

# Jerusalem, O city fair and high

Melchior Franck, 1663

Jerusalem, Du Hochgebaute Stadt  
10.6.10.6.76.76

Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,  
Would God I were in thee!  
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,  
It will not stay with me.  
Far over vale and mountain,  
Far over field and plain,  
It hastes to seek its Fountain  
And leave this world of pain.

O happy day and yet far happier hour,  
When wilt thou come at last,  
When fearless to my Father's love and pow'r,  
Whose promise standeth fast,  
My soul I gladly render?  
For surely will His hand  
Lead her with guidance tender  
To heav'n, her fatherland.

The partiarchs' and prophets' noble train,  
With all Christ's followers true,  
Who bore the cross and could the worst disdain  
That tyrants dared to do,  
I see them shine forever,  
All-glorious as the sun,  
Mid light that fadeth never,  
Their perfect freedom won.

Unnumbered choirs before the shining throne  
Their joyful anthems raise  
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone  
Of that great hymn of praise  
And all its host rejoices,  
And all its blessed throng  
Unite their myriad voices  
In one eternal song.

Johann Mattheus Meyfart