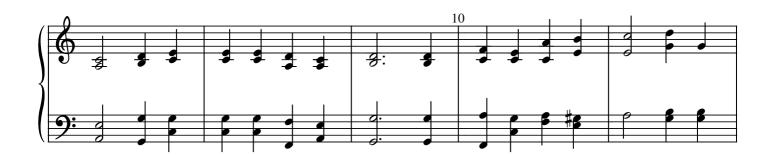
Jerusalem the golden







Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice oppressed. I know not, O I know not, what joys await us there, What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr throng; The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene. The pastures of the blessèd are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David, and there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast; And they, who with their Leader, have conquered in the fight, Forever and forever are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country, the home of God's elect! O sweet and blessèd country, that eager hearts expect! Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest, Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever blessed.

Bernard of Morlaix