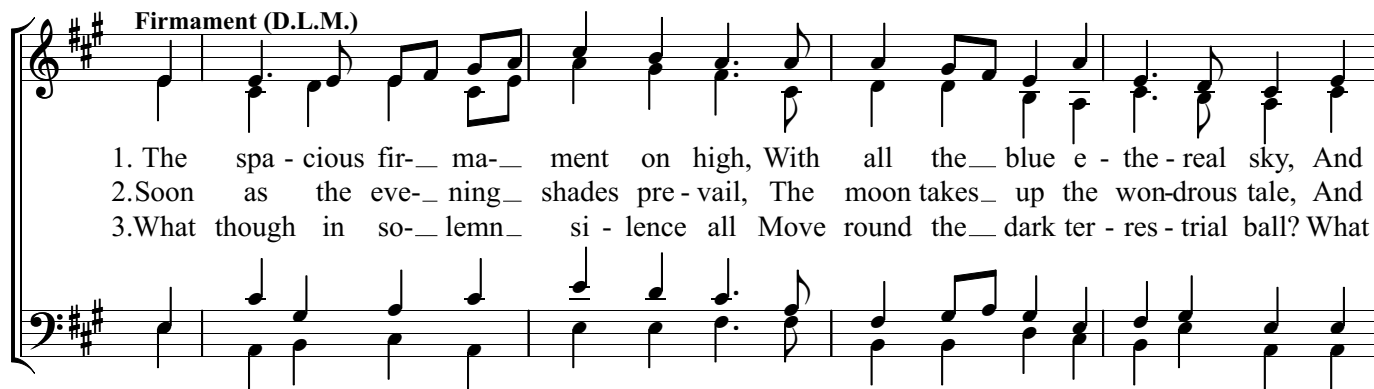


Joseph Addison
(1672-1719)

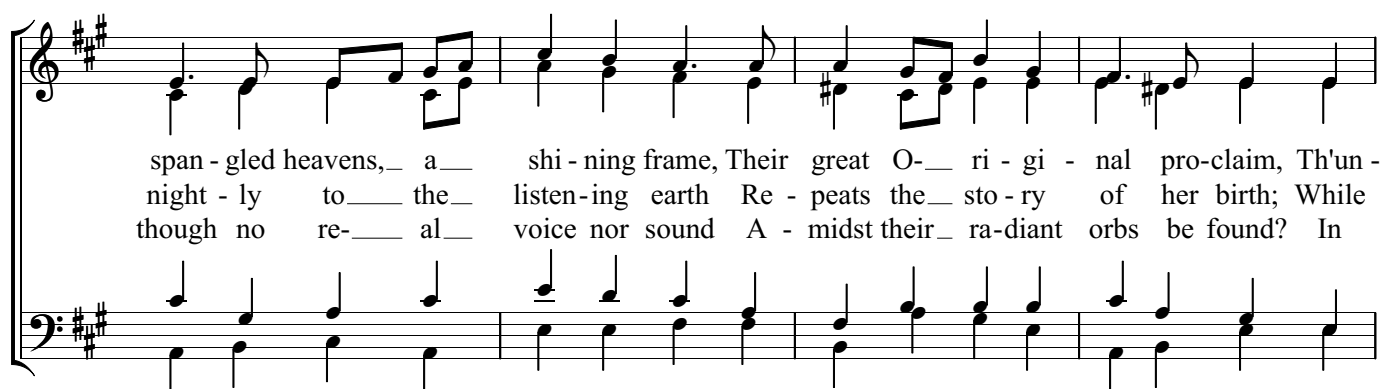
The spacious firmament on high

Henry Walford Davies
(1869-1941)

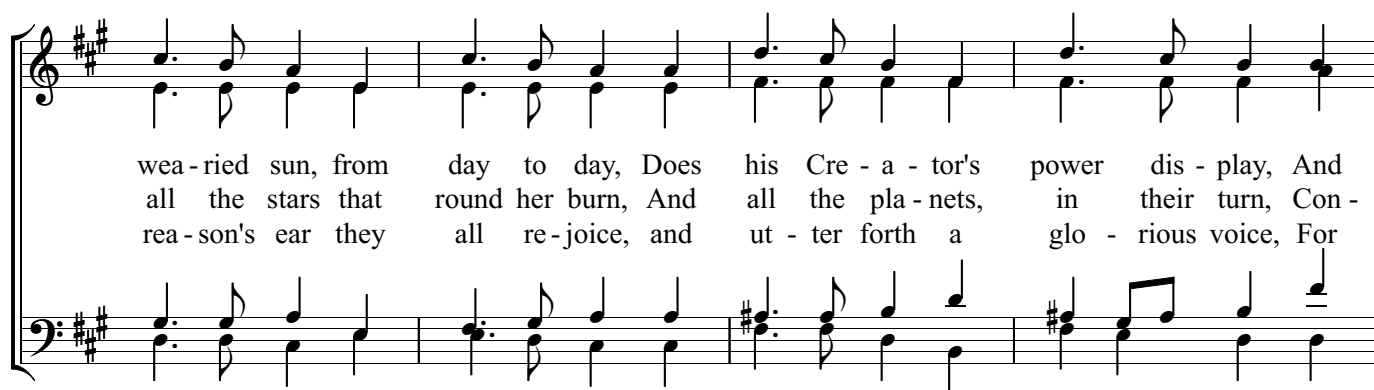
Firmament (D.L.M.)



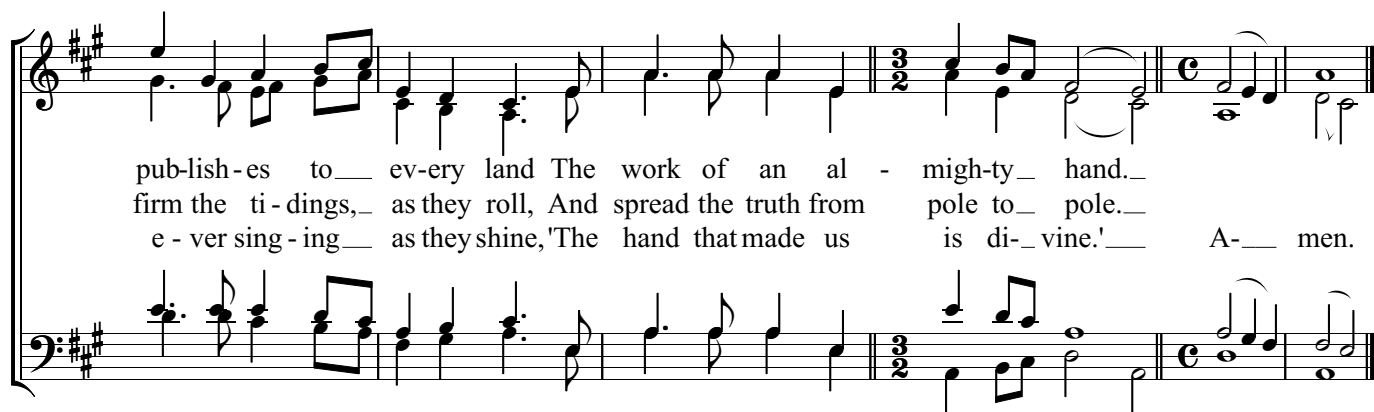
1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale, And
3. What though in so - lemn si - lence all Move round the dark ter - res - trial ball? What



span - gled heavens, a shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim, Th'un -
night - ly to the listen - ing earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth; While
though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found? In



wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And
all the stars that round her burn, And all the pla - nets, in their turn, Con -
rea - son's ear they all re - joice, and ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For



pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - migh - ty hand -
firm the ti - dings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole -
e - ver sing - ing as they shine, 'The hand that made us is di - vine.' A - men.