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Text: Nahum Tate/Nicholas Brady, on Ps. 104.

Psalm 104 Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9.









God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-winged steeds with which he flies.
As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers Heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assigned,
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's will.

Earth on her centre fixed he set, Her face with waters overspread: Nor proudest mountains dared as yet To lift above the waves their head. Firm hast thou fixed the ocean's bounds, The threat'ning surges to repel; That they no more o'erpass their mounds, Nor to a second deluge swell.