1 In the Lord have I taken refuge; how then can you say to me,

Flee like a bird to the hills,

2 For see how the wicked bend the bow and fit their arrows to the string,

to shoot from the shadows at the true of heart.

3 When the foundations are destroyed, what can the righteous do?

4 The Lord is in his holy temple; the Lord's throne is in heaven.

5 His eyes behold, his eyelids try every mortal being.

6 The Lord tries the righteous as well as the wicked, but those who delight in violence his soul abhors.

7 Upon the wicked he shall rain coals of fire and burning sulphur; scorching wind shall be their portion to drink.

8 For the Lord is righteous; he loves righteous deeds, and those who are upright shall behold his face.