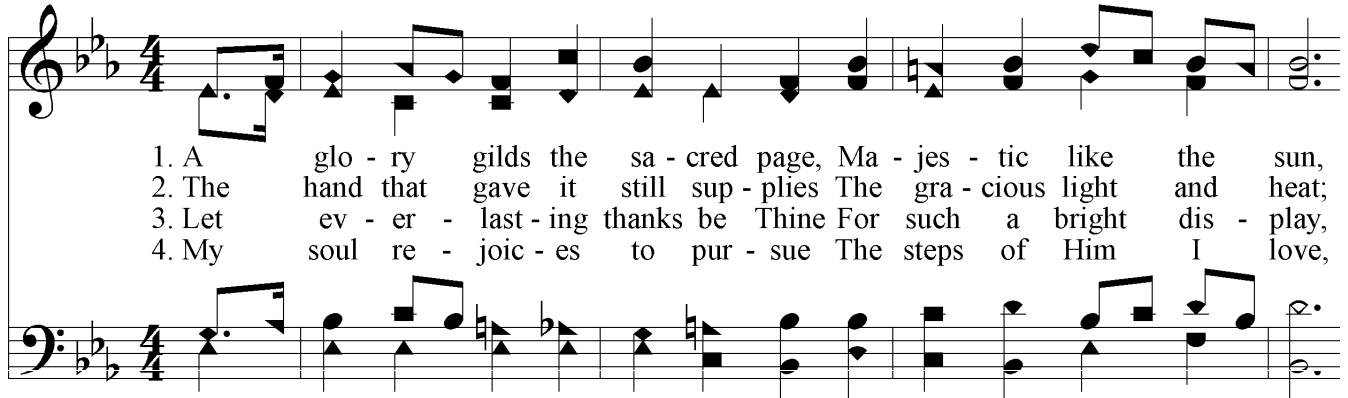


A Glory Gilds the Sacred Page



1. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun,
2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat;
3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine For such a bright dis - play,
4. My soul re - joic - es to pur - sue The steps of Him I 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 a world of dark - ness shine With beams of heav'n - ly day.
Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view In bright - er worlds a - bove.

Words: William Cowper

Music: John F. Burrows, Arr. by L. O. Sanderson