

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele, 1717-78