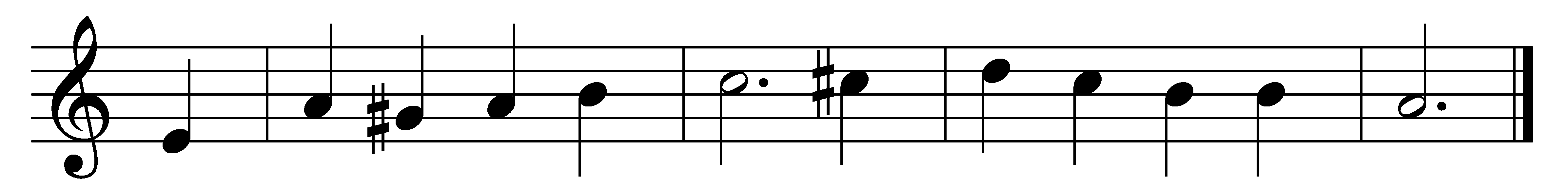
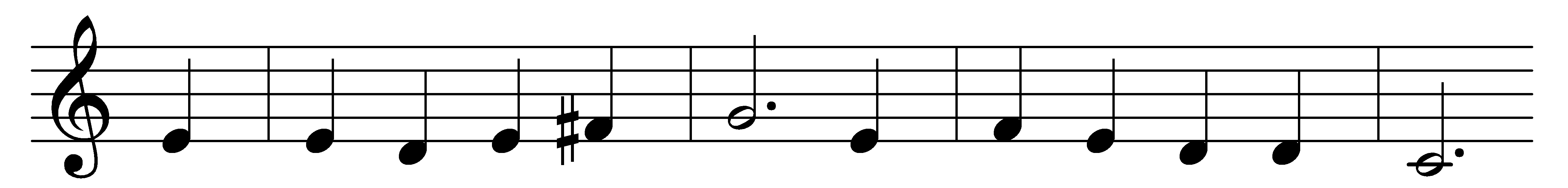
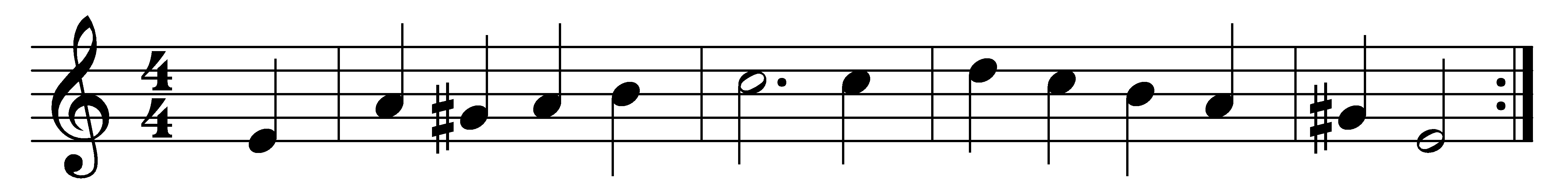
Our God, to whom we turn Hymnal 1982 no. 681

Melody: O Gott, du frommer Gott 6 7. 6 7. 6 6. 6 6.

British spelling



Our God, to whom we turn

when weary with illusion,

whose stars serenely burn

above this earth’s confusion,

thine is the mighty plan,

the steadfast order sure

in which the world began,

endures, and shall endure.

Thou art thyself the truth;

though we who seek to find thee

have tried, with thoughts uncouth,

in feeble words to bind thee,

it is because thou art

we’re driven to the quest;

till truth from falsehood part,

our hearts can find no rest.

All beauty speaks of thee:

the mountains and the rivers,

the line of lifted sea,

where spreading moonlight quivers,

the hymns thy people raise,

the psalms and anthems strong,

hint at the glorious praise

of thy eternal song.

Where goodness comes to light

we glimpse thy plan unfolding;

where justice wins its fight

thou art the Kingdom moulding;

the blood of friend as sign

of love for comrade spilt,

reflects the vast design

by which thy house is built.

Thou hidden fount of love,

of peace, and truth, and beauty,

inspire us from above

with joy and strength for duty.

May thy fresh light arise

within each clouded heart,

and give us open eyes

to see thee as thou art.

Words: Edward Grubb (1854-1939)

Music: Melody from *Neu ordentlich Gesangbuch*, 1646, harmony by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)