

Joseph Addison
(1672-1719)

The spacious firmament on high

John Sheeles
(1688-1761)

London (or Addison's) (D.L.M.)

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

the - real sky, And span - gled heavens, a shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi -
won - drous tale, And night - ly to the listen - ing earth Re - peats the sto - ry
res - trial ball? What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant

nal pro - claim, Th'un - wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's
of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all the pla - nets,
orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, and ut - ter forth a

power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al -
in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings, as they roll, And spread the truth from
glo - rious voice, For e - ver sing - ing as they shine, 'The hand that made us

migh - ty hand, The work spread of an al - migh - ty hand.
pole to pole, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
is di - vine, 'The hand that made us is di - vine.'