
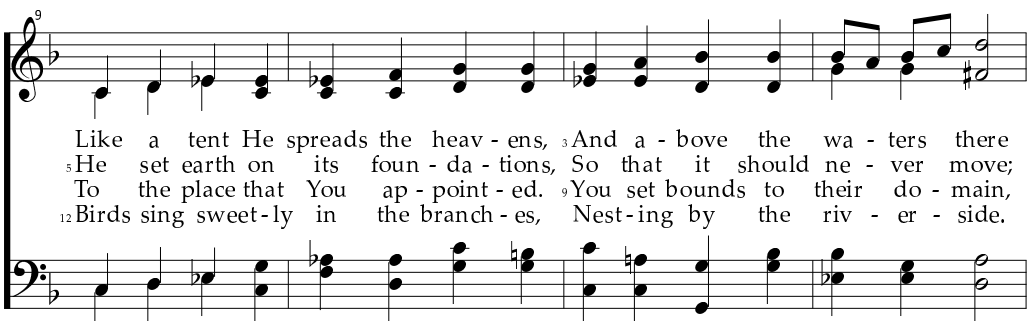


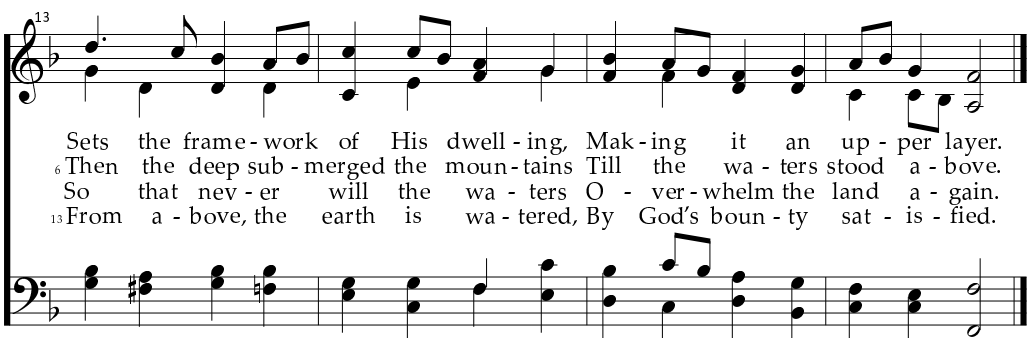
1. ¹ Praise the LORD, my soul! O praise Him! LORD my God, You are so great!
 2. He makes clouds of heav'n His char - iot; On the wings of wind He rides,
 3. ⁷ But when You re - buked the wa - ters, At Your thun - der they took flight;
 4. ¹⁰ God makes springs pour down the val - leys. Streams that flow from ev - 'ry hill



² Wrapped in light as with a gar - ment, Clothed in maj - es - ty and state.
⁴ He makes flames of fire His ser - vants; Winds o - bey what He de - cides.
⁸ They re - ced - ed to the val - leys, Flow - ing down the moun - tains' height
¹¹ Quench the thirst of all His crea - tures, And wild don - keys drink their fill.



Like a tent He spreads the heav - ens, ³ And a - bove the wa - ters there
⁵ He set earth on its foun - da - tions, So that it should ne - ver move;
 To the place that You ap - point - ed. ⁹ You set bounds to their do - main,
¹² Birds sing sweet - ly in the branch - es, Nest - ing by the riv - er - side.



Sets the frame - work of His dwell - ing, Mak - ing it an up - per layer.
⁶ Then the deep sub - merged the moun - tains Till the wa - ters stood a - bove.
 So that nev - er will the wa - ters O - ver - whelm the land a - gain.
¹³ From a - bove, the earth is wa - tered, By God's boun - ty sat - is - fied.