

# 11. THE UPRIGHT

E D E E-D-E

In the LORD put I my trust:

E D-A A Asus E D-E

How say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?

A D E D-E

For, lo, the wicked bend their bow,

A D E D-E

They make ready their arrow

G D A E

Upon the string, that they may privily shoot

G D E-D-E

At the upright in heart.

A D E D-E

If the foundations be destroyed,

A D E D-E

What can the righteous do?

G D E D-E

The LORD is in his holy temple,

G D C

The LORD's throne is in heaven:

G D/F# Em D C G/B Am C D

His eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men. The LORD trieth the righteous:

G D/F# Em D C D

But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

E D E E-D-E E D E E-D-E

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone,

E D A A Asus E D-E

and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.

G D C

For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness;

G D/F# Em D C D G

His countenance doth behold the upright.