

Lord, We Are Blind

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Luther Emerson, 1847.

Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold Thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half way to God!

Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

The Lord of glory builds His seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath His sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

Yet, glorious Lord, Thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above
Beyond our praise Thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.