

Psalm 8



Cantor: O Lord our governor, how glorious is your name in all the world!
Your majesty above the heavens is praised
out of the mouths of babes at the breast.
You have founded a stronghold against your foes,
that you might still the enemy and the avenger.

R. Above the heav'ns your majesty is praised.

Cantor: When I consider your heavens, the work of your fingers,
the moon and the stars that you have ordained,
What are mortals, that you should be mindful of them;
mere human beings, that you should seek him out?

R. Above the heav'ns your majesty is praised.

Cantor: You have made them little lower than the angels
and crown them with glory and honour.
You have given them dominion over the works of your hands
and put all things under their feet,

R. Above the heav'ns your majesty is praised.

Cantor: All sheep and oxen,
even the wild beasts of the field,
The birds of the air, the fish of the sea
and whatsoever moves in the paths of the sea.
O Lord our governor, how glorious is your name in all the world!

R. Above the heav'ns your majesty is praised.