PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 147

1 Praise ye Jehovah; For it is good to sing praises unto our God; For it is pleasant, [and] praise is comely.

2 Jehovah 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 counteth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by [their] names.

5 Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; His understanding is infinite.

6 Jehovah upholdeth the meek: He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.

7 Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving; Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,

8 Who covereth the heavens 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 no pleasure in the legs of a man.

11 Jehovah taketh pleasure in them that fear him, In those that hope in his lovingkindness.

12 Praise Jehovah, 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; He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

15 He sendeth out his commandment upon earth; His word runneth very swiftly.

16 He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar-frost 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 showeth his word unto Jacob, His statutes and his ordinances unto Israel.

20 He hath not dealt so with any nation; And as for his ordinances, they have not known them. Praise ye Jehovah.

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