

He Waters the Hills

The Psalter, 1912.

Johann Haydn(1737-1806)

He waters the hills with rain from the skies,
And plentiful grass and herbs He supplies,
Supplying the cattle, and blessing man's toil
With bread in abundance, with wine and with oil.

The trees which the Lord has planted are fed,
And over the earth their branches are spread;
They keep in their shelter the birds of the air,
The life of each creature the Lord makes His care.

The seasons are fixed by wisdom divine,
The slow changing moon show forth God's design;
The sun in his circuit his Maker obeys,
And running his journey hastes not nor delays.

The Lord makes the night, when leaving their lair,
The lions creep forth, God's bounty to share;
The Lord makes the morning, when beasts steal away
And men are beginning the work of the day.

How many and wise Thy works are, O Lord!
The earth with the wealth of wisdom is stored;
The sea bears in safety the ships to and fro,
And creatures unnumbered it shelters below.

The creatures all look to Thee for their food;
Thy hands open wide, they gather the good;
Thy face Thou concealest, in anguish they yearn;
Their breath Thou withholdest, to dust they return.