

# DINWIDDIE L. M.

Key of E Major

A. N. Johnson

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale,

3. "What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter - res - trial ball—

And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim;

And night - ly, to the lis - t'ning earth, Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;

What tho' nor re - al voice, nor sound A - mid their ra - diant orbs be found—

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Th'un - wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play,  
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets, in their turn,  
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice,  
And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al - might - y hand.  
Con - firm the tid - ings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
For ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is Di - vine."