

1. Lord of the boundless curves of space      And time's deep mys - te - ry,  
 2. Your mind con - ceived the gal ax - y,      Each at - om's se - cret planned,  
 3. Yours is the im - age stamped on man,      Though marred by man's own sin;  
 4. Give us to know Your truth; but more,      The strength to do Your will;

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To Your cre a tive might we trace All na - ture's en er gy.  
 And ev ery age of his - to - ry Your pur - pose, Lord, has spanned.  
 And Yours the lib - er - at - ing plan A - gain his soul to win.  
 Un - til the love our souls a - dore Shall all our be ing fill.