1. God, who stretched the span-gled heav-ens, in-fi-nite in
godly rise our mod-ern cit-ies, state-ly build-ings,
We have ven-tured worlds un-dreamed of since the child-hood

4. As each far ho-rizon chal-len
time and place, flung the suns in burn-ing ra-diance
row on row; Yet their win-dows, blank, un-feel-ing,
of our race, known the ec-sta-sy of wing-ing
us a-new, cre-a-tive pur-pose

through the si-ent fields of space; we, your chil-dren
stare on can-yoned streets be-low, where the lone-ly
through un-trave-led realms of space, probed the se-crets of the a-tom,

hon-oring you. Our dreams rich with prom-ise,

share in-ven-tive powers with you. Great Cre-a-tor,
in the cit-y's ebb and flow, Lost to pur-pose
yield-ing un-i-mag-ined power, fac-ing us with
each well be-gun. Cre-a-tor,

still cre-at-ing, show us what we yet may do.
and to mean-ing, scarce-ly car-ing where they go.
life's des-truc-tion or our most tri-umph-ant hour.
guide, our goals are one.

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God, Who Stretched the Spangled Heavens

Bb TRUMPET

Melody

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