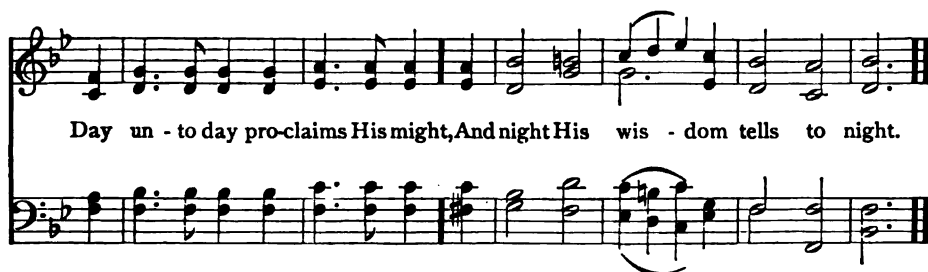
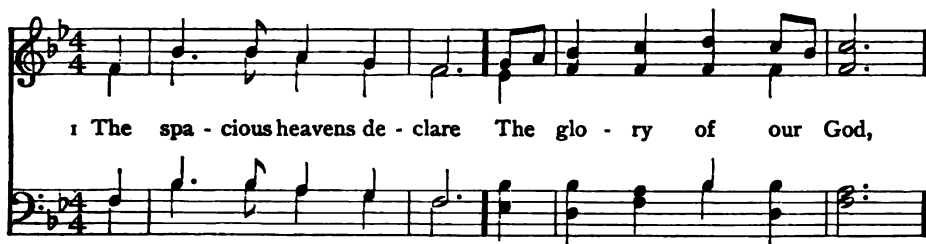


PSALM 19 H. M.

ARTHUR'S SEAT

Arranged from John Goss



2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break,
Their voice is never heard;
Yet through the world the truth they
bear
And their Creator's power declare.

3 The clouds of heaven are spread,
A tent to hold the sun,
And like a bridegroom fair
Comes forth the mighty one,
Rejoicing in his strength and grace
To run his wondrous daily race.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven;
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given;
His journey reaches to its ends,
And everywhere his heat extends.