

PSALM 104

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Lyons, 1548



1. O bless the LORD, my soul, and praise His name.
 O LORD, how great You are, how bright Your fame!
 You who are clothed in maj-es-ty and splen-dour,
 en-robed in light, to You my praise I ren-der.
 The heav-ens You have stretched out like a tent,
 Your pal-ace found-ed on the fir-ma-ment.
 Clouds are Your char-iots, storms lend You their pin-ions;
 winds are Your her-alds, fire and flame Your min-ions.

2. The earth, which You have *founded*, *none can* shake.
The raging deep You *as its* cloak did make,
 and *even* mountains *were concealed* thereunder;
 the waters fled at *Your rebuke*, *Your* thunder.
 They *down the* hills their way to *valleys* found;
 the *mighty* waters You *with limits* bound.
 So You *assigned their place to them*, that never
 their *roaring* floods the *earth again* might cover.

Psalm 104

3. You, LORD, let wa-ter gush from springs and wells;
it flows in val-leys in a-mong the hills.
You quench the thirst of eve-ry crea-ture liv-ing,
to roam-ing beasts re-fresh-ing wa-ters giv-ing.
There by the riv-er-side nest man-y birds;
a-mong the branch-es is their sing-ing heard.
From Your high halls You wa-ter all the moun-tains;
You bless the earth from o-ver-flow-ing foun-tains.

4. For cattle You cause *grass to sprout and grow*,
and You to man give *plants to reap and sow*.
You *in his bread and wine let him take pleasure*;
in oil of joy, *supplied in richest measure*.
On *cedars that You planted rains pour down*;
well *watered* are the *trees of Lebanon*.
There *dwells the stork with birds of every feather*;
goats *roam the rocky crags where coney*s gather.

5. To mark the seasons *You, LORD, made the moon.*
At Your command the sun turns dusk to noon,
and when the day by night is overtaken,
then in the forest all the beasts awaken.
Young lions roar and seek from God their prey,
but when the dawn appears, they steal away
and in their dens lie down, the sunlight scorning.
Man then awakes and greets the dewy morning.

6. Off to his work man goes when morning calls
and labours till the evening shadow falls.
O LORD, Your many glorious works astound us.
In wisdom You made everything around us;
its fullness earth to You as tribute brings.
Your ocean teems with countless living things.
There sail the ships in coming and in going;
there plays Leviathan, its pleasure showing.

7. All creatures, LORD, look to Your open hand
to give them food, for they on You depend.
They gather up its plenty when You beckon;
avert Your face, and they are panic-stricken,
for when You take away their breath, they die.
They are created when You from on high
give them their life: it is Your Spirit's doing;
the face of all the earth You keep renewing.

8. For evermore God's radiant glory stands;
may He rejoice in all that He commands.
He looks at earth and makes it shake and shiver;
He touches mountains, and they smoke and quiver.
God I will praise as long as I shall live;
may to the LORD my worship pleasure give.
But may the wicked from the earth be driven.
Bless God, my soul! To Him all praise be given.