

A verse from *Amazing Grace*:

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright, shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

This is about as good a *folk definition of the infinity of time in eternity* as I suppose it is possible to construct. The hyperbolic grandeur of the compressed imagery of the above, final, verse (whatever could be conceived to follow such majesty?) is constantly with me when I think of this song, which has been in my consciousness now for well over half a century. Walt Whitman said, "I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear. . ." and surely one of them was *Amazing Grace*. There was even a program recently on public television dedicated entirely to the song: a one-hour documentary.

Incidentally, the song made it into hippie culture in Arlo Guthrie's movie, *Alice's Restaurant*, a film made in the early seventies, as I recall. Judy Collins has made the one of the best recordings of the hymn ever done, in this one man's opinion.