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The in - creas - ing light of truth, like morning's cheering beams, Will



chase away the darkness of the past ; . . All the mystic forms of night, wrapp'd



with - in its glowing light, Will fade before the substance that will last. . . .



With joy we now be - hold the pro - mis - es ful - fill'd which in -



spired the hope of Prophet and of Seer ; . . We reap where they have sown, for the



harvest-fields have grown, And the fruits of faith and righteousness appear.

