

O Lord, Our Lord, How Wondrous Great
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: William Kirkparick (1838-1921).

O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavnly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm?

Yet while He lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and His power.

The waves lay spread beneath His feet;
And fish, at His command,
Bring their large shoals to Peters net,
Bring tribute to His hand.

These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud;
Now, we behold him on His throne,
And men confess Him God.

Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death;
And be His honors sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavnly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.