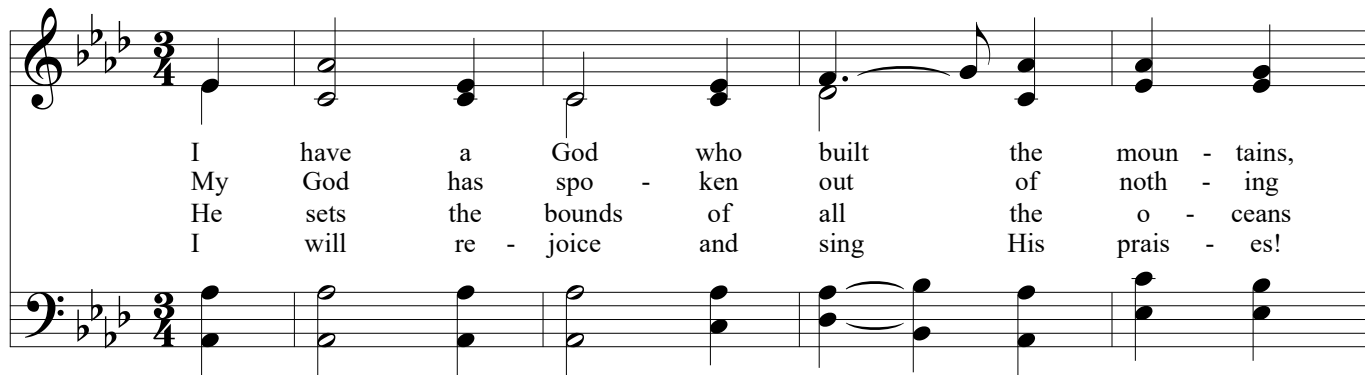
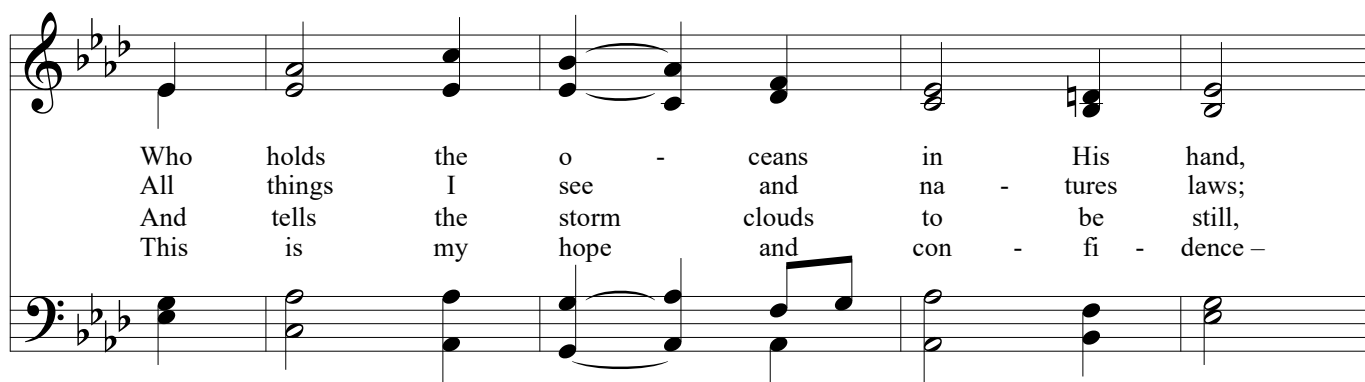


# My God Who Built the Mountains


## Creator



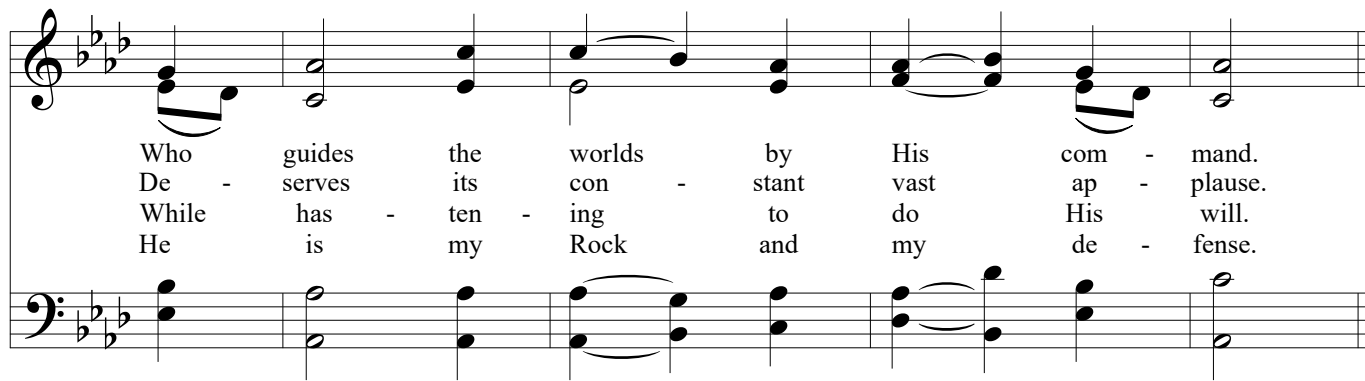
I have a God who built the moun - tains,  
My God has spo - ken out of noth - ing  
He sets the bounds of all the o - ceans  
I will re - joice and sing His prais - es!



Who holds the o - ceans in His hand,  
All things I see and na - tures laws;  
And tells the storm clouds to be still,  
This is my hope and con - fi - dence -



Who stretched the sky and holds it o - pen,  
He stoops to care for His cre - a - tion,  
The moun - tains trem - ble at His com - ing  
My God a - lone rules all cre - a - tion,



Who guides the worlds by His com - mand.  
De - serves its con - stant vast ap - plause.  
While has - ten - ing to do His will.  
He is my Rock and my de - fense.