Thou, Lord, Who Rear'st the Mountain's Height

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
height, And mak'st the cliffs with

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
sunshine bright; O, grant that

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
we may own Thy hand No

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
less in every grain of sand!

The other verses

2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.

3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by Thee;

4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by John Sterling (1806–1844). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.