The Heavens Declare Thy Glory

CHENIES, 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1. The heavens declare Thy glory, The firmament Thy pow'r;
   Day unto day the story Repeats from hour to hour;
   Night unto night replying, Proclaims in ev'ry land,
   O Lord, with voice undying, The wonders of Thy hand.

2. The sun with royal splendor Goes forth to chant Thy praise;
   And moonbeams soft and tender Their gentler anthem raise;
   O'er ev'ry tribe and nation That music strange is poured,
   The song of all creation, To Thee, creation's Lord.

3. How perfect, just and holy The precepts Thou hast giv'n!
   Still making wise the lowly, They lift the tho'ts to heav'n;
   Thy word hath richer treasure Than dwells within the mine,
   And sweetness beyond measure Attends Thy voice divine.

4. All heav'n on high rejoices To do its Maker's will;
   The stars with solemn voices Resound Thy praises still;
   So let my whole behavior, Tho'ts, words and actions be,
   O Lord, my strength, my Sav'ior, One ceaseless song to Thee. Amen.

Words: Thomas R. Birks (1874)
Music: Timothy R. Matthews (1855)