

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-light-ed 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 a 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!"