

To Thee my thoughts are kindled
And strive and pant and yearn.

Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below
In thee is all my glory ;
In thee is all my woe :
And though the body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell the bulwarks,
How glorious they rise :
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansions of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou city of the Angels !
Thou city of the Lord !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord ! *
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :
The lilies bed of virgins,
The rose's martyrs-glow
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;

*Decachord.—With reference to the mystical explanation, which seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instruments of ten strings," of the perfect harmony of Heaven.