

O Lord, Our Lord  
The Psalter, 1912.  
Scottish Psalter, 1615.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,  
How excellent Thy name!  
Thy glory Thou hast spread afar  
In all the starry frame.

From lips of children, Thou, O Lord,  
Hast mighty strength ordained,  
That adversaries should be stilled  
And vengeful foes restrained.

When I regard the wondrous heavens,  
Thy handiwork on high,  
The moon and stars ordained by Thee,  
Oh, what is man! I cry.

Oh, what is man, in Thy regard  
To hold so large a place!  
And what the son of man, that Thou  
Dost visit him in grace!

For Thou hast made him little less  
Than Thy blest angels be;  
With honor Thou hast crowned his head  
And glorious dignity.

On man Thy wisdom hath bestowed  
A pow'r well nigh divine;  
With honor Thou hast crowned his head  
With glory like to Thine.

Thou hast subjected all to him,  
And lord of all is he,  
Of flocks and herds, and beasts and birds,  
And all within the sea.

Thy mighty works and wondrous grace  
Thy glory, Lord, proclaim.  
O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth  
How excellent Thy name!