





Which His own hand hath dressed, My feet press on where brightest day Shines forth on all the rest. But who that glorious blaze Of living light shall tell, Where all His brightness God displays,

And the Lamb's glories dwell?

6. There in the unsullied way

7. (There only to adore,
My soul its strength may find,
Its life, its joy for evermore,
By sight, nor sense, defined.)
God and the Lamb shall there
The light and temple be,
And radiant hosts for ever share
The unveiled mystery.

Alternate Tunes: Nearer Home, 161; Terra Beata, 64. Alternate Tune suited to the word edition: Boylston, 31.