

Psalm 147

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¹ PRAISE ye the LORD: for *it is* good to sing praises unto our God; for *it is* pleasant; *and* praise is comely.

² The LORD doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

³ He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

⁴ He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by *their* names.

⁵ Great *is* our Lord, and of great power: his understanding *is* infinite.

⁶ The LORD lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

⁷ Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

⁸ Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

⁹ He giveth to the beast his food, *and* to the young ravens which cry.

¹⁰ He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

¹¹ The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those

that hope in his mercy.

¹² Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

¹³ For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

¹⁴ He maketh peace *in* thy borders, *and* filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

¹⁵ He sendeth forth his commandment *upon* earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

¹⁶ He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

¹⁷ He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

¹⁸ He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, *and* the waters flow.

¹⁹ He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

²⁰ He hath not dealt so with any nation: and *as for his* judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the LORD.