

While Here

Edgar Mason, 1904.

Will Thompson.

Spirit of life and light,  
Shine thro' this weary night,  
My path illumine;  
Show me the way to go,  
Make me Thy will to know;  
Dispel the gloom,  
Dispel the gloom.

Comfort this heart, so worn,  
So crushed by burdens borne,  
Cast down so low;  
Let Thy sweet peace console,  
This weary, anxious soul,  
Tossed to and fro,  
Tossed to and fro.

Let holy hopes arise  
Plainly before my eyes,  
Hopes fixed on high;  
Hopes that shall never fail;  
Anchored within the veil,  
Beyond the sky,  
Beyond the sky.

Thus may I lifted be,  
Out of my low degree,  
On holy wings;  
Kept ever in the way,  
Aspiring day by day,  
To higher things,  
To higher things.