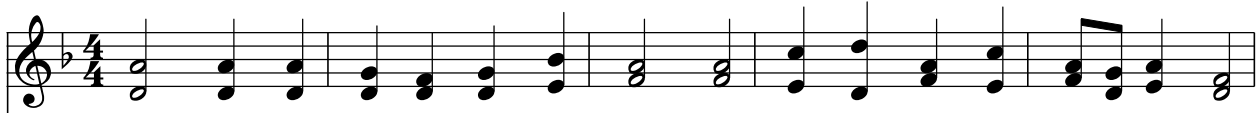


Psalm 11

To the chief musician, a psalm of David



1. In Yah - weh I've ta - ken ref - uge. How can you say un - to my soul,
2. For look! The wic - ked bend their bow. They fix their ar - row on the string
* 3. If the foun - da - tions are de - stroyed, what can the right - eous per - son do?"
Yah - weh, in heav - en is his throne. His eyes be - hold, his eye - lids test
** 5. Yah - weh will test the right - eous man; but his soul hates the wic - ked one
6. He will rain on the wic - ked snares. Lo, fire, brim - stone and scorch - ing wind
7. be - cause Yah - weh is right - eous, and he takes de - light in right - eous - ness.



"Flee to your moun - tain like a bird?
to shoot the up - right in the dark."
* 4. Yah - weh is in his ho - ly house.
ev' - ry one of the sons of man.
** and the one who loves vi - o - lence.
will be the por - tion of their cup,
The up - right will be - hold his face.

