To the chief Musician, [A Psalm] of David.>> In the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee [as] a bird to your mountain?

For, lo, the wicked bend [their] bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: [this shall be] the portion of their cup.

For the righteous LORDloveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.