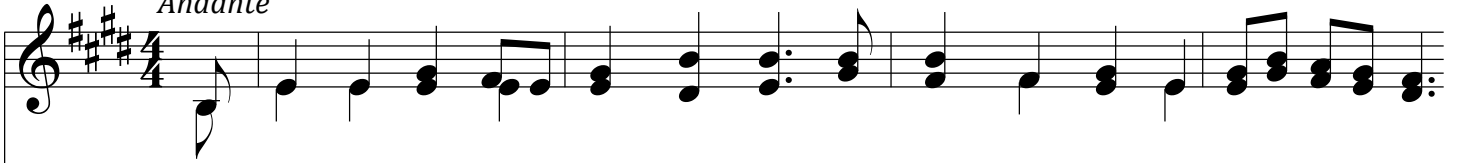


The Spacious Firmament On High

E

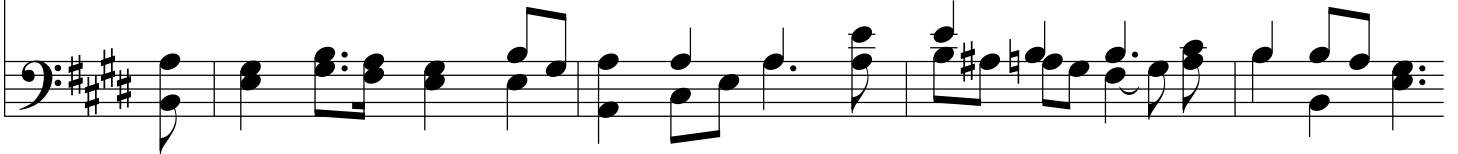
Andante



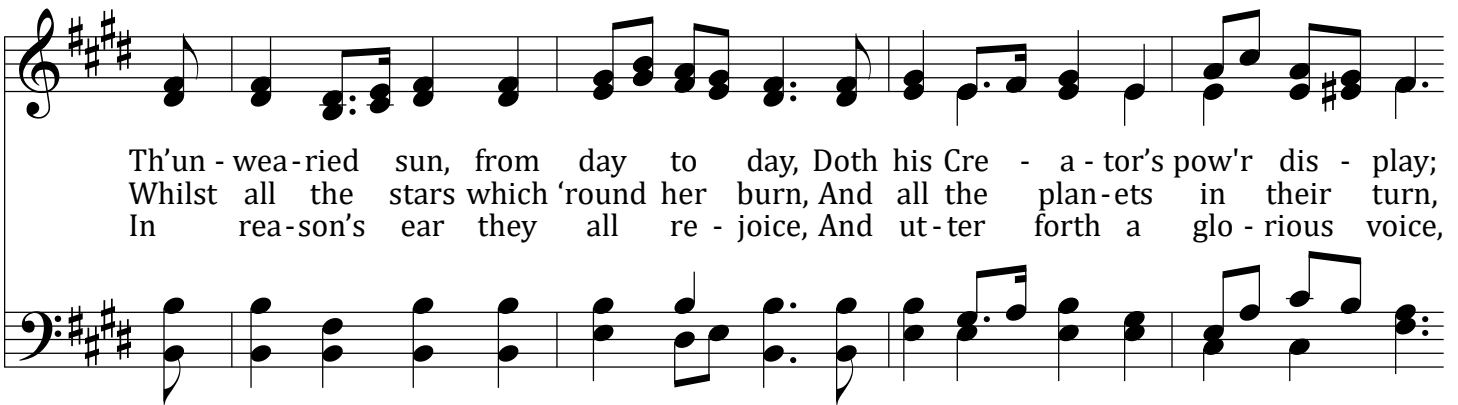
1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
2. Sood as the eve-ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won-drous tale;
3. What tho' in sol-emn si - lence all Move 'round this dark ter-res - trial ball;



And span-gled 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 voice nor re - al sound A - midst their ra - diant orb be found;



Th'un - wea-ried sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play;
Whilst all the stars which 'round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re - jice, 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 tid - ings 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."

