

Psalm 11

למנוצח לדוד

dbs trans.

- 1 My shelter is in the LORD, how then do they say to my soul,
“Flee little birdie to your mountain.”
- 2 For behold, the wicked bend their bow,
They place their arrow upon the string,
To shoot it, treachery, at the upright in heart.
- 3 For it the foundations be broken,
What can the righteous do?
- 4 The LORD is in His holy temple,
The LORD’s throne is in the heavens,
His eyes behold,
His eyelids try,
The sons of men.
- 5 The LORD tries the righteous and the wicked,
But the one who loves violence His soul hates.
- 6 He rains down calamity upon the wicked,
Fire and brimstone,
And wind with raging heat, the measure of their cup.
- 7 For the righteous LORD loves righteousness,
The upright shall behold His face.