

1 Light's abode, celestial Salem,
vision whence true peace doth
spring,
brighter than the heart can fancy,
mansion of the highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
which of thee the prophets sing!

2 There for ever and for ever
alleluia is outpoured;
for unending, for unbroken,
is the feast-day of the Lord;
all is pure and all is holy
that within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud or passing vapour
dims the brightness of the air;
endless noon-day, glorious noon-
day,
from the Sun of suns is there;
there no night brings rest from
labour,
for unknown are toil and care.

4 O how glorious and resplendent,
fragile body, shalt thou be,
when endued with so much beauty,
full of health and strong and free,
full of vigour, full of pleasure
that shall last eternally.

5 Now with gladness, now with
courage,
bear the burden on thee laid,
that hereafter these thy labours
may with endless gifts be paid;

and in everlasting glory
thou with brightness be arrayed.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
laud and honour to the Son,
laud and honour to the Spirit,
ever Three and ever One,
consubstantial, co-eternal,
while unending ages run.

1. At the name of Jesus
Ev'ry knee shall bow,
Ev'ry tongue confess him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2. Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners,
Amongst whom he came.
Faithfully he bore it,
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death he passed.

3. In your hearts enthrone him!
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true.
Crown him as your Captain,
In temptation's hour;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and pow'r.

4. Kindred, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train,
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which
flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save from wrath and make me
pure.

2 Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyes shall close in
death,
when I soar to worlds unknown,
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

1 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all His words most wonderful,
most sure in all His ways!

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
a second Adam to the fight,
and to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! That flesh and
blood,
which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the
foe,
should strive and should prevail.

4 And that the highest gift of grace
should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very self,
and essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that he, who
smote in Man for man the foe,
the double agony in Man
for man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
should teach his brethren, and
inspire
to suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise;
in all His works most wonderful,
most sure in all His ways.