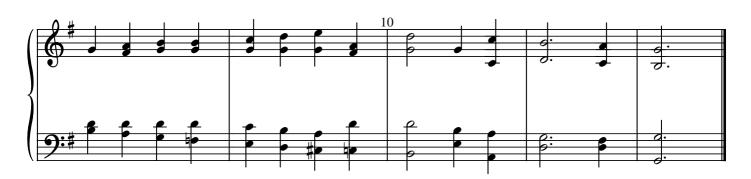
Eternal Light! How pure that soul must be





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!

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.

O how shall I, whose native sphere Is dark, whose mind is dim, Before the Ineffable appear, And on my naked spirit bear That uncreated beam? 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.

These, these prepare us for the sight Of holiness above; The sons of ignorance and night, May dwell in the eternal Light, Through the eternal Love.

Thomas Binney

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