

That I may dwell with thee in bliss  
And sing thy praises aye!

Jerusalem the happy seat—  
Jehovah's throne on high!  
O sacred city, queen and wife  
Of Christ eternally!

O comely queen, with glory clad,  
With glory and degree,  
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—  
No spot is found in thee.

I long to see Jerusalem,  
The comfort of us all.  
For thou art fair and beautiful—  
None ill can thee befall.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
No darkness dare appear;  
No night, no shade, no winter foul—  
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
No glittering star to light;  
For Christ, the son of Righteousness,  
For ever shineth bright.

A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,  
To thee doth stand in lieu  
Of light—so great the glory is  
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of king's, beset  
In midst his servants' sight;  
And they his happy household all  
Do serve him day and night.

There, there the choir of angels sing:  
There the supernal sort