You are our Rock. The stones are yours; by ancient
time we climbed these heights to seek your throne; we sought a
throne amidst the darkest valleys, where hopes end, where veils of
deceit may cloud our view. In our neglect, when wrongs abound, the earth may
be raised and all the force your mountains rise. Your glory stands for
Earth into joy. Then shall the stones cry
evermore with grandeur stretching to the skies.
not your home to peek from far eternity. Christ, descend to touch the wounds so long endured.
come! Cast hills be clothed in joy. Then shall the stones cry
out in praise, when we no more this world destroy.

Text: Utphall, 2010
Music: TRURO, T. Williams, Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789