



O heavenly Jerusalem, Of everlasting halls, Thrice blessèd are the people Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion, Where saints forever sing, The seat of God's own chosen, The palace of the king.

There God forever sitteth, Himself of all the crown, The Lamb, the Light that shineth, And never goeth down. Naught to this seat approacheth Their sweet peace to molest; They sing their God forever, Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure hope doth thither lead us; Our longings thither tend; May short lived toil ne'er daunt us For joys that cannot end.

To Christ the sun that lightens His Church above, below, To Father, and to Spirit, All things created bow.

Paris Breviary

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