1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e-thereal sky, And span-gled heaven's, a shining frame

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly to the lis-tening earth Re-peats the story

3. What though in solemn si-lence all Move round the dark ter-restrial ball? What though no re-al voice nor sound Amid their ra-diant

Heav'n proclaim. Th'un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, orbs be found? In rea-son's ear they all re-joice,
ADORATION

Does his Creator’s power display,
And all the planets in their turn,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For publishes to every land The firm tidings as they roll,
And ever singing as they shine, “The work of an Almighty Hand.
Spread the truth from pole to pole.
Hand that made us is divine.”