

The Spacious Heavens Laud

Based on Psalm 19

1. The spa - cious heav - ens laud The glo - ry of our God
2. In this wide fir - ma - ment God gave the sun a tent
3. *The law of God is whole And it re - vives the soul*
4. *The fear of God is clean; A foun - tain most se - rene*
5. More - o - ver, they fore - warn Thy ser - vant that he scorn
6. Keep Thou me all my days, O LORD, from e - vil ways;

With full ma - jes - tic praise. The soar - ing fir - ma - ment
From which to start its run. Just as a joy - ful groom
By bid - ding it to rise. His tes - ti - mo - ny sure
It will for - ev - er be. His or - di - nan - ces, too,
All e - vil ways, O LORD. He who with faith in Thee
Wilt Thou their sway pre - vent. Then blame - less I shall be,

Un - meas - ured in ex - tent His hand - i - work dis - plays.
E - merg - es from his room, So comes the ra - diant sun.
For - ev - er shall en - dure: It makes the sim - ple wise.
Are right - eous and are true, For ev - 'ry - one to see,
Keeps them o - be - dient - ly Will reap a great re - ward.
From great trans - gres - sions free, Be - fore Thee in - no - cent.

Day pours forth speech to day, Night will to night con - vey
And as a man of force Re - joi - cing runs his course.
The pre - cepts of the LORD, Which are His per - fect Word,
To be de - sired far more Than gold, much fine gold, or
But, LORD, who is the man Who with pre - ci - sion can
That ev - 'ry word I say And all my heart's thoughts may

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564
Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972, rev. ©

LES CIEUX EN CHACUN LIEU [GENEVAN 19]
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The knowl-edge of cre - a - tion. There is no speech nor word,
 So from the end of heav - en The sun its path com - pletes,
With joy our hearts do brigh - ten; While His com - mand - ments sure,
What can be bought for mon - ey. They are far sweet - er than
 Dis - cern his ev - ery er - ror? To Thee I hum - bly pray,
 Be proof of pure de - mean - or; All this Thy ser - vant prays

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Their voic - es are not heard; Yet they reach ev - 'ry na - tion.
 And from its burn - ing heat Can no - thing re - main hid - den.
Which are both true and pure, The eyes of man en - light - en.
What - ev - er sweet - ness man Re - ceives from combs with hon - ey.
 For - give and clear a - way My hid - den faults for ev - er.
 Of Thee who scan'st his ways, My Rock and my Re - deem - er.