

# God the Sculptor of the Mountains 5



1 God the scul - tor of the moun - tains, God the  
 2 God the nui - sance of the Pha - raoh, God the  
 3 God the dress - er of the vine - yard, God the  
 4 God the un - ex - pect - ed in - fant, God the



mill - er of the sand, God the jewel - er of the  
 cleav - er of the sea, God the pil - lar in the  
 plant - er of the wheat, God the reap - er of the  
 calm, de - ter - mined youth, God the ta - ble - turn - ing



heav - ens, God the pot - ter of the land:  
 dark - ness, God the bea - con of the free:  
 har - vest, God the source of all we eat:  
 proph - et, God the res - ur - rect - ed truth:



you are womb of all cre - a - tion;  
 you are fount of all de - liv - erance;  
 you are host at ev - ery ta - ble;  
 you are pres - ent ev - ery mo - ment;



we are form - less; shape us now.  
 we are aim - less; lead us now.  
 we are hun - gry; feed us now.  
 we are search - ing; meet us now.

Despite the great sweep of these stanzas, each one ends by describing how our human condition needs God's help: formless, aimless, hungry, searching. Each of these adjectives is followed by a related three-syllable petition: shape us now, lead us now, feed us now, meet us now.

## 687 Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

(Psalm 90)

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, our  
 2 Be - neath the shad - ow of thy throne thy  
 3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or  
 4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are

hope for years to come, our shel - ter from the  
 saints have dwelt se - cure; suf - fi - cient is thine  
 earth re - ceived its frame, from ev - er - last - ing  
 like an eve - ning gone, short as the watch that

storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:  
 arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.  
 thou art God, to end - less years the same.  
 ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
 bears all our years away;  
 they fly forgotten, as a dream  
 dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
 our hope for years to come,  
 be thou our guard while life shall last,  
 and our eternal home.

Many people sing this hymn unaware that it paraphrases Psalm 90, partly because this text speaks so immediately to the human condition. Since the middle of the 19th century, it has usually been joined to this tune named for the London parish where the composer was organist.