

¹To the chief Musician, Altaschith, A Psalm or Song of Asaph. Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee do we give thanks: for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.²When I shall receive the congregation I will judge uprightly.³The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved: I bear up the pillars of it. Selah.⁴I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly: and to the wicked, Lift not up the horn.⁵Lift not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck.⁶For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south.⁷But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.⁸For in the hand of the LORD there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture; and he poureth out of the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them.⁹But I will declare for ever; I will sing praises to the God of Jacob.¹⁰All the horns of the wicked also will I cut off; but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.