

# Psalm 19 (Creation, L.M.D.)

Franz Josef Haydn (1798)

Joseph Addison (1712)

1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And span-gled heavens, a shin - ing

2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre - vail The moon takes up the won - drous tale, And night - ly to the list' - ning

3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter - res - trial ball? What though no re - al voice nor

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frame Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'un-wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his cre - a - tor's

earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn And all the plan - ets

sound A - mid the ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a

powers display, And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.  
in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
glorious voice, Forever singing as they shine: The hand that made us is divine.