

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

Franz Josef Haydn (1732–1809)

1. The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, And all the blue e-the-real
 2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the won-drous
 3. What though, in sol-emn si-lence, all Move round the dark ter-rest-rial

sky, And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-ri-gi-nal pro-tale,
 And night-ly to the list-'ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her ball;
 What though nor real voice, nor sound A-midst their ra-diant orbs be-

claim. Th'un wear-ied sun from day to day Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r dis-play, And
 birth; Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn, Con-
 found; In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice; For

pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
 firm the tid-ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 ev-er sing-ing as they shine: "The hand that made us is div-ine."