



# PSALM 103(4)

A PRELUDE TO THOUGHTS ON LAUDATO SI'

Bless the  
Lord, my  
soul!





Lord God how great you are



Clothed in majesty and glory

Wrapped  
in Light as  
in a robe!





You stretch  
out the  
heavens  
like a tent,

Above the  
rains you  
build your  
dwelling



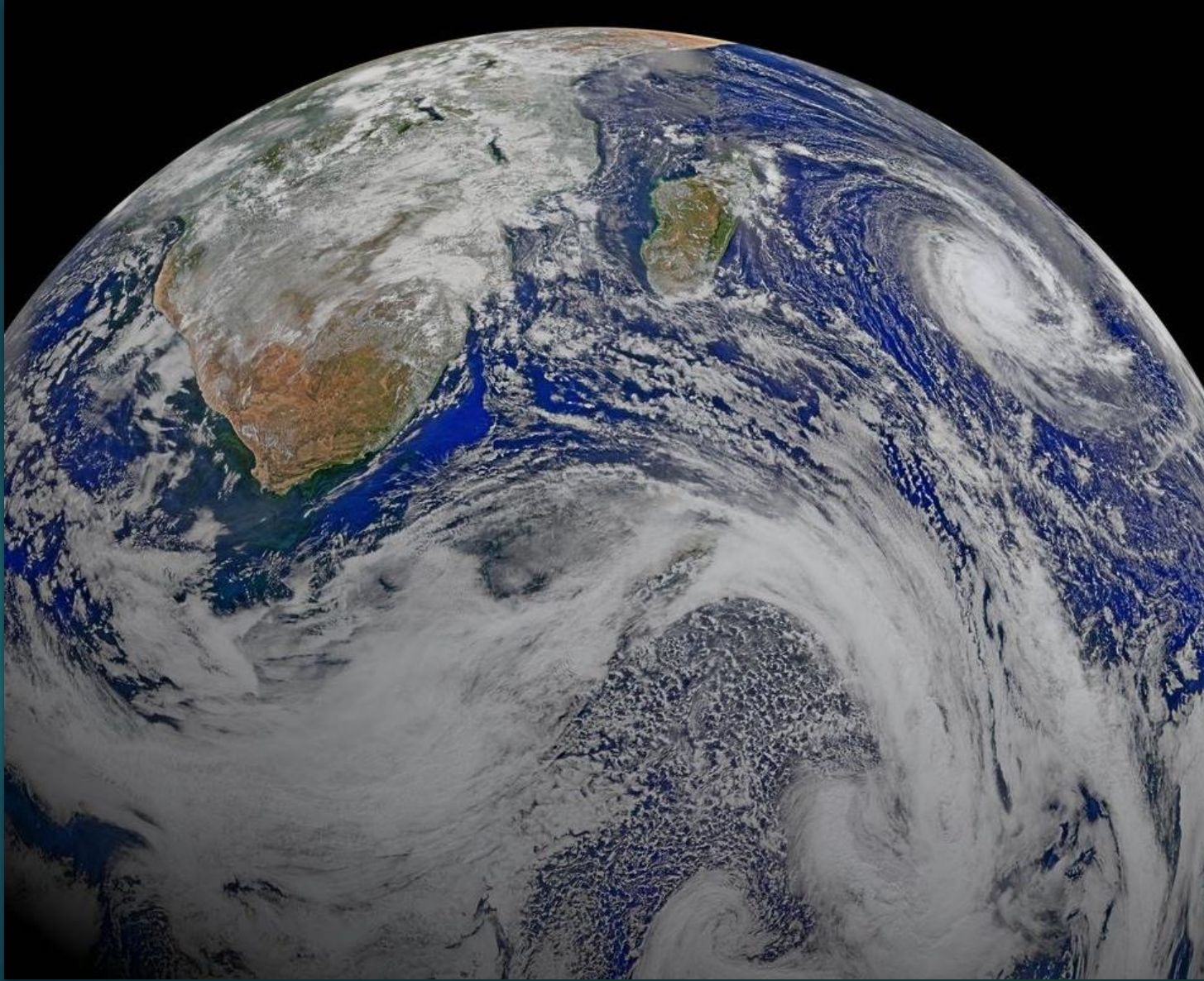


You make the  
clouds your  
chariot. You walk  
on the wings of  
the wind





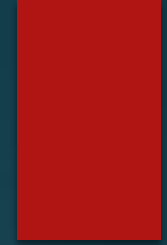
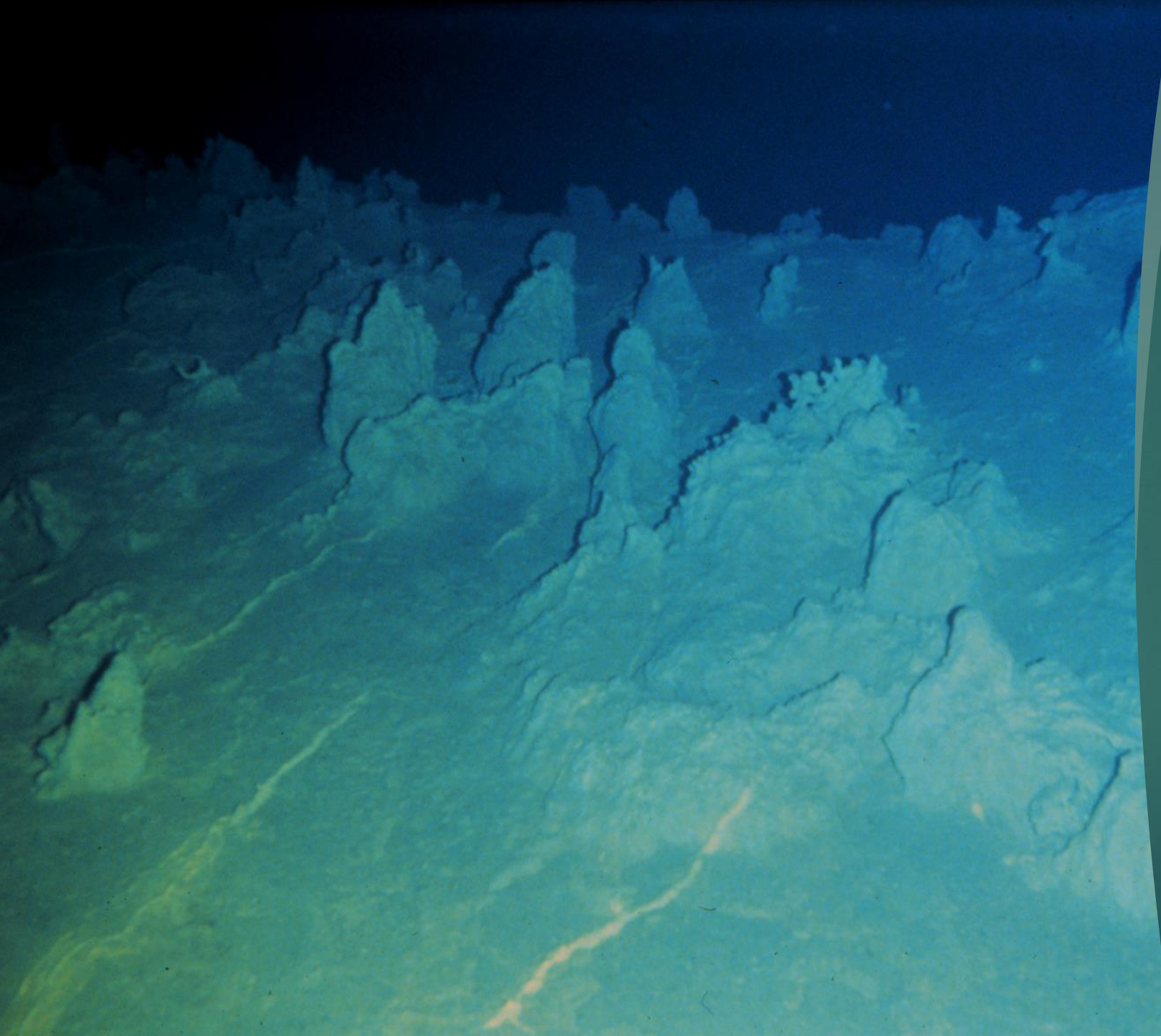
You make the  
winds your  
messengers  
and flashing fire  
your servants.



You founded  
the earth on  
its base, to  
stand firm  
from age to  
age.



You wrapped it with the ocean like a cloak



The waters  
stood higher  
than the  
mountains

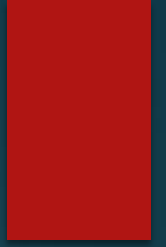


At your threat  
they took to flight,  
at the voice of  
your thunder they  
fled



They rose over  
the mountains  
and flowed  
down to the  
place which  
you had  
appointed

You set limits they might not pass  
Lest they return to cover the earth





You make  
springs gush  
forth in the  
valleys, they  
flow in  
between the  
hills





You give drink  
to all the beasts  
of the field. The  
wild asses  
quench their  
thirst



On their banks  
dwell the birds  
of heaven, from  
the branches  
they sing their  
song



From your  
dwelling you  
water the  
hills, earth  
drinks its fill of  
your gift



You make  
the grass  
grow for the  
cattle



And plants to  
serve man's  
needs. That he  
may bring forth  
bread from the  
earth, and wine  
to cheer man's  
heart

Oil to make his  
face shine and  
bread to  
strengthen  
man's heart





The trees of the  
Lord drink their  
fill, the cedars  
he planted on  
Lebanon



There the birds  
build their  
nests, on the  
treetop the  
stork has her  
home



# The goats find a home on the mountains





And  
rabbits  
hide in  
the rocks



You made  
the moon  
to mark  
the months

The sun  
knows the  
time for its  
setting



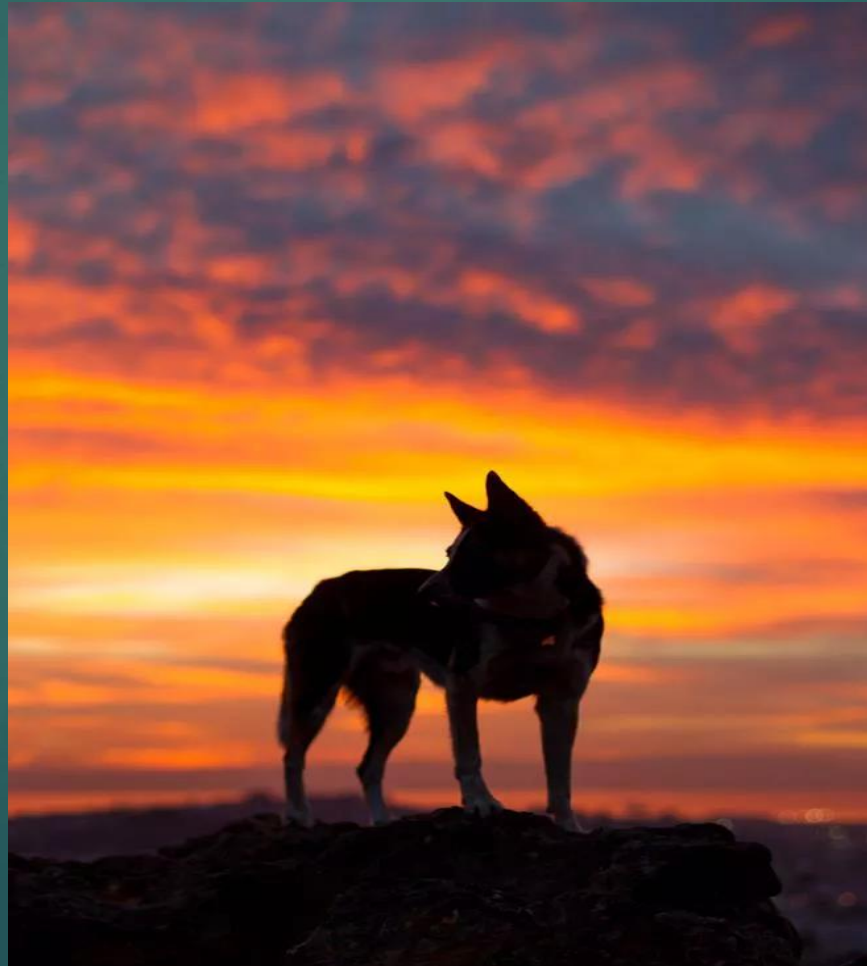


When you  
spread the  
darkness, it is  
night and all  
the beasts of  
the forest  
creep forth

The young lions roar for their prey  
and ask their food from God



At the rising of the sun, they steal away and go back to rest in their dens





Man goes  
forth to his  
work, to  
labour till  
evening falls



How many are your works, Oh Lord!



In Wisdom you have made them  
all. The Earth is full of your riches





There is the  
sea, vast and  
wide, with its  
moving  
swarms past  
counting



Living  
things,  
great  
and small



The ships  
are  
moving  
there

And the  
monsters you  
made to  
play with





All of these  
look to you,  
to give them  
their food in  
due season



You give it,  
they gather  
it up



You open  
your hand,  
they have  
their fill





You turn  
away,  
they are  
dismayed,



You take  
back your  
spirit, they  
die,  
returning  
to the dust  
from which  
they came



You send  
forth your  
Spirit, they  
are created

And you  
renew the  
face of  
the earth



May the glory of the Lord last for ever! May the Lord rejoice in his works!





He looks on the earth and it trembles; the mountains send forth smoke at his touch.



I will sing to  
the Lord all  
my life,  
make music  
to my God  
while I live.



May my thoughts be pleasing to  
him, I find my joy in the Lord





May sinners  
vanish from  
the earth and  
the wicked  
exist no more.

Bless the  
Lord, my  
soul!



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