

My Soul, Bless the Lord!

The Psalter, 1912.

Henry Gauntlett, 1861.

My soul, bless the Lord! the Lord is most great,  
With glory arrayed, majestic His state;  
The light is His garment, the skies are his shade,  
And over the waters His courts has He laid.

He rides on the clouds, the wings of the storm,  
The lightning and wind His mission perform;  
The earth He has founded her station to keep,  
And wrapped as a vesture about her the deep.

O'er mountain and plain the dark waters raged;  
His voice they obeyed, the floods were assuaged;  
Uplifting the mountains He ordered a bound,  
Forbidding the waters to cover the ground.

He causes the springs of water to flow  
In streams 'mid the hills and valleys below;  
Beside them with singing the birds greet the day,  
And there the beasts gather their thirst to allay.

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.

Thy Spirit, O Lord, makes life to abound,  
The earth is renewed, and fruitful the ground;  
To God ascribe glory and wisdom and might,  
Let God in His creatures forever delight.

Rejoicing in God, my thought shall be sweet,  
While sinners depart in ruin complete;  
My soul, bless Jehovah, His name be adored,  
Come, praise Him, ye people, and worship the Lord.