

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;
He Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Jerusalem, exalting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for the merit:
I seek not to deny
My Merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The best and dearest Father
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display.