



O Lord, Our God, How Excellent 25

(Psalm 8)



1 O Lord, our God, how ex - cel - lent, how glo - rious is your name.
2 The heav - ens shout your hand - i - work; we stand be - neath in awe,
3 Yet you have made us less than gods, sur - pass - ing all but you,
4 In - to our hands you've placed all things: the earth, the sea; each place
5 O Lord, our God, how ex - cel - lent, how glo - rious is your name,



Your maj - es - ty sur - rounds the earth, and chil - dren sing your fame.
to think the One who made all things should care for us at all.
with heart and mind, with strength and will, to search for what is true.
we're called to probe for se - cret gifts and ven - ture in - to space.
ma - jes - tic in your ho - li - ness. We sing and praise your fame.



The middle stanzas of this paraphrase of Psalm 8 probe the ancient but enduring paradox of declaring the grandeur of God's creation while realizing how small mortals are in the midst of it all. These words are set to one of the most durable 18th-century English psalm tunes.