

Brought Out by Patient Telescopes

Brought out by patient telescopes,
uncounted, distant stars are found,
while, clarified in microscopes,
the watchworks of our cells astound.
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.
We picture creatures you have made—
each one unique! They're Love displayed!
We mark this, too, Good God: your plans
to care for all with open hand.

Through heav'ns or earth, who's like you, God?
Your Son and Spirit show us much:
how love from you seeks 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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Such pow'r and love as you've combined
expands our hearts, breaks open minds....
Creative Trinity, your ways,
ongoing, give new cause for praise.

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Brought out by pa - tient tel - e - scopes, un - count ed, dis - tant stars are found, while
Be - side your pow - er, ten - der - ness! No spar - row falls that you don't know! We
Through heav'n's or earth, who's like you, God? Your Son and Spir - it show us much: how



clar - i - fied in mi - cro - scopes, the watch - works of our cells a - stound. The
love things grand and splen - dor - ous; *you* cher - ish small ones, e - ven so. We
love from you seeks on and on, be - yond what we would call "e - nough." Such



breadth, the de - tail, that we see prove more than skill and art - ist - ry. Such
pic - ture crea - tures you have made— each one u - nique! They're Love dis - played! We
pow'r and love as you've com - bined ex - pands our hearts, breaks o - pen minds.... Cre -



pow'r, Cre - a - tor, we can't grasp... or that you'd hear what we would ask.
mark this, too, Good God: your plans to care for all with o - pen hand.
a - tor, still we see your ways pro - vid - ing us new cause for praise.

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Tune: "Sweet Hour of Prayer, Sweet Hour of Prayer" by William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

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We have two choices for last line on this hymn. Hymnsheets for both are provided, so make sure you reproduce the one you want.

Brought Out by Patient Telescopes

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final double bar line at the end of the fourth line. The lyrics are written below the staff, with syllables hyphenated to match the notes. The lyrics are as follows:

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Be - side your pow - er, ten - der - ness! No spar - row falls that you don't know! We
Through heav'ns or earth, who's like you, God? Your Son and Spir - it show us much: how
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pic - ture crea - tures you have made— each one u - nique! They're Love dis - played! We
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pow'r, Cre - a - tor, we can't grasp... or that you'd hear what we would ask.
mark this, too, Good God: your plans to care for all with o - pen hand.
a - tive Trin - i - ty, your ways, on - go - ing, give new cause for praise.

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