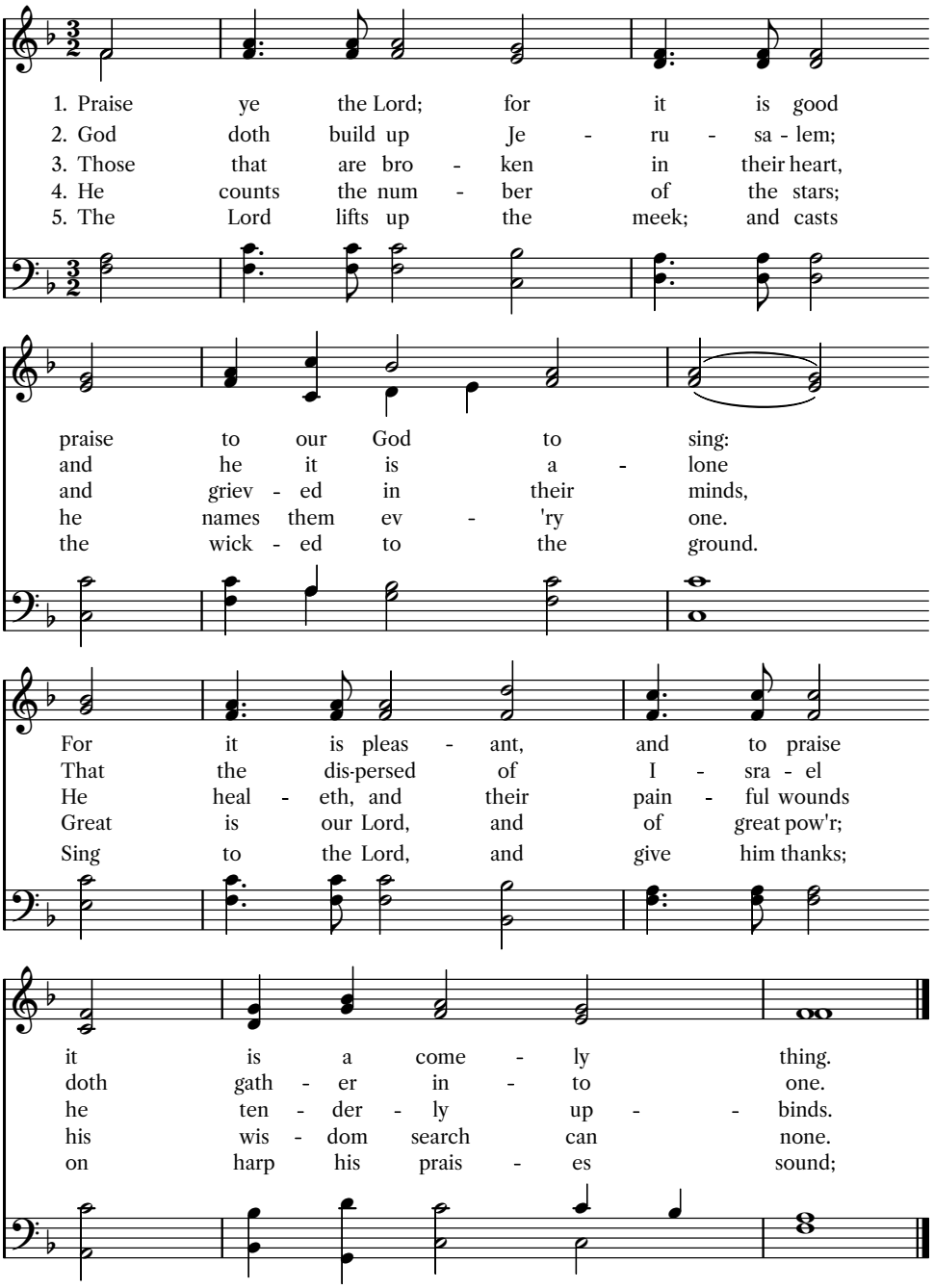Praise Ye the Lord; for It Is Good



6. Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,
who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh grass
upon the mountains grow.

7. He gives the beast his food, he feeds
the ravens young that cry.
His pleasure not in horses' strength,
nor in man's legs, doth lie.

8. But in all those that do him fear
the Lord doth pleasure take;
In those that to his mercy do
by hope themselves betake.

9. The Lord praise, O Jerusalem;
Zion, thy God confess:
For thy gates' bars he maketh strong;
thy sons in thee doth bless.

10. He in thy borders maketh peace;
with fine wheat filleth thee.
He sends forth his command on earth,
his word runs speedily.

11. Hoar-frost, like ashes, scatt'reth he;
like wool he snow doth give:
Like morsels casteth forth his ice;
who in its cold can live?

12. He sendeth forth his mighty word,
and melteth them again;
His wind he makes to blow, and then
the waters flow amain.

13. The doctrine of his holy word
to Jacob he doth show;
His statutes and his judgments he
gives Israel to know.

14. To any nation never he
such favour did afford;
For they his judgments have not known.
O do ye praise the Lord.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

ARLINGTON C.M.
Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762