

Bible/Hymn Study #16
ELW #824: *This is My Father's World*/Psalm 148

Psalm 148

New Revised Standard Version

¹Praise the LORD!

Praise the LORD from the heavens; praise him in the heights!

²Praise him, all his angels; praise him, all his host!

³Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, all you shining stars!

⁴Praise him, you highest heavens, and you waters above the heavens!

⁵Let them praise the name of the LORD,
for he commanded and they were created.

⁶He established them forever and ever;
he fixed their bounds, which cannot be passed.

⁷Praise the LORD from the earth, you sea monsters and all deeps,

⁸fire and hail, snow and frost, stormy wind fulfilling his command!

⁹Mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars!

¹⁰Wild animals and all cattle, creeping things and flying birds!

¹¹Kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all rulers of the earth!

¹²Young men and women alike, old and young together!

¹³Let them praise the name of the LORD, for his name alone is exalted;
his glory is above earth and heaven.

¹⁴He has raised up a horn for his people, praise for all his faithful,
for the people of Israel who are close to him.

Praise the LORD!

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QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION

- This week, take a walk in nature and remember the words to this hymn.
- In what specific aspect of God's creation is God's hand most evident to me? What part of creation do I enjoy the most?
- Do I have any attitudes or habits that dishonor or desecrate God's creation?
- Sometime this week, listen to this anthem arrangement of the hymn

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IXwf3G_105U

This Is My Father's World

1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning ears all
2 This is my Fa-ther's world; the birds their car-ols raise; the
3 This is my Fa-ther's world; oh, let me not for-get that,

na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
morn - ing light, the lil - y white, de - clare their mak - er's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
This is my Fa-ther's world; he shines in all that's fair. In the
This is my Fa-ther's world; why should my heart be sad? The

rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won - ders wrought.
rus - tling grass I hear him pass; he speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
Lord is king, let heav - en ring; God reigns, let earth be glad!