The heavens are telling the Glory of our God,

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The firmament declares His handiwork.

The heavens declare the Glory of our God,

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F# В F# In them He has set a tent for the sun Who goes forth like a bridegroom from his chamber. Like a strong man, he runs his course for joy, Rising from the ends of the heavens, Circling to the other end of them, And there is nothing hidden from his heat, Nothing hidden from his heat! Like the sun who walks with fire between his shoulders Transforming the kingdom of night into day. So shall the Son of Man be coming in His Glory, When He touches the earth with His feet, When He touches the earth with His feet, When He touches the earth with His feet again!