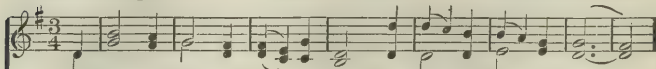


190 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

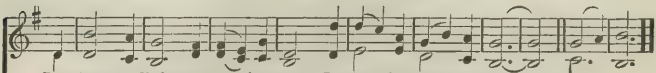
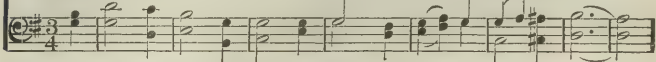
William Cowper.

Belmont. C. M.

William Gardiner.



1. What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-tic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies His gra-cious light and heat;
3. Let ev-er-last-ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re-joices to pur-sue The paths of truth and love,



It gives a light to ev-'ry age; It gives, but bor-rows none.

His truths up-on the na-tions rise; They rise, but nev-er set.

As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.

Till glo-ry breaks up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.

