

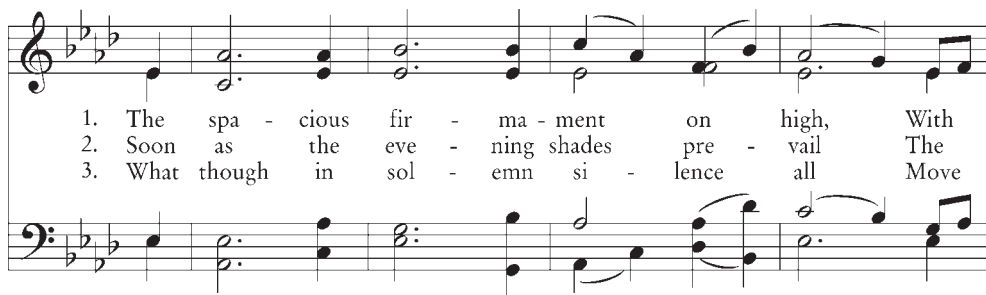
# The Spacious Firmament on High

CREATION (L.M.D.)

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798

arr. Isaac B. Woodbury

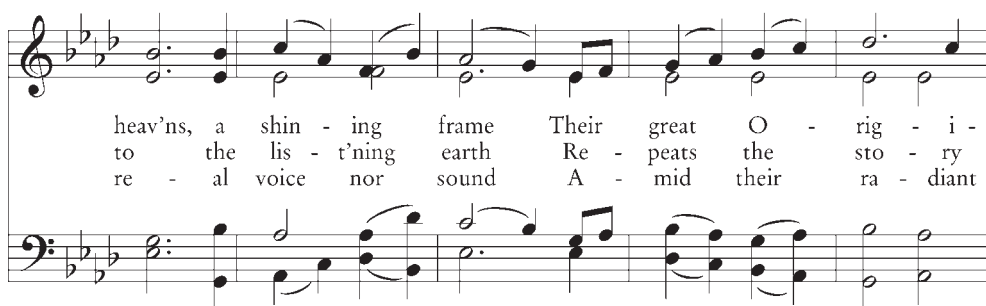
Joseph Addison, 1712



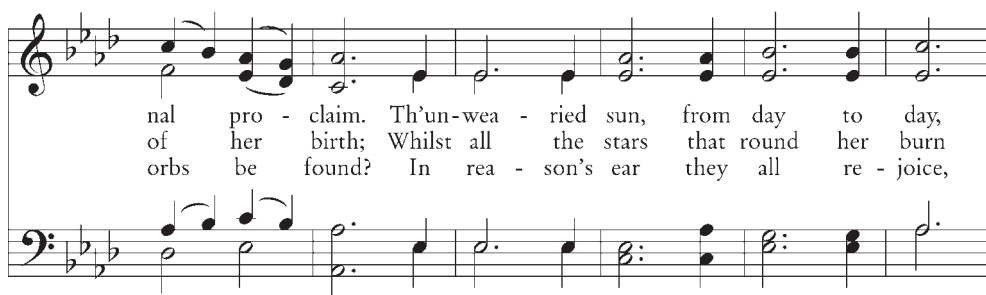
1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With  
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail The  
 3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move



all the blue e - the - real sky, And span - gled  
 moon takes up the won - drous tale, And night - ly  
 round the dark ter - res - trial ball? What though no



heav'ns, a shin - ing frame Their great O - rig - i -  
 to the lis - t'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry  
 re - al voice nor sound A - mid their ra - diant



nal pro - claim. Th'un-wea - ried sun, from day to day,  
 of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn  
 orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

# ADORATION

Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And  
 And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con -  
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For -

pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The  
 firm the tid - ings as they roll, And  
 ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The

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