

But who can fully speak the joy,
Or that high peace unfold,
Where all the buidings founded are
On orient pearls untold ?
And all the works of those high-rooms
Do shine with beams of gold !

This structure is combined with stones
Which highest price surpass ;
Nay, e'en the streets are paved with
As if it were but glass. [gold
No trash, no base material
Is there, or ever was.

The horrid cold or scorching heat
Hath no admittance there ;
The roses do not lose their leaves,
For spring lasts all the year :
The lily's white, the saffron red,
The balsam drops appear.

The fields are green, the plants do
[thrive,
The streams with honey flow ;
From spices, odours, and from gums
Most precious liquors grow.
Fruits hang upon whole woods of trees,
And they shall still do so.

The season is not changed, for still
Both sun and moon are bright.
The Lamb of this fair city is
That clear immortal light,
Whose presence makes eternal day,
Which never ends in night.

Nay, all the saints themselves shall
As bright as brightest sun ; [shine
When, after triumph, crownéd, they
To mutual joys shall run,
And safely count their fights and foes,
When once the war is done.

For being freed from all defects
They feel no fleshly war ;
Or rather, both the flesh and mind
At length united are ;
And joying in so rich a peace,
They can admit no jar.

But having quit their fading leaves,
They seek their root again ;
And look upon the pleasant face
Of truth, which hath no stain,
Still drinking at that living spring
Deep draughts of joy in grain.*

From thence they fetch that happy state,
Wherein no change they see ;
But clear, and cheerful, and content,
From all mishaps are free.
No sickness there can threaten health,
Nor young men old can be.

There have they their eternity ;
Their passage then is past.
They grow, they flourish, and they
Corruption off is cast. [sprout,
Immortal strength hath swallowed up
The power of death at last.

Who know the Knower of all things
What can they choose but know ?
They all behold their fellows' hearts,
Their secret thoughts they show.
One single act of will and mill
From all their minds doth flow.

Though all their merits diverse be
According to their pains,
Yet charity makes that one's own
Which any fellow gains ;
And all which doth belong to one,
To all of them pertains.

Hungry they are, yet ever full ;
They have what they desire ;
Sith no satiety offends,
Nor hunger burns like fire.
Aspiringly they ever eat,
And eating they aspire.

There ever are the concerts new,
With songs which have no end ;
The organs of eternal joy
Do on their ears attend ;
In praise of their triumphant King
They all their voices spend.

O happy soul, which can behold
The King still present there ;
And 'neath thy feet discern the world
Revolve, secure from fear,
With stars and planets, moon and sun,
Each moving in his sphere.

O Christ, Thou valiant soldier's crown
Within this city strong,
Lead Thou us in, there set us free
From service hard and long,
With heavenly choirs to bear a part
In their eternal song.

* Grain--bulk, quantity.