1 We give you thanks, O God, we give you thanks, for your name is near, as your wonderful deeds declare.

2 I, the Lord, will judge with equity.

3 Though the earth reels and all that dwell in her, it is I that hold her pillars steady.

4 To the boasters I say, "Boast no longer," and to the wicked, "Do not lift up your horn.

5 Do not lift up your horn on high; do not speak with a stiff neck.

6 For neither from the east nor from the west, nor yet from the wilderness comes exaltation.

7 But God alone is judge; he puts down one and raises up another.

8 For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, well mixed and full of foaming wine.

9 He pours it out for all the wicked of the earth; they shall drink it, and drain the dregs.

10 But I will rejoice for ever and make music to the God of Jacob.

11 All the horns of the wicked will I break,
but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.