

GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES AND WORKS.

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KEY C.

PETERBOROUGH.—L.M.D.

Sir JOHN GOSS.

{ :s | s :s | d' :-.s | l :l | s || s | d' :r' | m' :d' | r' :d'.t | d' ||
 { :m | m :m | m :-.m | f :d.r | m || m | s :s | s :s | f :m.r | m ||
 { :d' | d' :d' | s :-.d' | d' :l.t | d || d' | d' :t | d' :d' | l :s | s ||
 { :d | d :d | d :-.d | f :f | d || d | m :s | d' :m | f :s | d ||

{ :s | s :s | d' :-.s | l :l | s || s | d' :t.l | r' :s | d' :t.l | s ||
 { :m | m :m | m :-.m | f :d.r | m || m | l :s.fe | s :s | l :s.fe | s ||
 { :d' | d' :d' | s :-.d' | d' :l.t | d' || d' | m' :r' | r' :t | m' :r'.d' | t ||
 { :d | d :d | d :-.d | f :f | d || d | l, :r.d | t, :m | l, :r | s, ||

{ :s | s :s | s :l.t | d' :d' | d' || d' | d' :d' | f' :m' | r' :d' | t ||
 { :s | s :s | s :l.t | d' :d' | d' || s | s :s | f :s | l :m.fe | s ||
 { :s | s :s | s :l.t | d' :d' | d' || m' | m' :m' | d' :d' | f' :d' | r' ||
 { :s | s :s | s :l.t | d' :d' | d' || d | d' :ta | l :s | f :l | s ||

{ :s | d' :ta | l :-.l | r' :d' | t || s | m' :d' | l :d'.r' | m' :r' | d' ||
 { :s | s :m | f :-.f | l :fe | s || s | s :s | f :l | s :-.f | m ||
 { :t | d' :d' | d' :-.d' | r' :r' | r' || t | d' :d' | d' :d' | d' :t | d' ||
 { :s | m :d | f :-.f | fe :r | s || s | d :m | f :f | s :s, | d ||

"The heavens declare the glory of God,"

f 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

mf 3 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;

mf 4 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.

p 5 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

mf 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

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KEY F.

{ :m :m | l, :l | d :d | l, :l |
 { :m :m | r, :l | d :d | r, :l |
 { :m :m | l, :l | d :d | l, :l |