Psalm 147

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 Praise ye Jah! for it is good. Sing psalms of our God; for it is pleasant: praise is comely. 2 Jehovah doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth 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 giveth names to them all. 5 Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite. 6 Jehovah lifteth up the meek; he abaseth the wicked to the earth. 7 Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving; sing psalms 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 Who giveth to the cattle their food, to the young ravens which cry. 10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse, he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man; 11 Jehovah taketh pleasure in those that fear him, in those that hope in his loving-kindness.

12 Laud 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 satisfieth thee with the finest of the wheat. 15 He sendeth forth his oracles to the earth: his word runneth very swiftly. 16 He giveth snow like wool, scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; 17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? 18 He sendeth his word, and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow--the waters flow. 19 He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel. 20 He hath not dealt thus with any nation; and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Hallelujah!