

PSALM 8

For the director of music. According to gittith. A psalm of David.

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Geneva, 1551



1. O LORD, our Lord, Yours be all ad-o-ra-tion.
 How glo-rious is Your Name in all cre-a-tion!
 You have dis-played Your maj-es-ty on high;
 Your glo-ry reach-es far a-bove the sky.

2. From children's lips You *let Your praise be* sounded,
 and *on this praise a fortress You have* founded:
 Our *little ones Your strength and glory* show;
through them You silence *the avenging* foe.
3. LORD, when my gaze *upon the heavens* lingers,
 on *moon and stars, the work of Your own* fingers,
 O *what is* man that You should think of him,
 the son of man that You should care for him?
4. You little *lower than divine* have made him
 and *so with glorious honour* have arrayed him.
 All *things You gave to him as his* domain,
 that over Your creation he might reign.
5. You have appointed *him as lord and* master
 of *bird and beast in forest, field, and* pasture;
 of *all the fish and creatures* of the sea.
 O LORD, how great is *Your name's* majesty!