

For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!  
The glory of the Elect!  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect:  
Even now by faith I see thee;  
Even here thy walls discern:  
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! \*

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\*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.