

# The Lord's My Refuge!

PSALM 11 - Ninehouse

Minor

1.The Lord's my ref - uge! Why do you keep say - ing,  
2.The Lord is on his throne in heav - en's pal - ace.

"Flee like a bird that to the moun - tain wings.  
He sees the sons of Ad - am from that height;

For look, the wick - ed bend their bows for slay - ing;  
his eyes in - spect their vir - tues and their mal - ice.

they fit their sharp - ened ar - rows to the strings  
God hates those who in vi - o - lence de - light;

to shoot in se - cret and those who right - ness cher - ish.  
he sends them storms and brim - stone fierce - ly burn - ing.

What can the right - eous who to jus - tice clings  
The Lord is right - eous. All who are up - right

still do if the foun - da - tions fall and per - ish?"  
shall see his face and fill their deep - est year - ing.

Tune: Tim Nijenhuis, © 2020

Lyrics: 1972, Walter van der Kamp; rev. - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

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