O Thou, To Whom All Creatures Bow
FRANCLYN C. M.

1. O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow With-in this earth-ly frame,
   Thru all the world, how great art Thou! How glo-rous is Thy name!

2. When heav'n, Thy glo-rious work on high, Em-ploys my wand-ering sight-
   The moon, that night-ly rules the sky, With stars of fee-blereight,—

3. Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst choose To keep him in Thy mind?
   Or what his race that Thou shouldst prove To them so won-drous kind?

4. O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow With-in this earth-ly frame,
   Thru all the world, how great art Thou! How glo-rous is Thy name!

Words: Tate and Brady
Music: Frank N. Shepperd, 1892

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