1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, ethereal sky, And span-gled heav'n{s, a shining frame. Their great Original proclaim: Th'un-wea{rried sun from day to
day Does his Cre-a-tor{\textquotesingle}s pow'r dis-play, And pub-lish-
tid-ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wond-rous tale, And night-ly to the lis'tning earth Re-
dark ter-res-trial ball? What tho' no re-al voice nor sound A-
great O-nigma, And all the planets in their turn, Con-firm the
joyce, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice, For- ever

3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all Move round this peats the sto-ry of her birth, While all the stars that round her es to ev-ery land The work of an al-might-y hand.