

Praise the LORD, My Soul! O Praise Him!

From Psalm 104:1-13

1. ¹Praise 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. ⁷But when You re - buked the wa - ters, At Your thun - der they took flight;
4. ¹⁰God makes springs pour down the val - leys. Streams that flow from ev - 'ry hill

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

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

¹³Sets the frame - work of His dwell - ing, Mak - ing it an up - per layer.
⁶Then 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.
¹³From a - bove, the earth is wa - tered, By God's boun - ty sat - is - fied.

Music: Theodor Goldschmidt

Text: *Sing Psalms*, 2003 ©

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