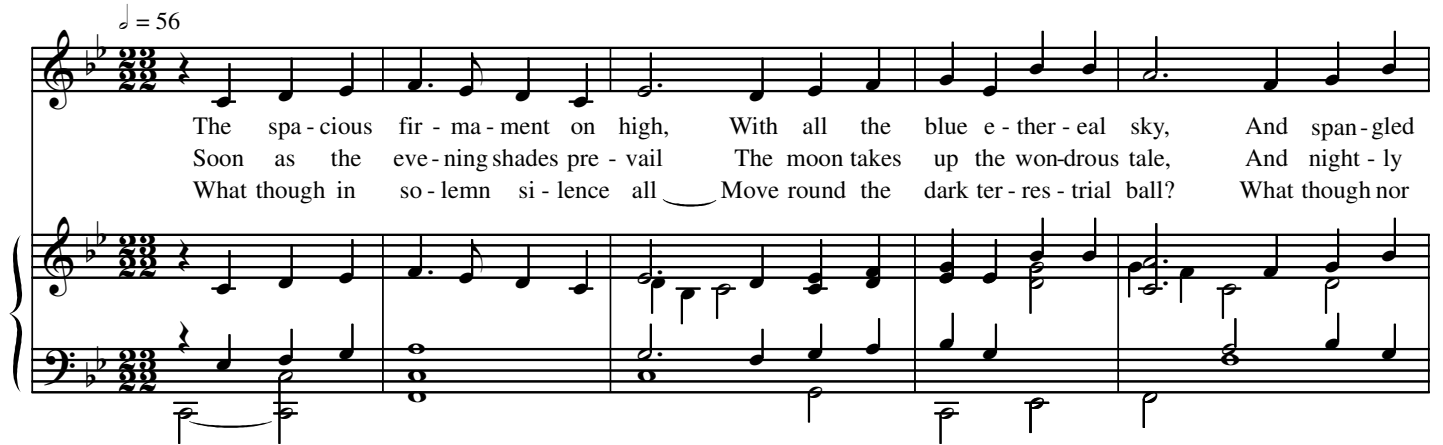


# Grüss Gott (D.L.M.)

Words: J. Addison, 1712

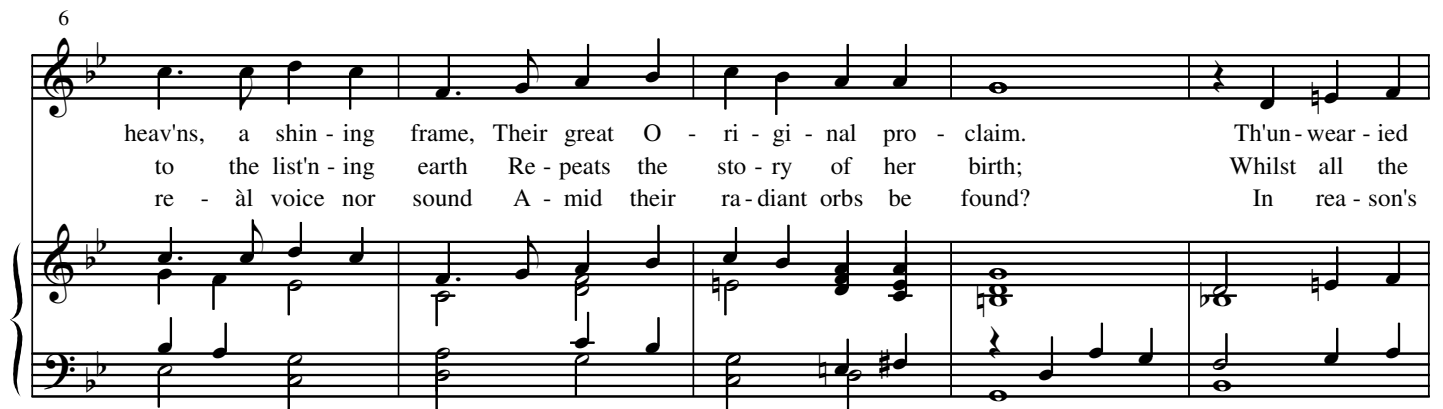
Jason Smart

♩ = 56



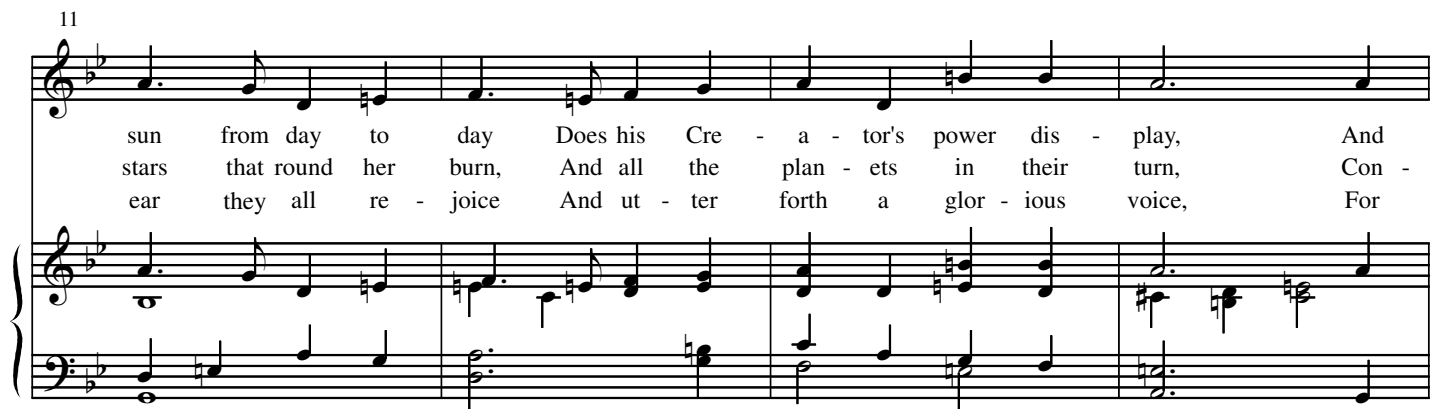
The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-ther-eal sky, And span-gled  
Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail The moon takes up the won-drous tale, And night-ly  
What though in so-lemn si-lence all Move round the dark ter-res-trial ball? What though nor

6



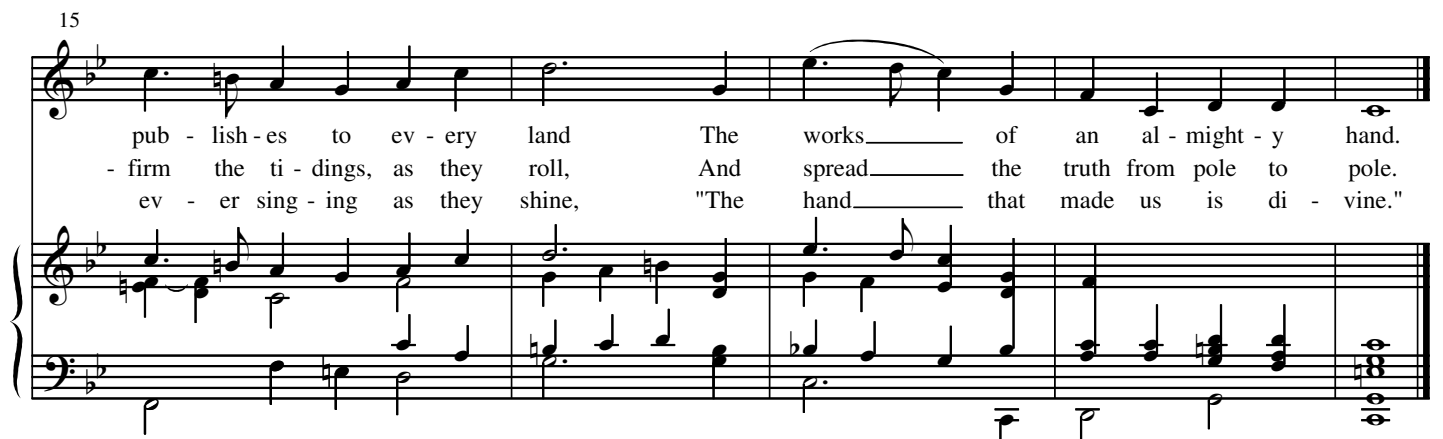
heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-ri-gi-nal pro-claim. Th'un-wear-ied  
to the list'n-ing earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth; Whilst all the  
re-äl voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found? In rea-son's

11



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

15



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."

Cowes, 24 Dec. 1972