

Our God, to whom we turn

Hanover, 1646

Steadfast
67.67.66.66

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 will endure.

Thou art Thyself the truth;
Though we who fain would 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 souls can find no rest.

All beauty speaks of Thee:
The mountains and the rivers,
The line of lifted sea,
Where spreading moonlight quivers,
The deep-toned organ blast
That rolls through arches dim,
Hints of the music vast
Of Thine eternal hymn.

Wherever goodness lurks
We catch Thy tones appealing;
Where man for justice works
Thou art Thyself revealing;
The blood of man, for man
On friendship's altar spilt,
Betrays the mystic plan
On 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 Thou as Thou art.

Edward Grubb