## THE DWELLING OF THE LORD



- Now hidden in his secret place, afar
  within the sheltering Home –
  apart as in the glory of a star
  where all the strifes that madden and that mar
  may never come.
- 3. Now o'er the dark and solitary ways borne onward on his breast, through windings of the strange and tangled maze, through weary nights, and through the changing days, at rest – at rest.
- 4. Now lips unskilful fain would tell the bliss the heart in secret shares –
   the meeting, and the welcome, and the kiss, the blessed marvels and the mysteries his love prepares.
- 5. Now holy cloisters closed to strife and sin where Angels walk in white and blessed saints adoring enter in, their everlasting anthems to begin in songs of night.
- 6. Now O Beloved Lord, thy risen ones, in peace we walk with thee; beyond the graves we dwell, beyond the suns; beside the fountain whence the River runs at last to be!

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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