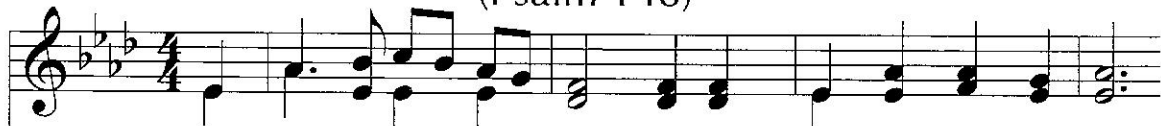


Sing Praise to God, You Heavens! 17

(Psalm 148)



1 Sing praise to God, you heav-ens! Sing praise, each shin-ing light!
 2 Sing praise, O earth, sing prais-es! Sing prais-es, hill and plain,
 3 Sing prais-es, all you crea-tures in whom God takes de-light:
 4 Sing prais-es now, God's peo-ple; your gift of speech em-ploy



Sing, plan-ets in your or-bits; sing, stars all burn-ing bright!
 you moun-tains thrust-ing sky-ward, you val-leys ripe with grain!
 you whales that roam the o-ceans, you ea-gles in your flight!
 to praise the Lord, your Mak-er, with thank-ful-ness and joy!



Sing praise, you winds and tem-pests, you driv-ing rain and snow!
 Sing praise, each fra-grant flow-er; your fair-est hues dis-play.
 Sing praise, you sheep on hill-sides, you cat-tle in the stall!
 Sing with the whole cre-a-tion; a cos-mic cho-rus raise:



Sing, clouds that race and bil-low and shad-ow earth be-low!
 Sing praise, you trees of au-tumn in glow-ing, glad ar-ray!
 Though word-less, sing your prais-es to God who made you all!
 "To God a-lone be glo-ry and ev-er-last-ing praise!"



This paraphrase of Psalm 148 reflects the spirit of praise linking Psalms 146–150. Of the two great themes found in these final five psalms—creation and deliverance—this psalm focuses on the former. The opening praise “from the heavens” is matched by praise “from the earth.”