

Psalm 75

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To the chief Musician, Al-taschith, A Psalm *or* Song of Asaph.

¹ **U**NTO thee, O God, do we give thanks, *unto thee* do we give thanks: for *that* thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.

² When I shall receive the congregation I will judge uprightly.

³ The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved: I bear up the pillars of it. Selah.

⁴ I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly: and to the wicked, Lift not up the horn:

⁵ Lift not up your horn on high: speak *not with* a stiff neck.

⁶ For promotion *cometh* neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south.

⁷ But God *is* the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.

⁸ For 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*.

⁹ But I will declare for ever; I will sing praises to the God of Jacob.

¹⁰ All the horns of the wicked also will I cut off; *but* the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.