

Grüss Gott (D.L.M.)

Words: J. Addison, 1712

Jason Smart

♩ = 56

The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-ther-eal sky, And span-gled
Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail The moon takes up the won-drous tale, And night-ly
What though in so-lemn si-lence all Move round the dark ter-res-trial ball? What though nor

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heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-ri-gi-nal pro-claim. Th'un-wear-ied
to the list'n-ing earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth; Whilst all the
re-àl voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found? In rea-son's

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sun from day to day Does his Cre-a-tor's power dis-play, And
stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn, Con-
ear they all re-joice And ut-ter forth a glor-ious voice, For

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pub-lish-es to ev-ery land The works of an al-might-y hand.
- firm the ti-dings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
ev-er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."