

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Psalm 19 vv. 1, 2, 7, 8, 11, 12

"Hymn 1", by Phocion Henley (1728-64)
 Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Cheerful [$\text{♩}=100$]

Soprano [Air]

1. The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which thou a - lone dost fill;
 2. *God's per - fect law con - verts the soul, Re - claims from false de - sires;*
 3. My trus - ty coun - sel - lors they are, And friend - ly war - nings give;

Alto 1

Alto 2

1. The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which thou a - lone dost fill;
 2. *God's per - fect law con - verts the soul, Re - claims from false de - sires;*
 3. My trus - ty coun - sel - lors they are, And friend - ly war - nings give;

Tenor

Bass

1. The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which thou a - lone dost fill;
 2. *God's per - fect law con - verts the soul, Re - claims from false de - sires;*
 3. My trus - ty coun - sel - lors they are, And friend - ly war - nings give;

7

S

The fir - ma - ment and stars pro - claim Their great Cre - a - tor's skill.
 With sa - cred wis - dom his sure word, The ig - no - rant in - spires.
 Di - vine re - wards at - tend on those, Who by thy pre - cepts live.

A 1

A 2

The fir - ma - ment and stars pro - claim Their great Cre - a - tor's skill.
 With sa - cred wis - dom his sure word, The ig - no - rant in - spires.
 Di - vine re - wards at - tend on those, Who by thy pre - cepts live.

T

B

The fir - ma - ment and stars pro - claim Their great Cre - a - tor's skill.
 With sa - cred wis - dom his sure word, The ig - no - rant in - spires.
 Di - vine re - wards at - tend on those, Who by thy pre - cepts live.

The original is scored for two tenor voices;
 Alto 2 here is the original Tenor 1,
 with some rearrangement of the parts.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord

14

S
 The dawn of each re - turn - ing day_ Fresh beams of know - ledge brings, From
The sta - tutes of the Lord_ are just, And bring sin - cere_ de - light: His
 But what frail man ob serves, how oft, He does from vir - tue_ fall?_ Oh

A 1

A 2
 The dawn of_ each re - turn - ing day Fresh beams of_ know - ledge brings, From
The sta - tutes of the Lord are just, And bring sin - cere de - light: His
 But what frail man ob - serves, how oft, He does from vir - tue fall? Oh

T

B
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The sta - tutes of the Lord are just, And bring sin - cere de - light: His
 But what frail man ob serves, how oft, He does from vir - tue fall? Oh

22

S
 dark - est_ night's suc - ces - sive_ round Di - vine_ in - struc - tion springs.
pure_ com - mands in search of_ truth, As - sist_ the_ feeb - lest_ sight.
 cleanse me_ from my se - cret_ faults, Thou God_ who know'st_ them all.

A 1

A 2
 dark - est night's suc - ces - sive round Di - vine in - struc - tion springs.
pure com - mands in search of truth, As - sist the_ feeb - lest sight.
 cleanse me from my se - cret faults, Thou God who know'st them all.

T

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