

BIBLE READING: July 26, 2026

Psalm 104

God, my God, how great you are!
 beautifully, gloriously robed,
Dressed up in sunshine,
 and all heaven stretched out for your tent.
You built your palace on the ocean deeps,
 made a chariot out of clouds and took off on wind-wings.
You commandeered winds as messengers,
 appointed fire and flame as ambassadors.
You set earth on a firm foundation
 so that nothing can shake it, ever.
You started the springs and rivers,
 sent them flowing among the hills.
All the wild animals now drink their fill,
 wild donkeys quench their thirst.
Along the riverbanks the birds build nests,
 ravens make their voices heard.
You water the mountains from your heavenly reservoirs;
 earth is supplied with plenty of water.
You make grass grow for the livestock,
 hay for the animals that plow the ground.

Oh yes, God brings grain from the land,
 wine to make people happy,
Their faces glowing with health,
 a people well-fed and hearty.
God's trees are well-watered—
 the Lebanon cedars he planted.
Birds build their nests in those trees;
 look—the stork at home in the treetop.
Mountain goats climb about the cliffs;
 badgers burrow among the rocks.
The moon keeps track of the seasons,
 the sun is in charge of each day.
When it's dark and night takes over,
 all the forest creatures come out.
The young lions roar for their prey,
 clamoring to God for their supper.
When the sun comes up, they vanish,
 lazily stretched out in their dens.
Meanwhile, men and women go out to work,
 busy at their jobs until evening.

What a wildly wonderful world, God!
 You made it all, with Wisdom at your side,
 made earth overflow with your wonderful creations.
Oh, look—the deep, wide sea,
 brimming with fish past counting,
 sardines and sharks and salmon.
Ships plow those waters,
 and Leviathan, your pet dragon, romps in them.
All the creatures look expectantly to you
 to give them their meals on time.
You come, and they gather around;
 you open your hand and they eat from it.
If you turned your back,
 they'd die in a minute—
Take back your Spirit and they die,
 revert to original mud;
Send out your Spirit and they spring to life—
 the whole countryside in bloom and blossom.