

Psalm 147

How sweet to sing to you, Yahweh,
and to thank you for all your blessings.

You rebuild what was ruined
and recreate what was lost.

You heal the brokenhearted;
you are medicine for their wounds.

You lift up the afflicted
and give them the courage to endure.

You count the myriad stars
and call each one by its name.

Infinite is your power,
incalculable your wisdom.

You give the wild animals their prey;
you feed the young ravens when they cry.

You delight in the power of the horse
and take pleasure in the legs of an athlete.

But most, you rejoice in a pure heart
and in those who let you shine through them.

You give them joy in your joy,
and you bless their loves with your love.

You bring your peace to their families
and grant them your infinite wealth.

You send your wisdom to their minds;
your light runs faster than a thought.

Above all others they are blessed,
because they can hear you speak

(though your love speaks in all people
in the silence of every heart.)

[All] How sweet to sing to you, Yahweh,
and to thank you for all your blessings.