

London Gallery Quire 67

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord
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 heav'ns 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 - lers they are, And friend - ly war - nings give;

Alto 1

Alto 2

1. The heav'ns 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 - lers they are, And friend - ly war - nings give;

Tenor

Bass

1. The heav'ns 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 - lers 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 67

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
 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

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.

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