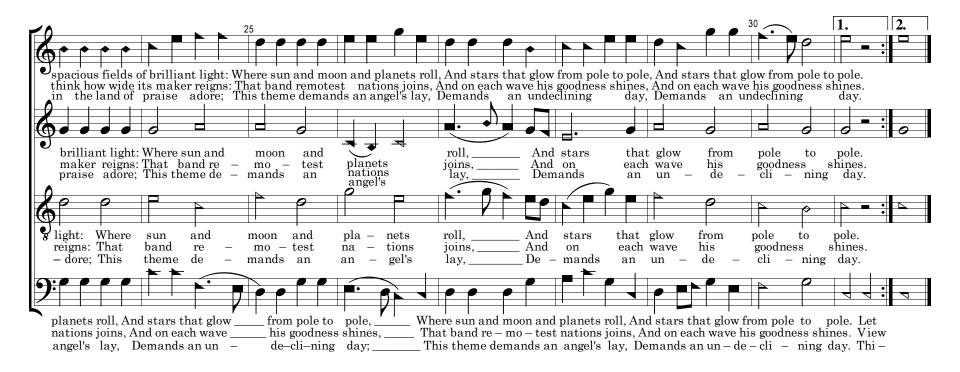
Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light: Where sun and moon and View the broad sea's majestic plains, And think how wide its maker reigns: That band remotest Thither, my soul, with rapture soar. There in the land of praise adore; This theme demands an



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