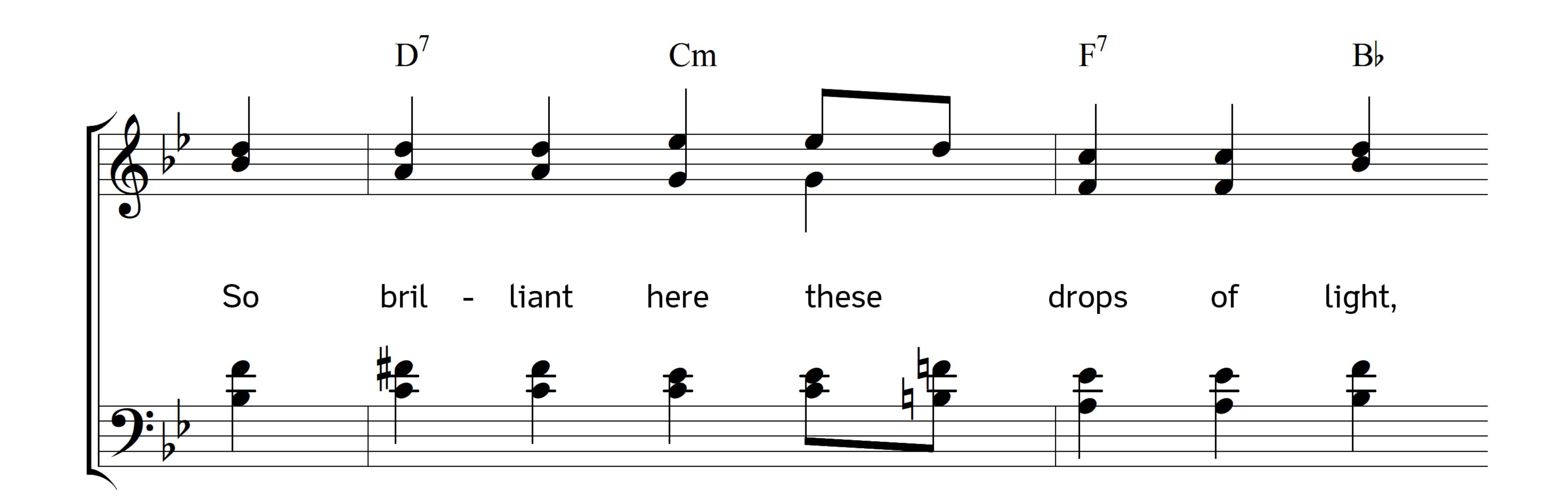
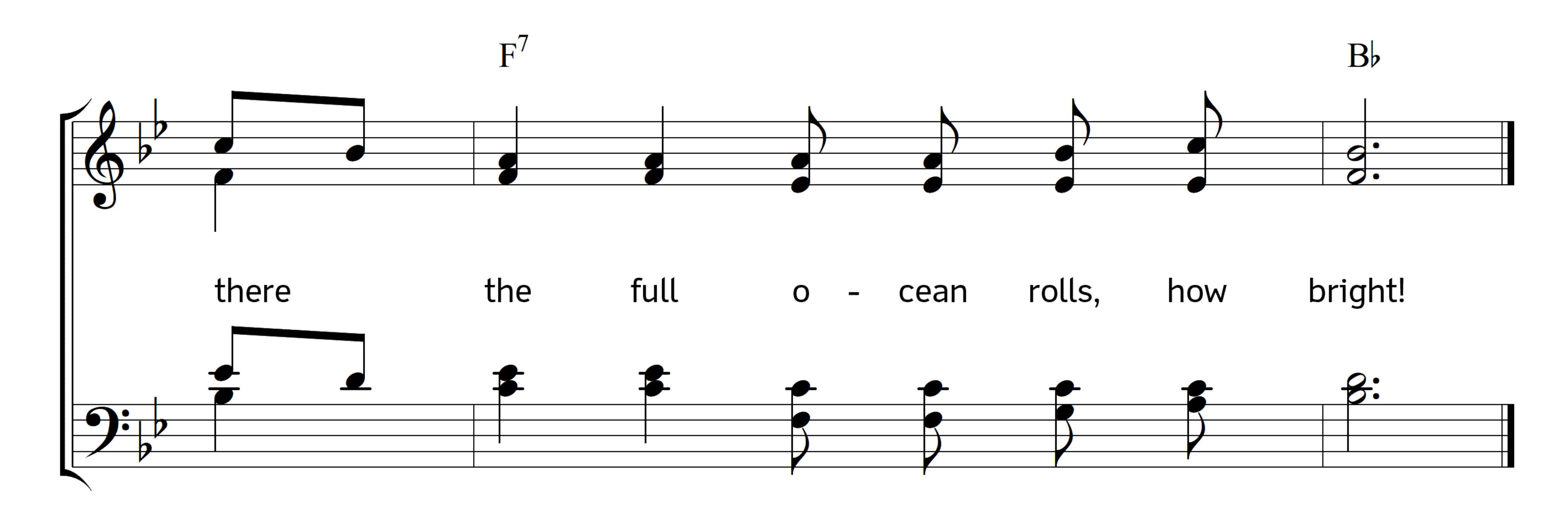
## SINCE O'ER THY FOOTSTOOL







- 2. If night's blue curtain of the sky, with thousand stars inwrought, hung like a royal canopy with glittering diamonds fraught, be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil, what splendour at the shrine must dwell!
- 3. The dazzling sun, at noontide hour, forth from his flaming vase, flinging o'er earth the golden shower, till vale and mountain blaze, but shows, O Lord, one beam of thine, what, then, the day where thou dost shine!
- 4. Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure that noon of living rays, or, how my spirit so impure upon thy brightness gaze?
  Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight, and robe me for that world of light.

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