

Psalm 47

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To the chief Musician, A Psalm for the sons of Korah.

¹ **O** clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

² For the LORD most high *is* terrible; *he is* a great King over all the earth.

³ He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

⁴ He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved. Selah.

⁵ God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

⁶ Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

⁷ For God *is* the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

⁸ God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

⁹ The princes of the people are gathered together, *even* the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth *belong* unto God: he is greatly exalted.