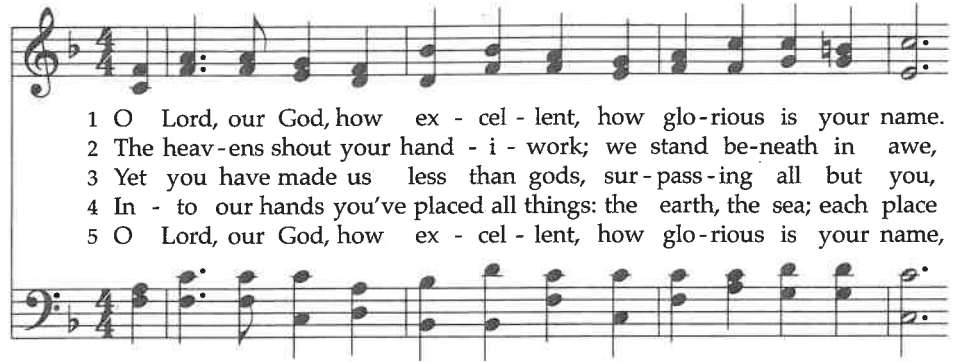
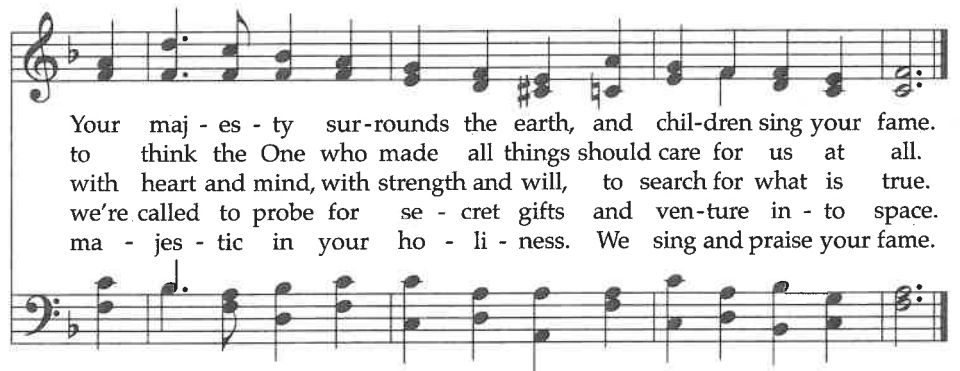


# 25 O Lord, Our God, How Excellent

(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.

TEXT: Fred R. Anderson, 1986  
MUSIC: Este's *Psalmes*, 1592; harm. George Kirbye, 1592  
Text © 1986 Fred R. Anderson

WINCHESTER OLD  
CM

# 414 Be Still and Know That I Am God

Capo 4: (C) (Am) (C7) (Am)  
 E C#m E7 C#m

Be still and know that I am God.  
 God. Be still and know that I am

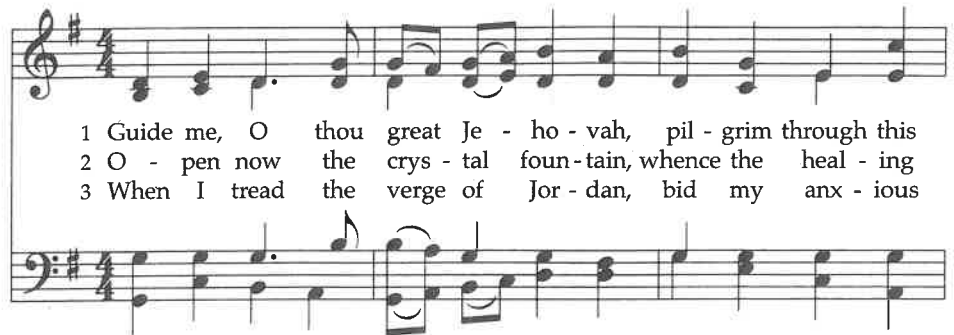
(F) (C) (Dm) (Em) (Fmaj7) (G7) (C) Final ending  
 A E F#m G#m Amaj7 B7 E

Be still and know that I am God.  
 God. Be still and know that I am God.

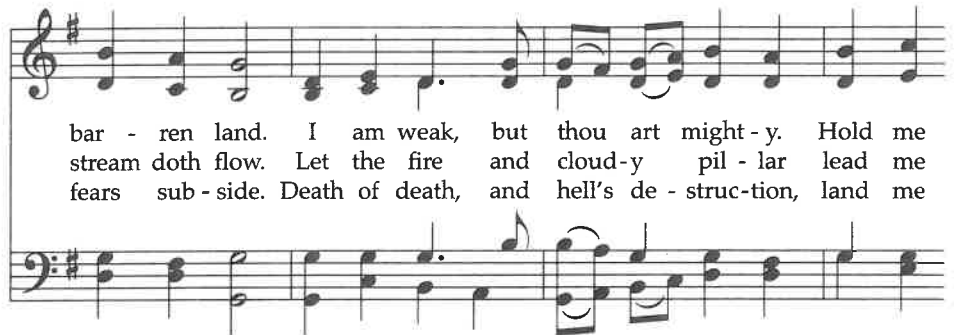
*\*May be sung as a canon.*

In many situations, simplicity is more challenging than embellishment. The spiritual life is no exception, as these eight stark monosyllables from Psalm 46:10a make clear. The musical setting is similarly spare, using only five notes to create a sense of melodic spaciousness.

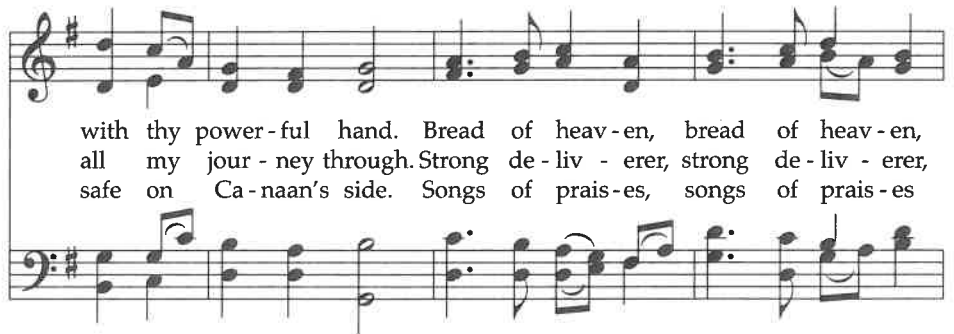
# 65 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah



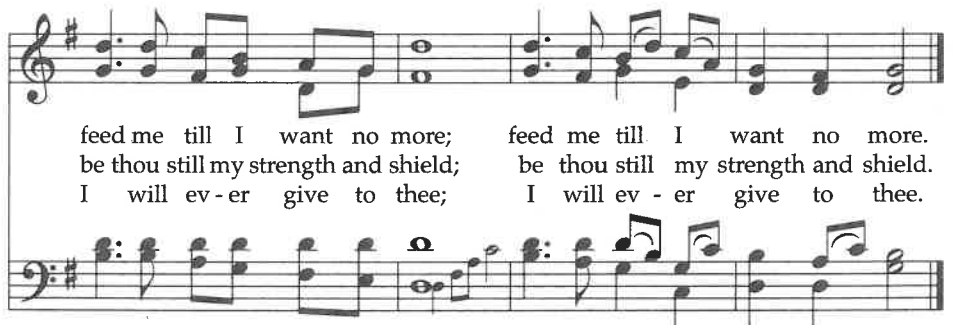
1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this  
2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, whence the heal - ing  
3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious



bar - ren land. I am weak, but thou art might - y. Hold me  
stream doth flow. Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar lead me  
fears sub - side. Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, land me



with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,  
all my jour - ney through. Strong de - liv - erer, strong de - liv - erer,  
safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es



feed me till I want no more; feed me till I want no more.  
be thou still my strength and shield; be thou still my strength and shield.  
I will ev - er give to thee; I will ev - er give to thee.

Few Welsh hymns are as well known or loved as this 18th-century text that did not gain its popular tune until the early 20th century. In both its original text and in English translation, it is a stirring hymn of pilgrimage filled with vivid imagery from Hebrew Scripture.

TEXT: William Williams, 1762; stanza 1, trans. Peter Williams, 1771; stanzas 2-3, trans. William Williams, 1772  
MUSIC: John Hughes, 1907

CWM RHONDDA  
8.7.8.7.8.7.7