Belmont C. M.

1. The Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight;
2. A glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic, like the sun;
3. The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat;
4. Let everlast ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright display;

Precepts and promises afford A sanctifying light.
It gives a light to every age;—It gives, but borrows none.
Its truths upon the nations rise,—They rise, but never set.
As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heav’nly day. Amen.

Words: William Cowper
Music: Fr. William Gardiner

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