

# My soul, bless the Lord!

Psalter 285 (Psalm 104)

Words: Paraphrase of Psalm 104, Author unknown  
Melody: Michael Haydn (1737-1806)  
Arrangement: Herman den Hollander

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1. My soul, bless the Lord! the Lord is most great,  
2. He rides on the clouds, the wings of the storm,  
3. O'er moun-tain and plain the dark wa-ters raged;  
4. He caus-es the springs of wa-ter to flow

5. glo-ry ar-rayed, ma-jes-tic the stars; The light is His  
light-ning and wind His mis-sion pur-sue; The earth He has  
voice they o-beyed, the floods were as-suaged; Up-lift-ing the  
streams 'mid the hills and val-leys be-low; Be-side them with

10. gar-men the trees at his shade, And o-ver the wa-ters His  
found-er her si-tion to keep, And wrapped as a ves-ture a-  
mountains the or-dered a-bound, For-bid-ding the wa-ters to  
sing-ing the birds greet the day, And there the beasts gath-er their

15. courts He has laid.  
bout her the deep.  
cov-er the ground.  
thirst to al-lay. And there the beasts gather their thirst to al-lay.