

Psalm 11

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 To the chief Musician. A Psalm of David. In Jehovah have I put my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain? **2** For behold, the wicked bend the bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may in darkness shoot at the upright in heart. **3** If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?

4 Jehovah is in the temple of his holiness; Jehovah, --his throne is in the heavens: his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men. **5** Jehovah trieth the righteous one; but the wicked, and him that loveth violence, his soul hateth. **6** Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone; and scorching wind shall be the portion of their cup. **7** For righteous is Jehovah; he loveth righteousness, his countenance doth behold the upright.