-eous who to jus-tice clings
 still do if the foun-da-tions fall and per-ish?"

2. The LORD is *on His throne in heaven's palace.*
 He sees the *sons of Adam from that height;*
 His *eyes inspect their virtues and their malice.*
 God *hates those who in violence delight;*
 He *sends them storms and brimstone fiercely burning.*
 The LORD is righteous. *All who are upright*
 shall see *His face and fill their deepest yearning.*