
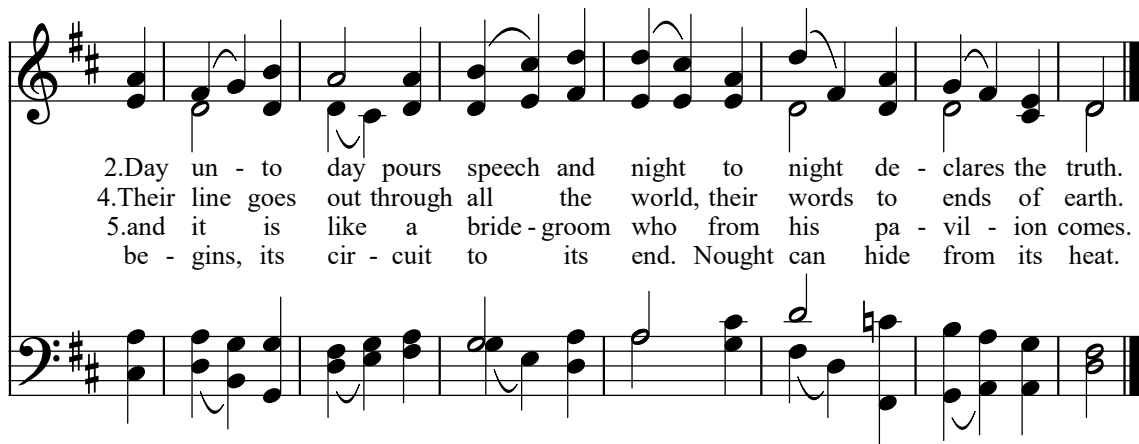


Psalm 19:1-6

To the chief musician, a psalm of David



1.The heav'ns God's glo - ry tell. The skies pro - claim his hand - i - work.
3.There is no speech nor lan - guage where their voice is nev - er heard.
A ta - ber - na - cle for the sun in them he has set up,
It's like a strong man glad to run. 6.Its ri - sing is where heav'n



2.Day un - to day pours speech and night to night de - clares the truth.
4.Their line goes out through all the world, their words to ends of earth.
5.and it is like a bride - groom who from his pa - vil - ion comes.
be - gins, its cir - cuit to its end. Nought can hide from its heat.