

Beyond our Reaching Telescopes

Beyond our reaching telescopes,
uncounted suns, so ancient, blaze,
while ever-finer microscopes
show cells' own watchworks, which amaze.
The breadth, the detail, that we see
prove more than skill and artistry—
Such pow'r, Creator, we can't grasp...
or that you'd hear what we would ask.

Beside your power, tenderness!
No sparrow falls that you don't know!
We love things grand and splendid;
you cherish small ones, even so.
Lord God, the creatures that you made—
each one unique—are Love displayed!
Your works as well, for them to feed,
show Care continued, Lord, indeed!

Through heav'ns or earth, who's like you, God?
Your pow'r's immense, yet not corrupt.
Your love goes seeking, on and on,
beyond what we would call "enough."
Such pow'r and love as you've combined
expands our hearts, breaks open minds....
Creator, still we see your ways
providing us new cause for praise.

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Possible tunes: SWEET HOUR (Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer), by William B. Bradley (1816-1868) and
YOUR ONLY SON (Lamb of God) by Twila Paris (1958-) ©1985 Straightway Music/Mountain Spring Music.