

Eternal Light

Thomas Binney, 1826.

Henry Morley, 1875.

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.