

# 197 Praise the LORD, My Soul! O Praise Him!

From Psalm 104:1-13

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

5  
 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.

9  
 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.

13  
 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.