

## Ere God had built the mountains

( LYMINGTON. 7.6.7.6.D. )

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Ere God had built the moun - tains, Or raised the fruit - ful hills,  
 2. When like a tent to dwell in, He spread the skies a - broad,  
 3. And couldst Thou be de - ligh - ted With crea - tures such as we,

Be - fore He filled the foun - tains That feed the run - ning rills,  
 And swathed a - bout the swell - ing Of o - cean's might - y flood,  
 Who, when we saw Thee, slight - ed, And nailed Thee to the tree?

In Thee from ev - er - last - ing, The won - der - ful I AM  
 He wrought by weight and meas - ure ; And Thou wast with Him then,  
 Un - fath - om - a - ble won - der, And mys - ter - y di - vine !

Found pleas - ures nev - er wast - ing, And Wis - dom is Thy name.  
 Thy - self the Fa - ther's pleas - ure, And Thine, the sons of men.  
 The voice that speaks in thun - der, Says, « Sin - ner I am thine ».

4. And art Thou, Lord, delighted  
 To call us now Thine own —  
 The love no longer slighted  
 Which Thou to us hast shown ?  
 Oh, way of purposed blessing  
 In death told out to man !  
 The fruit we're now possessing,  
 Of Wisdom's wondrous plan.