

Psalm 11

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

C Dm A5 C F E5

In the LORD I put my trust; How can you say to my soul,

4 Dm Am Dm F G

"Flee as a bird to your mountain?"

7 Am Am G Dm7 F G Am Am G Dm7 F

For look! The wicked bend their bow, They make ready their arrow on the string,

11 Am C G Dm F A5

That they may shoot secretly at the upright in heart.

14 Am Dm C Dm F E5

If the foundations are destroyed, What can the righteous do?

18 F Dm Esus Em F Dm G

The LORD is in His holy temple, The LORD's throne is in Heaven;

22 Am Em F C Dm Dm E F G A5

His eyes behold, His eyelids test the sons of men.

26 C Em Dm Am Em Dm F E

The LORD tests the righteous, But the wicked and the one who loves violence His soul hates.

31 Am Am G Dm7 F G Am Am G Em
 6Up - on the wick - ed He will rain coals; Fire and brim - stone and a burn - ing wind

35 Am C G Dm F G(9-8) A5
 Shall be the por - tion of their cup.

38 C Dm A5 C
 7For the LORD is right - eous, He loves right - eous - ness;

F 42 Am Em F C Dm Dm E F G A
 His coun - te - nance be - holds the up - right.