

O LORD, our Lord, how high, how great
Is Thine exalted name!

The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

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

3 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?

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

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

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