THE SAINTS' REST



- 2. to me the joy to tell?
 Those courts secure from ill,
 where God himself vouchsafes to dwell
 and every bosom fill!
- 3. Who shall to me that joy of saint-thronged courts declare tell of that constant, sweet employ my spirit longs to share?
- 4. That rest, secure from ill, no cloud of grief e'er stains; unfailing praise each heart doth fill, and love eternal reigns.
- 5. The Lamb is there, my soul!
 There God himself doth rest
 in love divine diffused through all,
 with him supremely blessed.
- 6. God and the Lamb! 'Tis well I know that source divine of joy and love no tongue can tell, yet know that all is mine.
- 7. And see, the Spirit's power has ope'd the heavenly door, has brought me to that favoured hour when toil shall all be o'er.
- 8. There on the hidden Bread of Christ once humbled here God's treasured store for ever fed, his love my soul shall cheer.

- 9. Called by that secret name
 of undisclosed delight
 (blessed answer to reproach and shame),
 graved on the stone of white.
- 10. There in effulgence bright,
 Saviour and Guide, with thee
 I'll walk, and in thy heavenly light
 whiter my robe shall be.
- 11. There in th'unsullied way which his own hand hath dressed my feet press on, where brightest day shines forth on all the rest.
- 12. But who that glorious blaze of living light shall tell, where all his brightness God displays, and the Lamb's glories dwell?
- 13. There only to adore, my soul its strength may find – its life, its joy for evermore, by sight nor sense defined.
- 14. God and the Lamb shall there the light and temple be, and radiant hosts for ever share the unveiled mystery!

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