

Lord, send out your Spir - it, and re - new_ the face_ of the earth.

R.

Based on a tone by Fr. Samuel Weber, OSB

Bless the Lord, **O** my soul! O Lord, my God, you are great **in** - deed!

1

You are clothed with maj - es - **TY** and glo - ry, robed in light as with **a** cloak.

You fixed the earth up - on **its** foun - da - tion, not to be moved **for** - ev - er;

2

with the o - cean, as with a gar - **ment**, you cov - ered it; a - bove the moun - tains the wa - **ters** stood.

You send forth springs in - to the **wa** - ter - cours - es that wind a - mong **the** moun - tains.

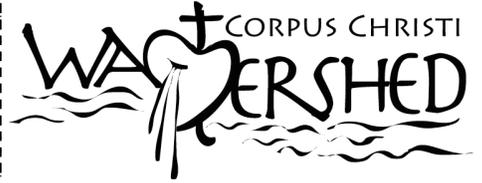
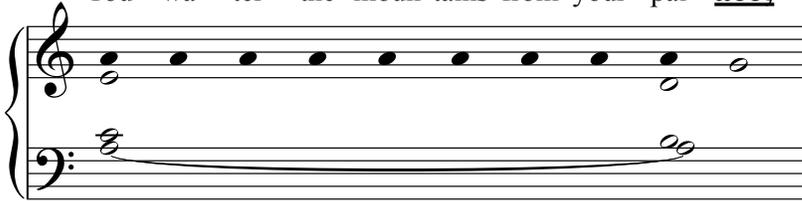
3

Be - side them the birds of **heav**-en dwell; from a - mong the branch-es they send forth **their** song.

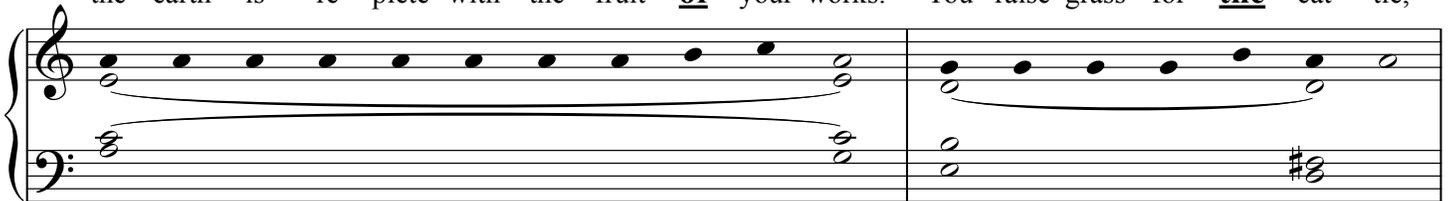


You wa - ter the moun-tains from your pal - **ace**;

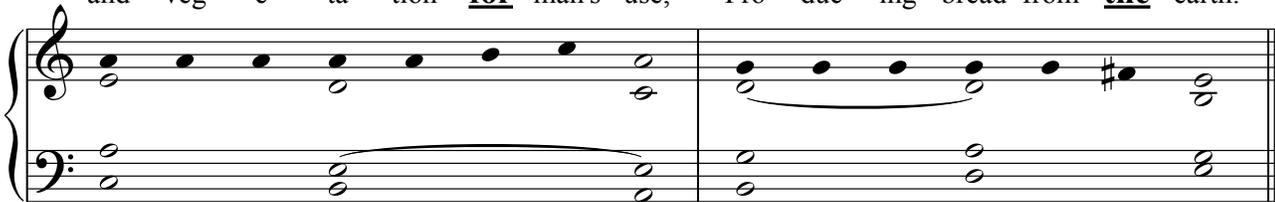
4



the earth is re - plete with the fruit **of** your works. You raise grass for **the** cat - tle,

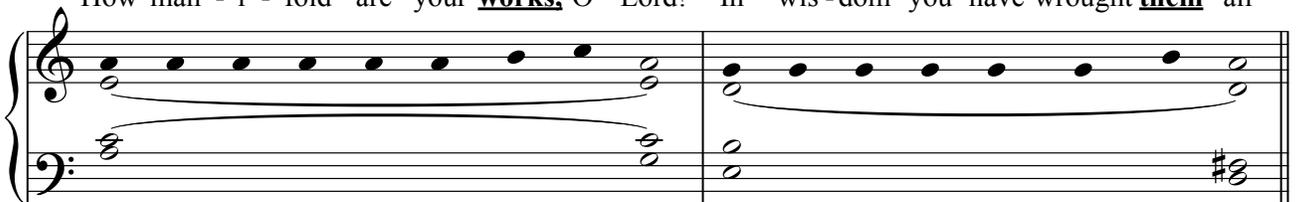


and veg - e - ta - tion **for** man's use, Pro - duc - ing bread from **the** earth.



How man - i - fold are your **works**, O Lord! In wis - dom you have wrought **them** all

5



the earth is full **of** your crea-tures. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Al - **le** - lu - ia.

