

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee.

- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Holy One appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

Thomas Binney, 1798-1874