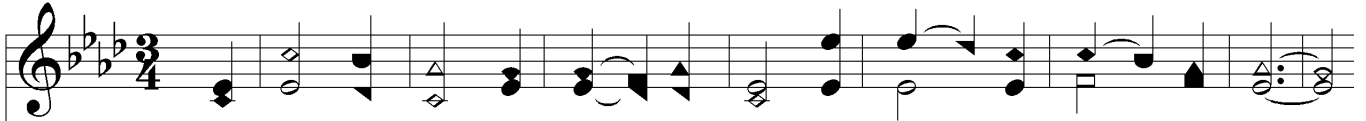


Belmont C. M.



1. The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight;
2. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun;
3. The hand that gave it still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat;
4. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis - play,



Pre - cepts and prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.
It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; - It gives, but bor - rows none.
Its 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. A - men.

