O heavenly Jerusalem

O heavenly Jerusalem,
of everlasting halls,
thrice blessè are the people
thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion
where saints for ever sing,
the seat of God's own chosen,
the palace of the King.

There God for ever 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 for ever,
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.

Words: Latin, eighteenth century;
trans. Isaac Williams, 1839
Music: Christus, der ist mein Leben, Paderborn, All Hallows, Hic breve vivitur
Meter: 76 76