



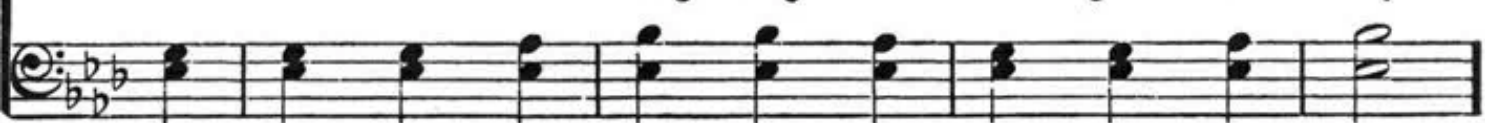
1. My soul, bless the Lord! the Lord is most great;
2. He rides on the clouds, the wings of the storm,
3. O'er moun - tain and plain the dark wa - ters raged;
4. He caus - es the springs of wa - ter to flow



With glo - ry ar - rayed, ma - jes - tic His state;  
The light - ning and wind His mis - sion per - form;  
His voice they o - beyed, the floods were as - suaged;  
In streams 'mid the hills and val - leys be - low;



The light is His gar - ment, the skies are His shade,  
The earth He has found - ed her sta - tion to keep,  
Up - lift - ing the moun - tains He or - dered a bound,  
Be - side them with sing - ing the birds greet the day,



And o - ver the wa - ters His courts He has laid.  
And wrapped as a ves - ture a - bout her the deep.  
For - bid - ding the wa - ters to cov - er the ground  
And there the beasts gath - er their thirst to al - lay.

