



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



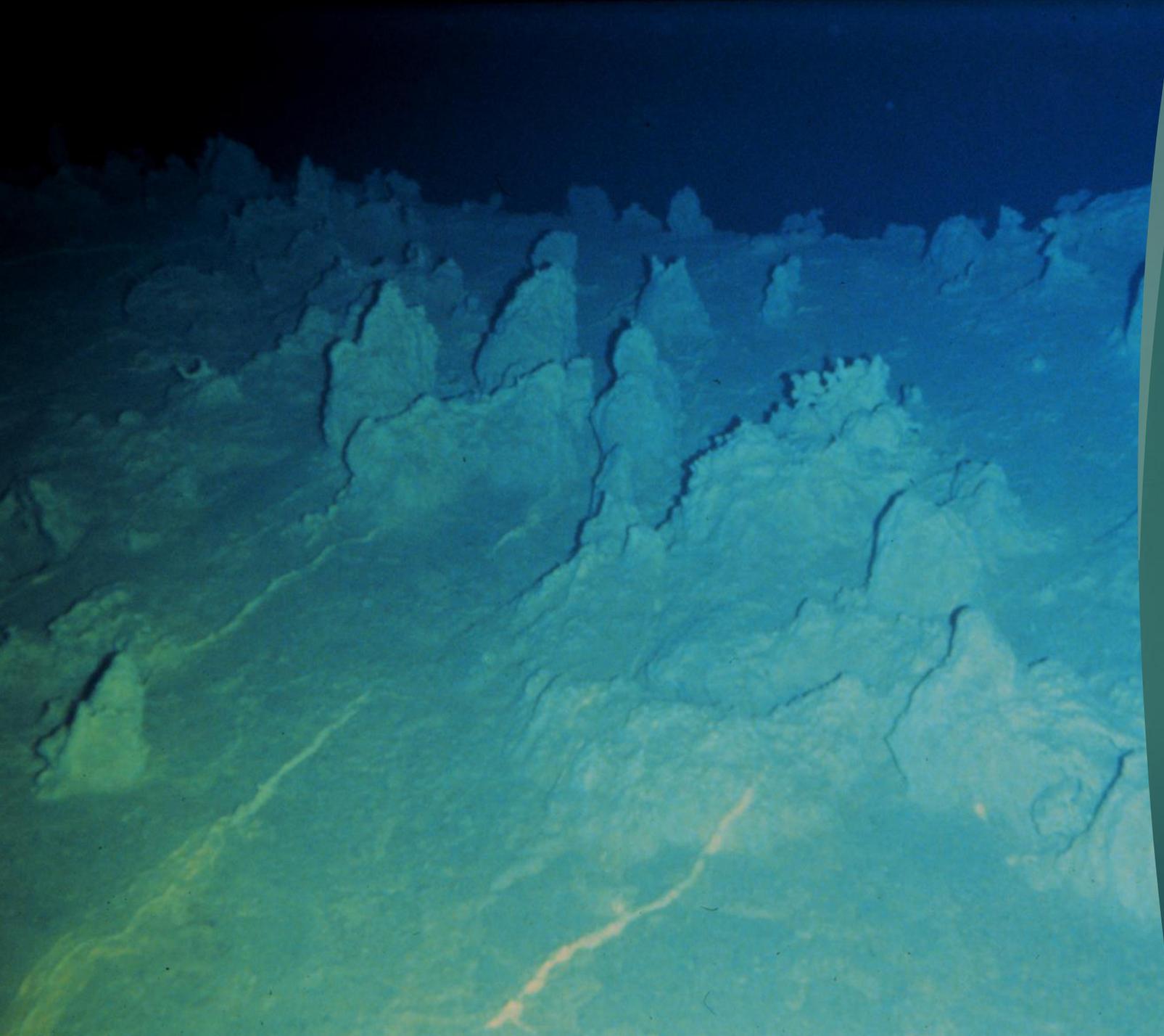
You make the
winds your
messengers
and flashing fire
your servants.



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



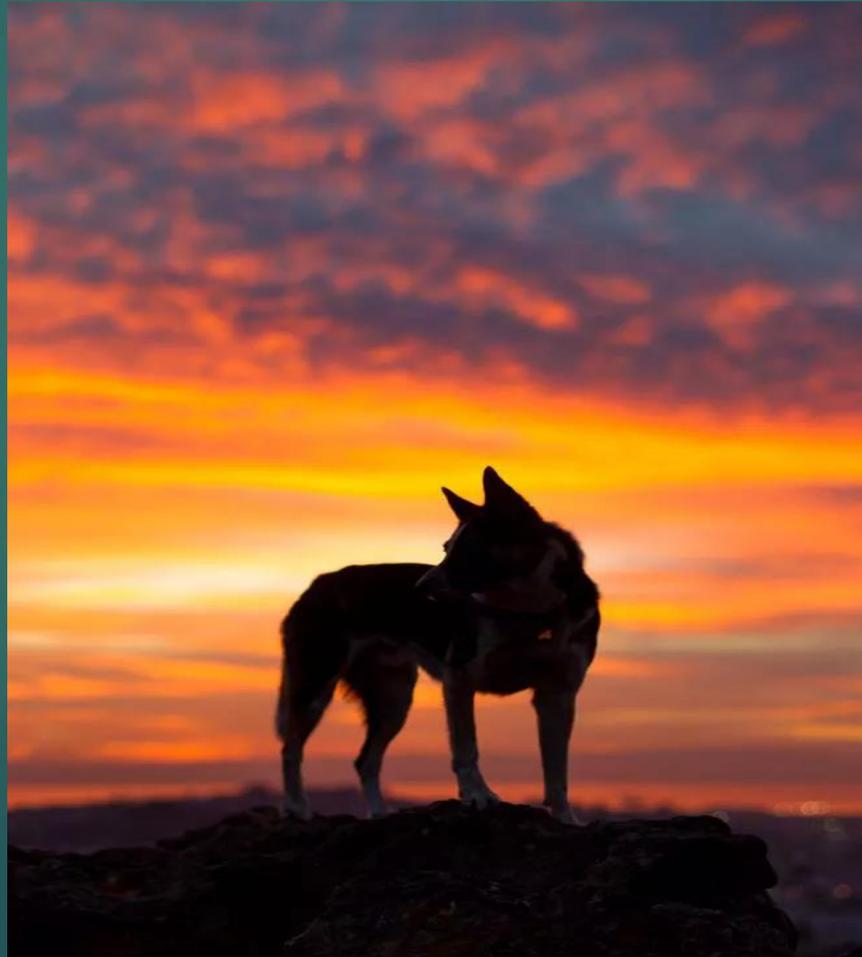


When you
spread the
darkness, it is
night and all
the beasts of
the forest
creep forth

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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