Blessed city, heavenly Salem



Blessèd city, heavenly Salem, Vision dear of peace and love, Who of living stones art builded In the heights of Heaven above, And, with angel host encircled, As a bride to earth dost move.

From celestial realms descending, Bridal glory round thee shed, Meet for Him whose love espoused thee, To thy Lord shalt thou be led; All thy streets and all thy bulwarks Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Bright with pearls her portals glitter They are open evermore; And, by virtue of His merits, Thither faithful souls may soar, Who for Christ's dear name in this world Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture Fashioned well those stones elect, In their places now compacted By the heavenly Architect, Who therewith hath willed forever That his palace should be decked.

Laud and honor to the Father, laud and honor to the Son, laud and honor to the Spirit, ever Three, and ever One, consubstantial, coeternal, while unending ages run.

John M. Neale