

# The spacious firmament on high

Hymnal 1982 no 409, Melody: Creation

J. Addison  
(1672-1719)

Adapted from  
F.J. Haydn (1732-1809)

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high,  
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail,  
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all

with all the blue e - ther - eal sky,  
the moon takes up the won - drous tale,  
move round the dark ter - res - trial ball?

and span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame,  
and night - ly to the lis - t'ning earth  
What though no re - al voice nor sound

their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.  
re - peats the sto - ry of her birth:  
a - mid their ra - diant orbs be found?

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Th' un - wea - ried sun from day to day  
whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play;  
and all the plan - ets in their turn,  
and ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice;

and pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land  
con - firm the ti - dings, as they roll  
for ev - er sing - ing as they shine,

the work of an al - might - y hand.  
and spread the truth from pole to pole.  
"The hand that made us is di - vine."