



Light's abode, celestial Salem

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 out-poured; 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 nor 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 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.

Jerusalem luminosa
Attributed to Thomas à Kempis (1379-1471) translated by John M Neale (1818-1866)

Sing of the Lord's goodness

1 Sing of the Lord's goodness, Father of all wisdom, come to him and bless his name. Mercy he has shown us, his love is for ever, faithful to the end of days. Come, then, all you nations, sing of your Lord's goodness, melodies of praise and thanks to God. Ring out the Lord's glory, praise him with your music, worship him and bless his name.

2 Power he has wielded, honour is his garment, risen from the snares of death. His word he has spoken, one bread he has broken, new life he now gives to all. Chorus

3 Courage in our darkness, comfort in our sorrow, Spirit of our God most high; solace for the weary, pardon for the sinner, splendour of the living God. Chorus

4 Praise him with your singing, praise him with the trumpet, praise God with the lute and harp; praise him with the cymbals, praise him with your dancing praise God till the end of days. Chorus

Ernest Sands (born 1949)
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Who would true valour see – Malcolm Archer

Who would true valour see, let him come hither; one here will constant be, come wind, come weather: there's no discouragement, shall make him once relent his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories, do but themselves confound; his strength the more is. No lion can him fright, he'll with a giant fight, but he will have the right to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend can daunt his spirit; he knows he at the end shall life inherit. Then fancies fly away; he'll fear not what men say; he'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Who would true valour see, let him come hither; one here will constant be, come wind, come weather: there's no discouragement, shall make him once relent his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim. Amen.

John Bunyan (1628-88)