

Psalm 104—  
A Divinely Inspired Creation or Nature Poem

Ps. 104:1 Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with splendor and majesty, Ps. 104:2 Covering Thyself with light as with a cloak, Stretching out heaven like a tent curtain. Ps. 104:3 He lays the beams of His upper chambers in the waters; He makes the clouds His chariot; He walks upon the wings of the wind; Ps. 104:4 He makes the winds His messengers, Flaming fire His ministers.

Ps. 104:5 He established the earth upon its foundations, So that it will not totter forever and ever. Ps. 104:6 Thou didst cover it with the deep as with a garment; The waters were standing above the mountains. Ps. 104:7 At Thy rebuke they fled; At the sound of Thy thunder they hurried away. Ps. 104:8 The mountains rose; the valleys sank down To the place which Thou didst establish for them. Ps. 104:9 Thou didst set a boundary that they may not pass over; That they may not return to cover the earth.

Ps. 104:10 He sends forth springs in the valleys; They flow between the mountains; Ps. 104:11 They give drink to every beast of the field; The wild donkeys quench their thirst. Ps. 104:12 Beside them the birds of the heavens dwell; They lift up their voices among the branches. Ps. 104:13 He waters the mountains from His upper chambers; The earth is satisfied with the fruit of His works.

Ps. 104:14 **[Food]** He causes the grass to grow for the cattle, And vegetation for the labor of man, So that he may bring forth food from the earth, Ps. 104:15 And wine which makes man's heart glad, So that he may make his face glisten with oil, And food which sustains man's heart. Ps. 104:16 The trees of the Lord drink their fill, The cedars of Lebanon which He planted, Ps. 104:17 Where the birds build their nests, And the stork, whose home is the fir trees.

Ps. 104:18 The high mountains are for the wild goats; The cliffs are a refuge for the rock badgers. **[Time]** Ps. 104:19 He made the moon for the seasons; The sun knows the place of its setting. Ps. 104:20 Thou dost appoint darkness and it becomes night, In which all the beasts of the forest prowl about. Ps. 104:21 The young lions roar after their prey, And seek their food from God. Ps. 104:22 When the sun rises they withdraw, And lie down in their dens. Ps. 104:23 Man goes forth to his work And to his labor until evening.

Ps. 104:24 O Lord, how many are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all; The earth is full of Thy possessions. Ps. 104:25 There is the sea, great and broad, In which are swarms without number, Animals both small and great. Ps. 104:26 There the ships move along, And Leviathan, which Thou hast formed to sport in it.

Ps. 104:27 They all wait for Thee, To give them their food in due season. Ps. 104:28 Thou dost give to them, they gather it up; Thou dost open Thy hand, they are satisfied with good. Ps. 104:29 Thou dost hide Thy face, they are dismayed; Thou dost take away their spirit, they expire, And return to their dust. Ps. 104:30 Thou dost send forth Thy Spirit, they are created; And Thou dost renew the face of the ground.

Ps. 104:31 Let the glory of the Lord endure forever; Let the Lord be glad in His works; Ps. 104:32 He looks at the earth, and it trembles; He touches the mountains, and they smoke. Ps. 104:33 I will sing to the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. Ps. 104:34 Let my meditation be pleasing to Him; As for me, I shall be glad in the \Lord.\ Ps. 104:35 Let sinners be consumed from the earth, And let the wicked be no more. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise the Lord!

**Reflections on the theme of FOOD from Psalm 104: 14-17**

*We Plough the Fields and Scatter*

(Words: Matthias Claudius; Music: J. A. P. Schulz, 1747-1800)

We plough the fields and scatter, the good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered, by God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine, and soft, refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love.*

He only is the Maker, of all things near and far,  
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star.  
The winds and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father, for all things bright and good;  
The seed time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.  
No gifts have we to offer, for all Thy love imparts;  
But that which Thou desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.

**Reflections on the theme of TIME from Psalm 104: 18-23**

*Glory to Thee, My God, This Night*

(Words: Thomas Ken, c. 1670s; Music: Thomas Tallis, c. 1505-1585)

Glory to Thee, my God, this night  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close,  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.