

Light.

What is this garment of the great Supreme ?

What but the shadow of the dread Unseen,
Whose primal essence light will still conceal,
And of stupendous glory much reveal.

Fling out thy shadow first born beauteous
light

And tip the fringe of dim majestic night.
Scatter the sable 'midst with wild wind's
wing,

And bid the sons of morning rise and sing.

Light of salvation ! last, and best and most,
Flushing the heights of heaven's extended
coast,

Come healing wings with blessings promised
long,

Ye vocal glades breathe soft in bounteous
song.

O garments made in heaven for earthly wear;
O glittering raiment brought with generous
care.

Rays from the central sun arrive and burn,
And lift the homage in their swift return.

