A Glory Gilds the Sacred Page

1. A glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun,
   It gives a light to every age; It gives, but borrows none.

2. The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat;
   His truths upon the nations rise: They rise, but never set.

3. Let everlast ing thanks be Thine For such a bright display,
   As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.

4. My soul rejoices to pursue The steps of Him I love,
   Till glory breaks upon my view In brighter worlds above.

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

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