

# The Spacious Heavens Declare

From Psalm 19

1. <sup>1</sup> The spa - cious heav'ns de - clare God's glo - ry ev - 'ry - where;  
 2. God in the firm - a - ment Pitched for the sun a tent,  
 3. <sup>7</sup> God's law is sound and whole; It will re - vive the soul,  
 4. <sup>9</sup> The fear of God is clean And, free from sin and stain,  
 5. <sup>11</sup> Your ser - vant, who has heard The warn - ings of Your Word,  
 6. <sup>13</sup> O LORD, from will - ful ways Pre - serve me all my days:

The skies pro - claim His might. <sup>2</sup> The know - ledge they dis - play  
 The can - o - py of night. <sup>5</sup> It's like a joy - ful groom  
 For it new strength sup - plies. His test - i - mo - ny sure,  
 For - ev - er will en - dure. His judg - ments all ex - press  
 To them pays heed, O LORD. Those walk - ing in Your way,  
 The rule of sin pre - vent. Then I shall blame - less be,

Day ech - oes forth to day And night makes known to night.  
 Who from his bri - dal room Leaps forth with great de - light.  
 Trust - worth - y ev - er - more, Will make the sim - ple wise.  
 Un - fail - ing right - eous - ness; The LORD's de - crees are sure.  
 Who Your com - mands o - bey, Will reap a great re - ward.  
 From grave of - fen - ses free, And whol - ly in - no - cent.

<sup>3</sup> They use no speech or word, Yet ev - 'ry - where is heard  
 Like one who runs a race With strong and eag - er pace,  
<sup>8</sup> His pre - cepts plain - ly show How right they are, and so  
<sup>10</sup> They far ex - ceed in worth The fin - est gold on earth:  
<sup>12</sup> But, LORD, who can per - ceive What er - rors one may have  
<sup>14</sup> LORD, hear me as I pray: Let what my tongue may say

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564  
 Text: William Helder, 2007 ©

LES CIEUX EN CHACUN LIEU [GENEVAN 19]  
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9

The voice of all cre - a - tion. 4The truth that it ex - pounds  
 6It speeds a - cross the heav - ens; The sun its path com - pletes,  
*The heart they cheer and bright - en. The LORD's com - mand - ments pure*  
*His pre - cious test - i - mo - ny! They e - ven sweet - er are*  
 Un - wit - ting - ly com - mit - ted? Oh, cleanse me! Let me be  
 And what my heart may pon - der Be pleas - ing in Your sight,

11

Through-out the world re - sounds And reach - es ev - 'ry na - tion.  
 And from its pier - cing heat Not an - y - thing is hid - den.  
*Shine forth with rad - iance clear And so the eyes en - light - en.*  
*Than all that's sweet and pure In combs that drip with hon - ey.*  
 Of sec - ret fail - ings free, Of hid - den faults ac - quit - ted.  
 Re - deem - er great in might, My rock and my de - fend - er.