



## Psalm 104 for Australia

Praise the Lord, my soul.

Lord my God, you are very great;  
you are clothed with splendour and majesty.

The Lord wraps himself in light as with a garment;  
he stretches out the Southern Sky like a tent  
and lays the beams of his upper chambers on the waters.  
He makes the clouds his chariot  
and rides on the wings of the brickfielder wind.  
He makes the winds his messengers,  
flames of fire his servants.

He set the earth on its foundations—  
it can never be moved.  
You covered it with the watery depths as with a garment;  
the waters stood above the mountains.  
But at your rebuke the waters fled,  
at the sound of your thunder they took to flight;  
they flowed over the Snowy Mountains,  
they ran down the valleys of the Murrumbidgee and the Murray,  
to the place you appointed for them.  
9 You set a boundary they cannot cross;  
never again will they cover the earth.

You make springs gush forth in the ravines;  
they flow through the Blue Mountains.  
They give water to all the beasts of the bush—  
kangaroos quench their thirst,  
The kookaburras nest by the creeks;  
they laugh among the gum tree branches.  
From your chambers above, you water the Dandenong Ranges;  
the land is satisfied by the fruit of your work.  
You make grass grow in Kakadu for the wallabies,  
and native plants for people to gather—  
bringing forth red bush apples and plums from the land:  
wine that gladdens human hearts,  
oil from macadamias to make their faces shine,  
and bread made from wattleseed to sustain their strength.  
The trees of the Lord are well watered,  
the towering Mountain Ash of the south and ancient boabs of the north.  
There the superb lyrebird and cockatiels build their nests;  
the emu strides across the plains.  
The high crags of Gariwerd belong to the rock-wallabies,  
and the escarpments of Arnhem Land are a refuge for black wallaroos.





You made the moon to mark the seasons,  
and the sun sets behind Uluru at your command.  
You bring darkness, and it is night,  
and all the beasts of the forest prowl.  
The Tasmanian devils roam for their food,  
trusting in you to provide.  
The sun rises, and they steal away;  
they return to their burrows and rest.  
Then people go out to their work,  
to their labour until evening.

How many are your works, Lord!  
In wisdom you made them all.  
The earth is filled with your creatures.  
There lies the Southern Ocean, vast and wide,  
teeming with playful dolphins, giant cuttlefish, sea dragons,  
and coral of muted hue – living things both great and small.  
There the ships go to and fro,  
and there plays Leviathan,  
the majestic blue whale you formed to frolic in the deep.

All creatures look to you  
to give them their food in due season.  
When you give it to them, they gather it up;  
when you open your hand, they are filled with good things.  
But when you hide your face, they are terrified;  
when you take away their breath,  
they die and return to the dust.  
When you send forth your Spirit, they are created,  
and you renew the face of the land—  
from the red deserts of the Pilbara  
to the rainforests of the Daintree.

May the glory of the Lord endure forever;  
may the Lord rejoice in his works—  
he who looks on the earth, and it trembles,  
who touches the mountains, and they smoke.

I will sing to the Lord all my life;  
I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.  
May my meditation be pleasing to him,  
as I rejoice in the Lord.  
But may sinners vanish from the earth,  
and the wicked be no more.

Praise the Lord, my soul.

