

# My Soul, Thy Great Creator Praise

## Selections from Psalm 104

BRIDGEWATER (L.M).

Lewis Edson, 1782

Issac Watts, 1707

1. My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; — When clothed in His ce - les - tial rays, —

He in full maj - est - y — ap - He in full He in full

He in full maj - est - y ap - pears, And, like a robe, His glo - ry wears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

2. The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,  
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed.  
Clouds are his chariot when he flies  
On wingèd storms across the skies.
3. Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
His ministers, are flaming fires;  
And swift as thought their armies move  
To bear his vengeance or his love.
4. Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord;  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stands  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
5. But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And, dying, to their dust return;  
Both man and beast their souls resign;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.
6. Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
7. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless joy.
8. While haughty sinners die accursed,  
Their glory buried with their dust,  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.