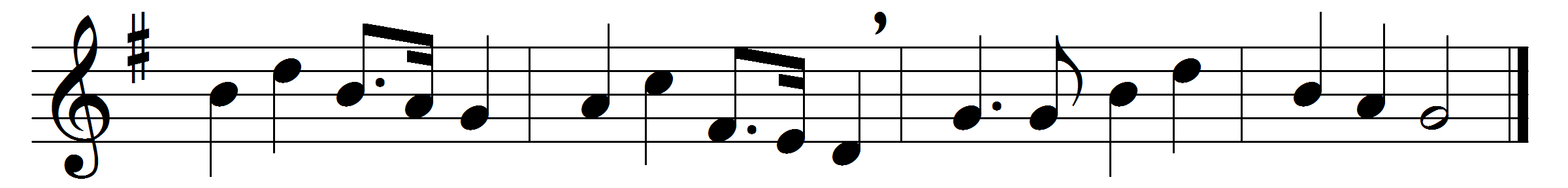
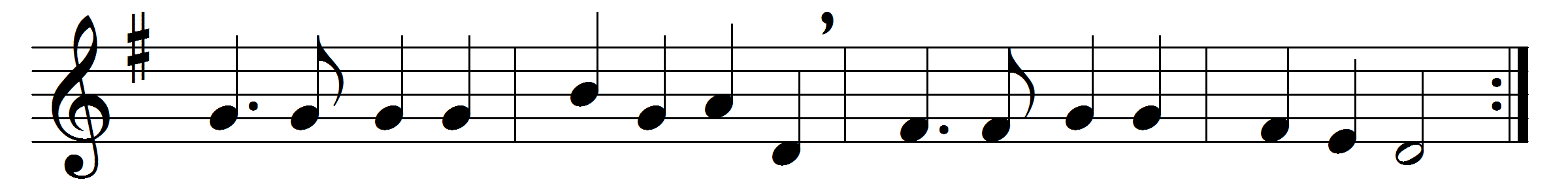
Light’s abode, celestial Salem Hymnal 1982 no. 621 Melody: Rhuddlan 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.



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!

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.

There no cloud nor passing vapor

dims the brightness of the air;

endless noonday, glorious noonday,

from the Sun of suns is there;

there no night brings rest from labor,

for unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent,

fragile body, shalt thou be,

when endued with heavenly beauty,

full of health, and strong, and free,

full of vigor, full of pleasure

that shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,

bear the burden on thee laid,

that hereafter these thy labors

may with endless gifts be paid,

and in everlasting glory

thou with brightness be arrayed.

Words: Ascribed to Thomas à Kempis (c. 1380-1471), translated by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Music: Welsh traditional melody