

# Psalm 11

To the chief Musician

A Psalm of David

The Psalmist, 1830

1 In the \_\_\_\_\_ LORD put I my trust:  
3 If the foun- \_\_\_\_\_ da - tions be de - stroyed,  
5 The \_\_\_\_\_ LORD \_\_\_\_\_ trieth the right - eous:

How say ye to my \_\_\_\_\_ soul, 'Flee as a bird to your mountain?  
What \_\_\_\_\_ can the right - eous \_\_\_\_\_ do?'  
But the wicked and him that lov - eth vio - lence his soul \_\_\_\_\_ hateth.

2 For, lo, \_\_\_\_\_ the wick - ed bend their bow,  
4 The LORD \_\_\_\_\_ is in his ho - ly tem - ple,  
6 Upon \_\_\_\_\_ the wick - ed he shall rain snares,

They make ready \_\_\_\_\_ their arrow up - on the string,  
The \_\_\_\_\_ LORD's throne \_\_\_\_\_ is in hea - ven:  
Fire \_\_\_\_\_ and brimstone, and a hor - ri - ble tem - pest:  
◇ 7 For the right - \_\_\_\_\_ eous LORD \_\_\_\_\_ lov - eth righteous - ness;

That they may privi- \_\_\_\_\_ ly shoot at the upright in heart.  
His eyes behold, his eye- \_\_\_\_\_ lids try, the children of men.  
This shall be \_\_\_\_\_ the por - tion of their cup.  
◇ His counte- \_\_\_\_\_ nance doth be - hold the upright.