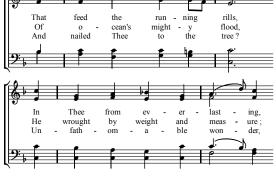
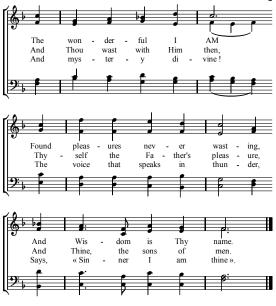


Ere God had built the mountains (LYMINGTON, 7.6.7.6.D.) J = 100 had built the tains, moun 2. When like in. tent to dwell 3. And couldst Thou be de ligh ted raised the fruit hills. Or ful Не spread the skies a broad, With such we, crea tures Be fore He filled the foun tains swathed And bout the swell ing Who. when Thee. slight we saw That feed the rills. run ning Of cean's might flood, o V nailed the And Thee to tree?







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.