

# My Soul Bless the Lord

Citation, lyrics and music are copied from The Cyber Hymnal and are public domain. Midi file is modified to piano only. Lyrics may be modified for doctrinal accuracy. This version is not copyrighted. If you find it a blessing, please feel free to use it. – *In Christ, Paul W. Davis*

Bless the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty. Who coverest *thyself* with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind: Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire: *Who* laid the foundations of the earth, *that* it should not be removed for ever. Thou coveredst it with the deep as *with* a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth. (*Psalms 104:1-9*)

<b>Words:</b> The Psalter, 1912. <b>Music:</b> " <i>Houghton</i> ", Henry J. Gauntlett, 1861. (midi, mp3)	Listen to the hymn melody
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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.

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.