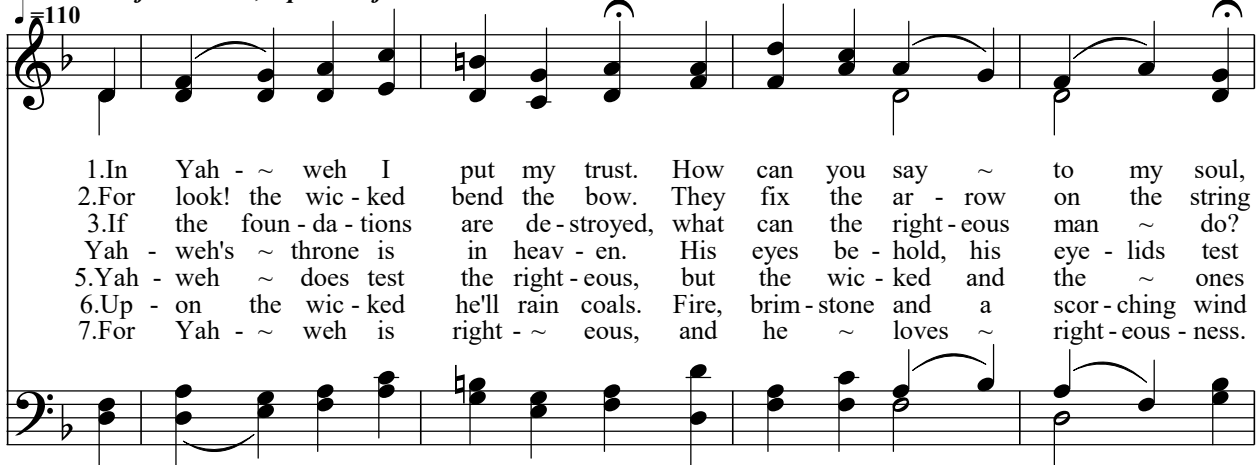


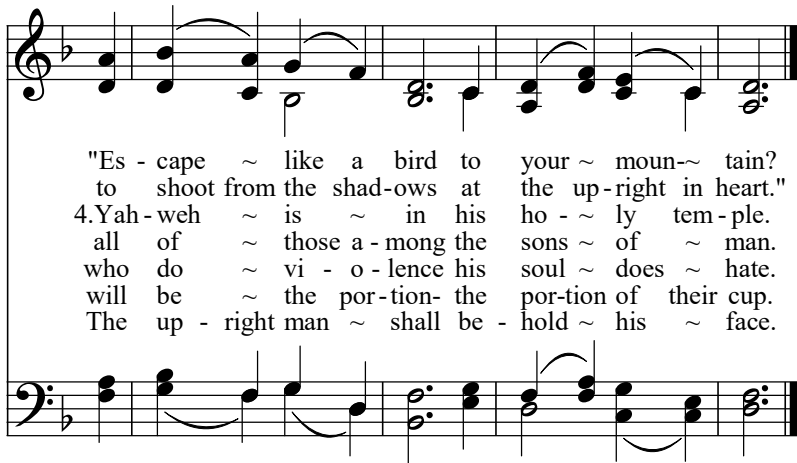
# Psalm 11

*To the chief musician, a psalm of David*

♩ 110



1. In Yah - ~ weh I put my trust. How can you say ~ to my soul,  
2. For look! the wic - ked bend the bow. They fix the ar - row on the string  
3. If the foun - da - tions are de - stroyed, what can the right - eous man ~ do?  
Yah - weh's ~ throne is in heav - en. His eyes be - hold, his eye - lids test  
5. Yah - weh ~ does test the right - eous, but the wic - ked and the ~ ones  
6. Up - on the wic - ked he'll rain coals. Fire, brim - stone and a scor - ching wind  
7. For Yah - ~ weh is right - ~ eous, and he ~ loves ~ right - eous - ness.



"Es - cape ~ like a bird to your ~ moun - ~ tain?  
to shoot from the shad - ows at the up - right in heart."  
4. Yah - weh ~ is ~ in his ho - ~ ly tem - ple.  
all of ~ those a - mong the sons ~ of ~ man.  
who do ~ vi - o - lence his soul ~ does ~ hate.  
will be ~ the por - tion - the por - tion of their cup.  
The up - right man ~ shall be - hold ~ his ~ face.