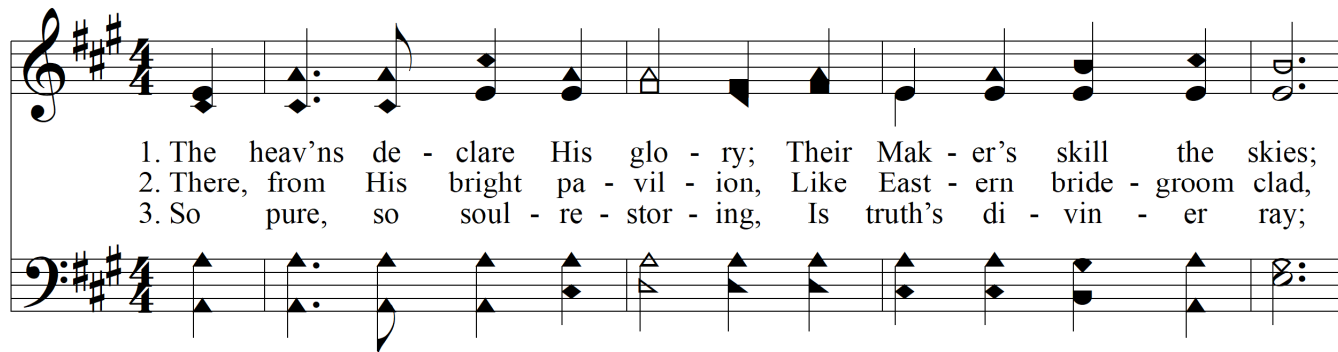
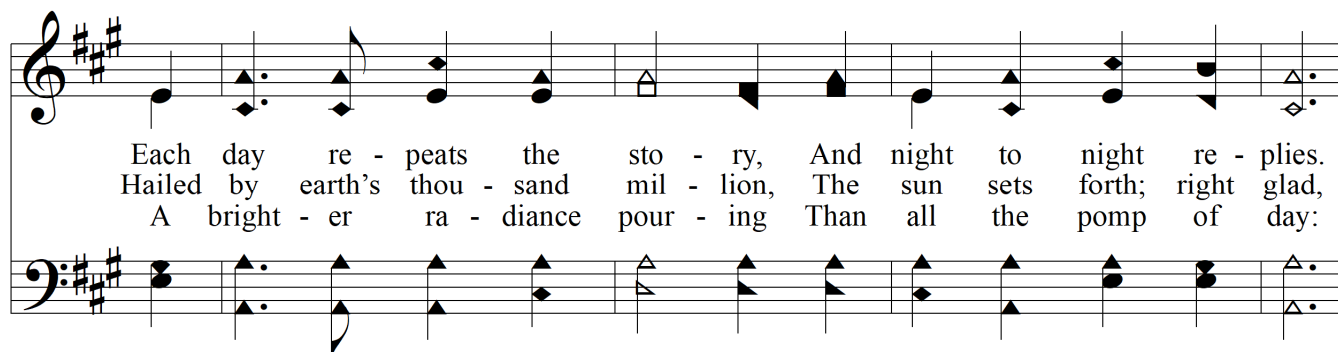


# The Heavens Declare His Glory

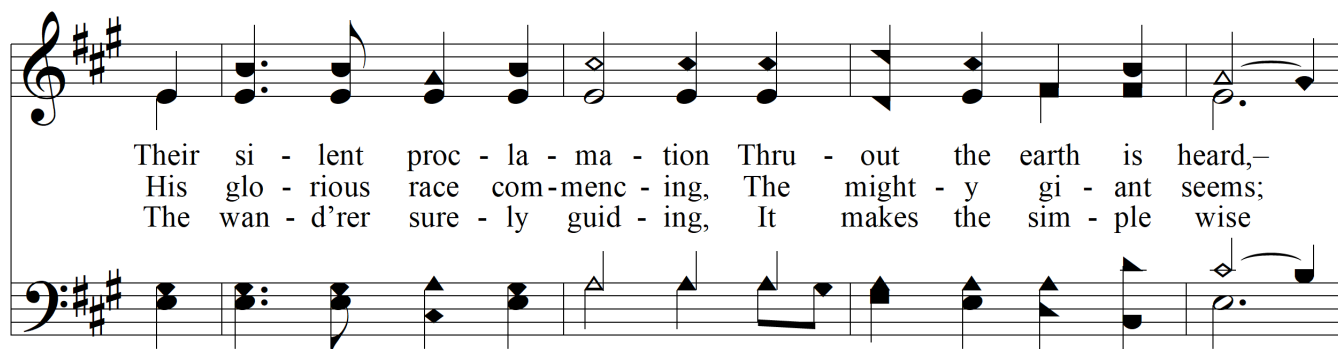
WEBB 7, 6, 7, 6, D



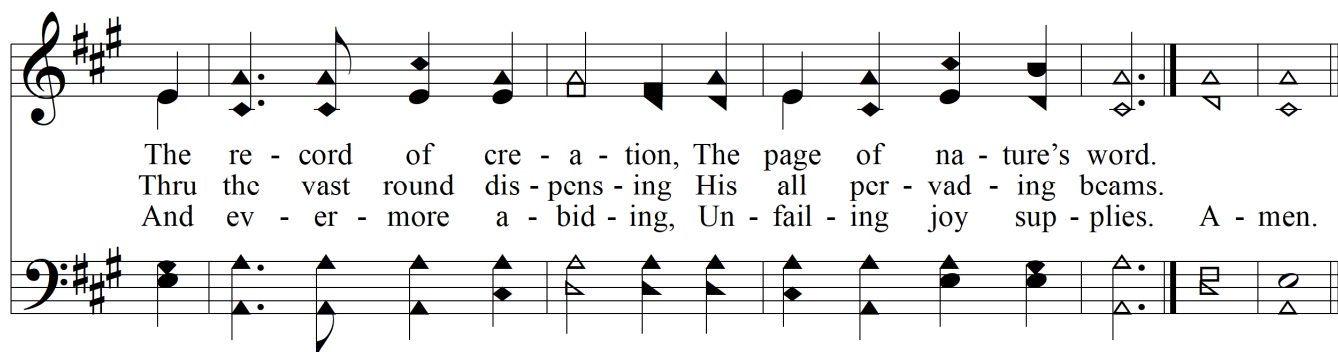
1. The heav'ns de - clare His glo - ry; Their Mak - er's skill the skies;  
2. There, from His bright pa - vil - ion, Like East - ern bride - groom clad,  
3. So pure, so soul - re - stor - ing, Is truth's di - vin - er ray;



Each day re - peats the sto - ry, And night to night re - plies.  
Hailed by earth's thou - sand mil - lion, The sun sets forth; right glad,  
A bright - er ra - diance pour - ing Than all the pomp of day:



Their si - lent proc - la - ma - tion Thru - out the earth is heard,—  
His glo - rious race com - menc - ing, The might - y gi - ant seems;  
The wan - d'rer sure - ly guid - ing, It makes the sim - ple wise



The re - cord of cre - a - tion, The page of na - ture's word.  
Thru the vast round dis - pens - ing His all per - vad - ing beams.  
And ev - er - more a - bid - ing, Un - fail - ing joy sup - plies. A - men.