

The Heavens Declare Thy Glory

Thomas Birks, 1874.

Timothy Matthews, 1855.

The heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour;
Night unto night replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
The wonders of Thy hand.

The sun with royal splendor
Goes forth to chant Thy praise;
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise;
O'er every tribe and nation
That music strange is poured,
The song of all creation,
To Thee, creation's Lord.

How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given;
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven;
How pure, how soul restoring
Thy Gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day.

All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still;
So let my whole behavior,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my Strength, my Savior,
One ceaseless song to Thee.