

And thou, refulgent Orb of Day,
In brighter flames arrayed ;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
With that unvaried day.

—PHILIP DODDRIDGE.