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The Spacious Firmament on High

The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands.

Ps. 19:1

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, with all the blue e -
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, the moon takes up the
 3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all move round this dark ter -

the - real sky, and span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, their great O -
 won - drous tale, and night - ly to the lis - t'ning earth re - peats the
 res - trial ball? What though no re - al voice nor sound a - midst their

rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'un - wea - ried sun, from day to day,
 sto - ry of her birth; whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, and pub - lish - es to
 and all the plan - ets in their turn, con - firm the tid - ings
 and ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; for - ev - er sing - ing

CREATION

The musical score is written for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains a melody with notes corresponding to the lyrics 'al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

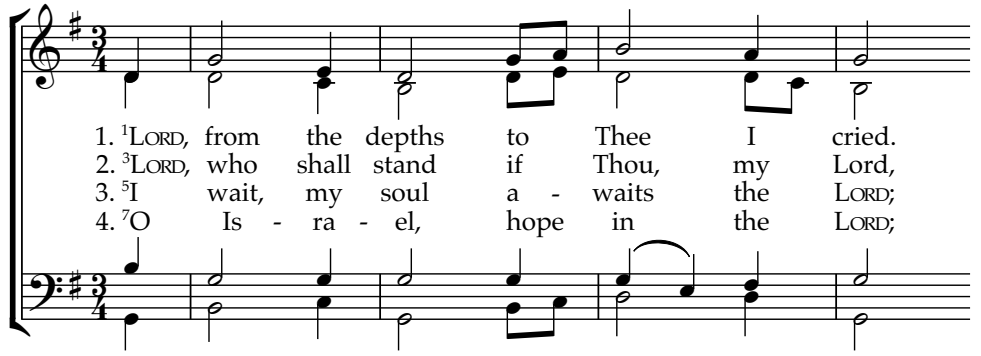
al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Francis of Assisi, ca. 1225
Tr. by William H. Draper, 1926

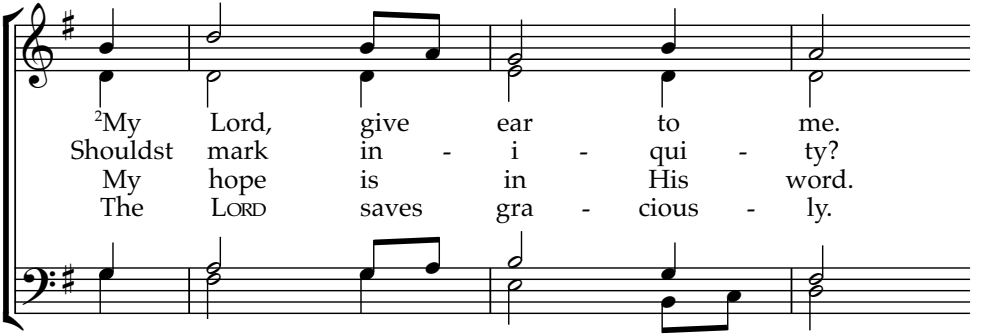
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LASST UNS ERFREUEN L.M.al.
Geistliche Kirchengesänge, Cologne, 1623

Psalm 130



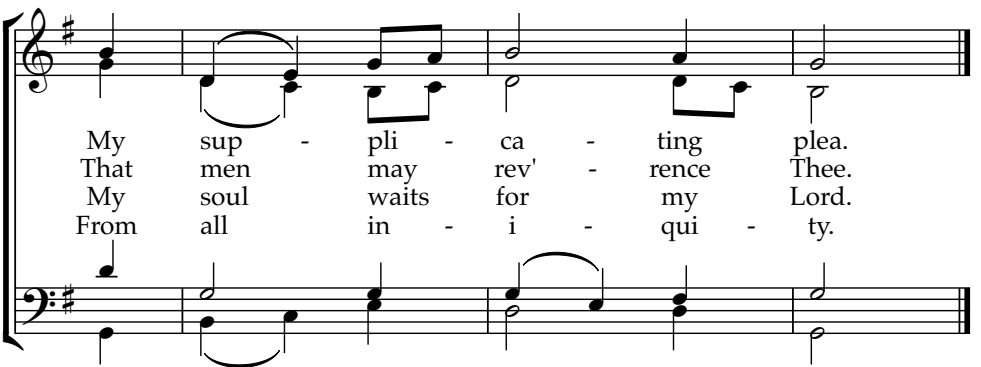
1. ¹LORD, from the depths to Thee I cried.
 2. ³LORD, who shall stand if Thou, my Lord,
 3. ⁵I wait, my soul a - waits the LORD;
 4. ⁷O Is - ra - el, hope in the LORD;



²My Lord, give ear to me.
 Shouldst mark in - i - to qui - ty?
 My hope is in His word.
 The LORD saves gra - cious - ly.



O hear my voice and hear - ken to
⁴But yet with Thee for - give - ness is,
⁶More than the watch - men wait for morn
⁸And He shall Is - ra - el re - deem

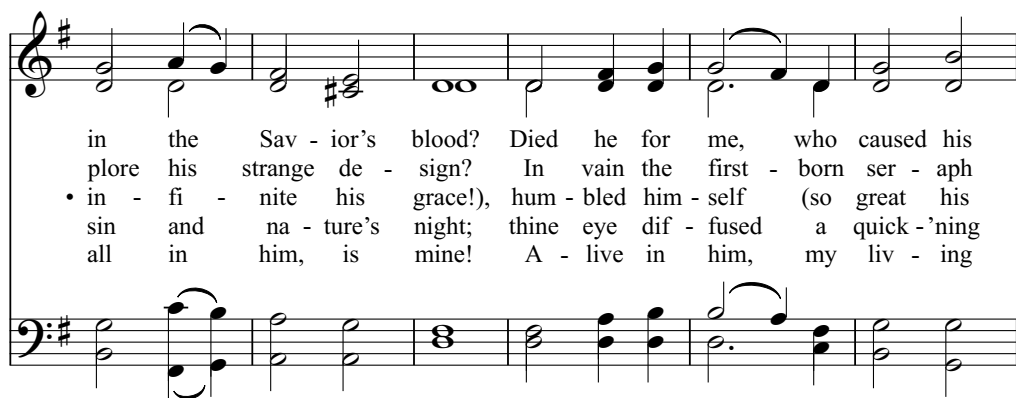


My sup - pli - ca - ting plea.
 That men may rev' - rence Thee.
 My soul waits for my Lord.
 From all in - i - qui - ty.

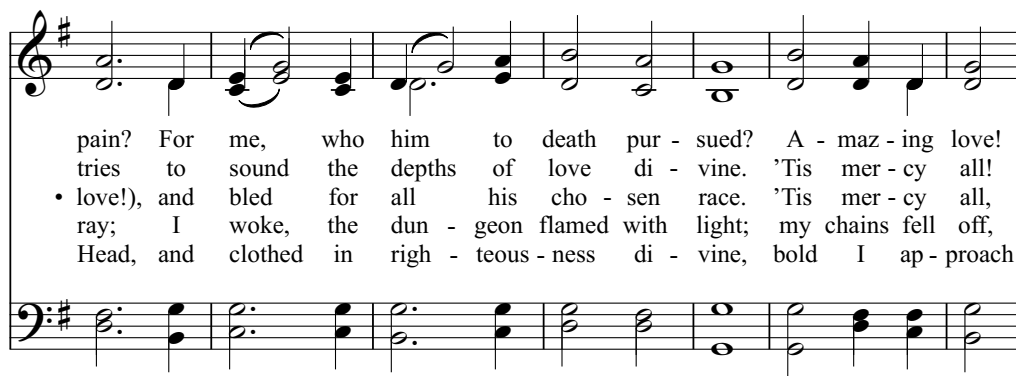
And Can It Be That I Should Gain



1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies: who can ex -
 3. He left his Fa - ther's throne a - bove (so free, so
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and



in the Sav - ior's blood? Died he for me, who caused his
 plore his strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph
 • in - fi - nite his grace!), hum - bled him - self (so great his
 sin and na - ture's night; thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning
 all in him, is mine! A - live in him, my liv - ing



pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love!
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all!
 • love!), and bled for all his cho - sen race. 'Tis mer - cy all,
 ray; I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; my chains fell off,
 Head, and clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, bold I ap - proach

How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst
 Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds in -
 • im - mense and free; for, O my God, it
 my heart was free; I rose, went forth, and
 th'e - ter - nal throne, and claim the crown, through

Refrain

die for me?
 quire no more.
 • found out me. A - maz - ing love! How can it
 fol - lowed thee. A - maz - ing love! How
 Christ, my own.

be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 can it be that thou, my God,

Charles Wesley, 1738; alt. 1990

SAGINA L.M.D.
 Thomas Campbell, 1825

Crown Him with Many Crowns

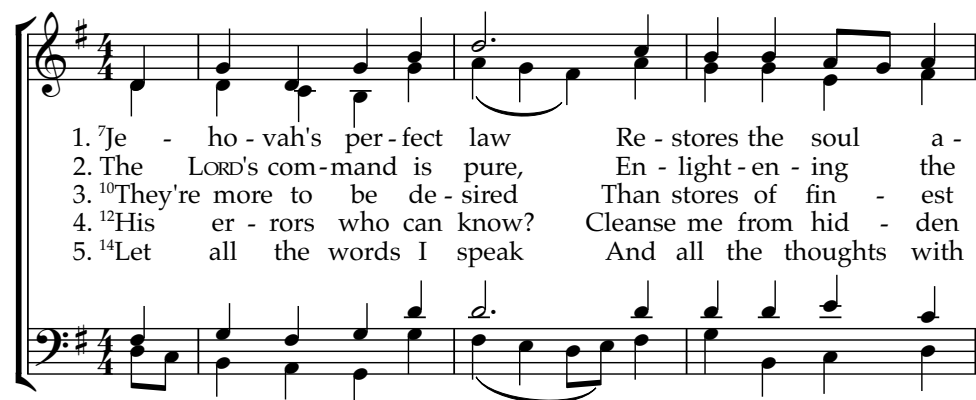
1. Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2. Crown him the Lord of life, tri - um - phant o'er the grave,
 3. Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 4. Crown him the Lord of peace; whose pow'r a scep - ter sways
 5. Crown him the Lord of years, the Po - ten - tate of time;

hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own:
 who rose vic - to - rious from the strife for those he came to save.
 • rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in pray'r and praise:
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime:

a - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 His glo - ries now we sing, who died and reigns on high;
 • no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 his reign shall know no end; and round his pierc - ed feet
 all hail, Re - deem - er, hail! for thou hast died for me:

and hail him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 he died, e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
 • but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

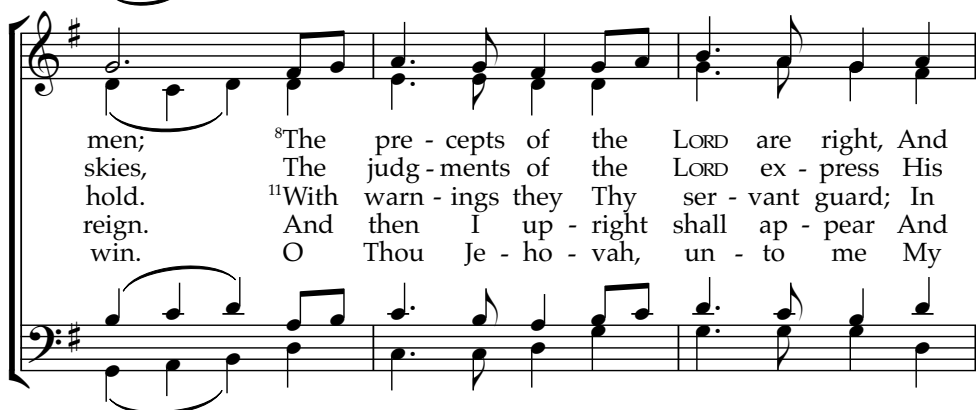
Psalm 19:7-14



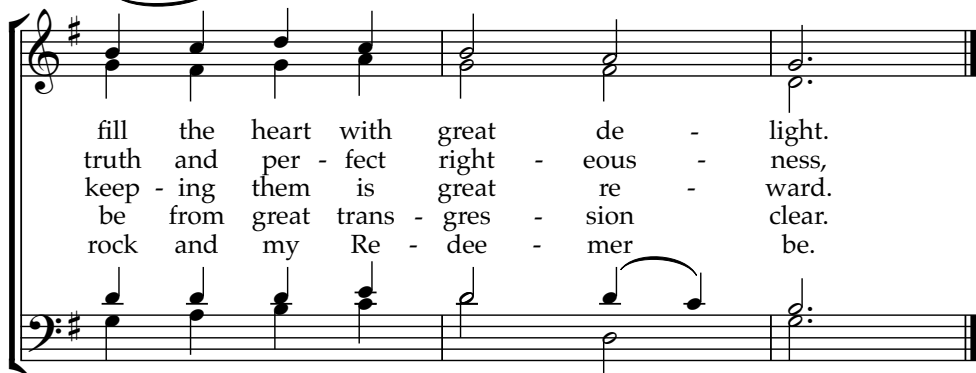
1. ⁷Je - ho - vah's per - fect law Re - stores the soul a -
 2. The LORD's com - mand is pure, En - light - en - ing the
 3. ¹⁰They're more to be de - sired Than stores of fin - est
 4. ¹²His er - rors who can know? Cleanse me from hid - den
 5. ¹⁴Let all the words I speak And all the thoughts with



gain; His tes - ti - mo - ny sure Gives wis - dom un - to
 eyes; ⁹Je - ho - vah's fear is clean, More las - ting than the
 gold; Than ho - ney from the comb More sweet - ness far they
 stain. ¹³Keep me from will - ful sins, Nor let them o'er me
 in Come up be - fore Thy sight And Thine ap - pro - val



men; ⁸The pre - cepts of the LORD are right, And
 skies, The judg - ments of the LORD ex - press His
 hold. ¹¹With warn - ings they Thy ser - vant guard; In
 reign. And then I up - right shall ap - pear And
 win. O Thou Je - ho - vah, un - to me My



fill the heart with great de - light.
 truth and per - fect right - eous - ness,
 keep - ing them is great re - ward.
 be from great trans - gres - sion clear.
 rock and my Re - dee - mer be.

Arise, My Soul, Arise



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, shake off your guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, for me to in - ter - cede,
3. Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; his par - d'ning voice I hear;



the bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice in my be - half ap - pears:
 his all - re - deem - ing love, his pre - cious blood to plead;
 they pour ef - fec - tual prayers, they strong - ly plead for me.
 he owns me for his child, I can no lon - ger fear;



be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, be - fore the throne my
 his blood a - toned for ev - 'ry race, his blood a - toned for
 "For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "for - give him, O for -
 with con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, with con - fi - dence I



Sure - ty stands, my name is writ - ten on his hands.
 ev - 'ry race, and sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
 give," they cry, "nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!"
 now draw nigh, and "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.

