

The Spacious Firmament on High

The heavens declare the glory of God. – Psalm 19:1-6

Bb - 2 - SOL↓

1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue, e-the-real sky,
2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the won-drous tale,
3. What tho in sol-emn si-lence all Move round this dark ter-res-trial ball?

And spang-led heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim:
And night-ly to the lis-t'ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth;
What tho no re-al voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found?

Th'un-wea-ried sun from day to day Does his Cre-a-tor's power dis-play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice,

And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For-ev-er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."