

# The spacious firmament on high

Franz J. Haydn, 1732-1809

Creation  
L.M.D.

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame  
Their great Original proclaim.  
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's powers display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars that round her burn  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison