Psalm 104
"My soul praise the Lord"

Text by William Kethe
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. My soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name. O Lord our great God,

2. His chamber beams lie in the clouds full sure, Which, as his chariot,

3. He goundeth the earth so firmly and fast, That it once to move

how dost thou appear, So passing in glory that great
are made him to bear: And there with much swiftness his course
none shall have such pow'r The deep a fair cov'ring for it

is thy fame: Hon'our and majesty in thee shine most
doeth endure, Up on the wings riding of wind in the
made thou hast, Which by his own nature the hills would de-

clear. With light as a robe that haste thee be clad, Whereby all
air. He maketh his spirits as heralds to go: And lightnings
vour. But at thy rebuke the waters do flee, And so give
the earth thy greatness may see, The heavens in such sort thou
to serve we see also pressed: His will to accomplish they
due place, thy word to obey: At thy voice of thunder so

also hast spread, That it to
run to and fro, To save, or
fearful they be, That in their

consume things, as seemeth him best.
great raging they haste soon a way.