Psalm 104: The grandeur of Nature

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Bless the Lord
O my soul.
Lord, You're uniquely
Great.
Attired in glory and majesty,
Yet attuned to
Man's lowly estate.

You wrap Yourself
As with a cloak
In primordial light.
The heavens
You spread
Expansively
As a curtain
Dazzlingly bright.

Rafters
In the waters above
You created;
For heaven's loftiest chambers,
Expressly designated.

As Your chariot,
Clouds were employed.
On the wings of the wind,
Transported and buoyed.

Messengers,
Out of the winds,
You made.
Fiery flames enlisted
To Your aid.

You founded earth
On a secure base,
Never to be moved
From its place.

The deep
You created
As earth's cover.
Above mountains You made
The cloud-waters
Hover.

From Your rebuke
Those waters fled,
From the crash
Of Your thunder
They bolted
In dread.

Mountains rose,
Valleys sank,
To levels You dictated.

Impassable boundaries
For the waters,
You created,
That earth should never become
Wholly inundated.

You caused spring-water
To gush forth.
You made the rivers
Swell
Between the mountains
To find their way
For the tasks
That You compel—

For the beasts of the field
To drink their fill,
For wild asses to slake
Their thirst at will,
For birds to
To make
Their nests nearby,
And among the foliage
Chirp to the sky.

You water the mountains
From Your lofty stores,
Feeding earth
In ways
Uniquely Yours—
Making grass spring forth
As food for cattle,
And plants
Requiring man's toil,
To extract his food
From the earth
After he's tilled
The soil.

Wine gladdens
The heart of man,
Oil makes complexion
Bright.
Bread sustains
Human life—
It is our staple
Bite.

The trees
The Lord has planted
All drink their fill,
Making Lebanon's cedars
Grow even taller still,
Attracting birds to their branches,
There, to make their nest,
The cypress tree a home where
The storks *take their rest.*

High mountains are home
For wild goats,
In crags
The rock-badger
Hides,
He created the moon
For seasons.
When to set,
The sun decides.

When You bring on the darkness
Night reigns supreme.
Then all beasts of the forests
Have their own regime—
The lions
Roar for their prey,
Seeking food
From God
Without delay.
But, come the sunrise
They withdraw,
To stretch out and snooze
On their lair's floor.

Then it is
That man goes out
To pursue his work,
Laboring hard until the dusk
At tasks
He doesn't shirk.

How numerous, Lord,
Are the things You've made,
All with wisdom
Overlaid.
Earth teeming
With Your creatures,
All endowed
With unique features.
There's the sea,
Vast and wide,
Its innumerable beings
Swim and glide.
Living things
Small and great—
Some splashing wildly,
Some sedate.

There go the ships
Sailing along,
Passing Leviathan,
Immense and strong,
Whom You created
As an object of sport—
The rest expecting
Their food to be brought
By You precisely
When it's sought.

You do indeed provide it,
And they're all supplied.
Your bounty ensuring
That they're all satisfied.

But were You once
To hide Your face,
It would terrify.
Were You to withhold
Their breath,
They'd instantly die.
To the dust
They'd be returned
Where, forever,
They would lie.

But were You to
Restore Your spirit
They'd be born again.

So, hear my prayer
And grant renewal
To all the world's terrain.

May the Lord's glory
Endure forever,
Rejoicing in
Man's endeavor.
Just one of His glances
At the earth,
And it would quake with fear.
Just one touch
Of a mountain,
For billowing smoke
To appear.

So, while I live
let me sing
Joyfully
To the Lord.

Throughout my days
Let me sing His praise
To show
How He's adored.

May my meditation
To God be sweet,
That my joy in Him
May be complete.
May sinners
From the earth
Be banned,
And the wicked
Vanish
By His command.

Bless the Lord,
O my soul.
Let us praise Him
And extol.