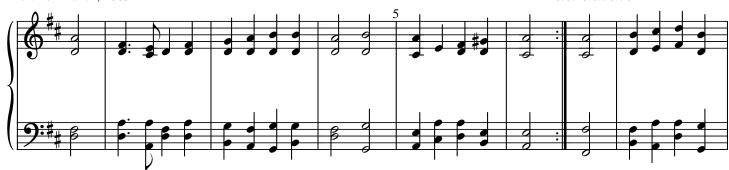
Jerusalem, O city fair and high

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 Matthaus Meyfart