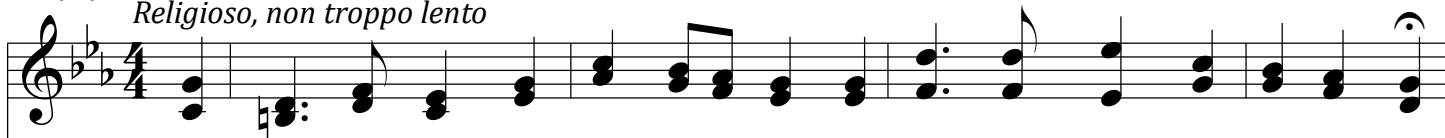


The Heavens, O God, Thy Glory Tell

Cm(E \flat)

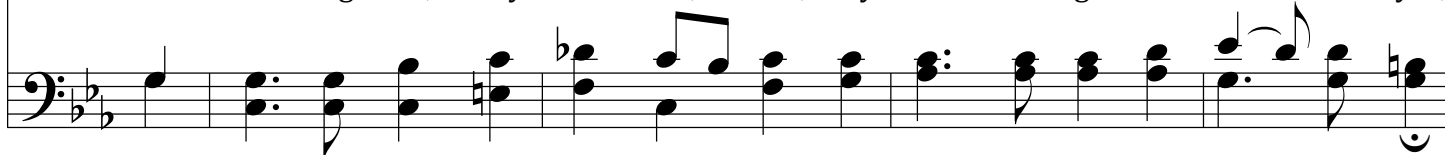
Religioso, non troppo lento



1. The heav'ns, O God, Thy glo - ry tell, Thy skill the star - ry fir - ma - ment;
2. To all the earth their les - sons run, To ut - most shores their her - ald - cry:
3. Pure is Thy soul - con - vert - ing word, Thy law which makes the sim - ple wise;



Day un - to day re - peats the spell, And night to day is el - o - quent;
A tent a - midst them for the sun The hand di - vine hath set on high,
Heart - sooth - ing are, Thy stat - utes, Lord; Thy truth is light un - to the eyes;



They breathe no sound, they shape no word, The list - 'ning ear no voice hath heard.
As bride - groom from his cham - ber, he Comes forth in daz - zling bril - lian - cy.
Thy fear a - bides for ev - er clean, Thy judg - ments true and right are seen.

