Jerusalem the Golden

HEAVEN

Words: Bernard of Cluny, 1146. Translated by John Mason Neale, 1858.
Music: 'Ewing' Alexander C. Ewing, 1853. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1861.
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Rev 21:18-23, 2Cor 4:17-18, Rev 7:9-17, Is 60:19-20

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6. That we should look, poor wanderers, to have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings beyond the starry sky!
And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting, and passionless renown.

7. And how we watch and struggle, and now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish with Babylon must cope;
But he whom now we trust in shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him shall have Him for their own.

8. For thee, O dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding, thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.

9. O one, O only mansion! O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy;
The cross is all thy splendor, the Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction thy ransomed people raise.

10. Jerusalem the glorious! Glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision that eager hearts expect!
E'en now by faith I see thee, e'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled, and strive, and pant, and yearn.

11. Jerusalem, the only, that look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory, in me is all my woe!
And though my body may not, my spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me to earth and flesh again.

12. Jerusalem, exulting on that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, and love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit: I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction, a child of wrath am I.

13. But yet with faith I venture and hope upon the way,
For those perennial guerdons I labor night and day.
The best and dearest Father Who made me, and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement, and from defilement laved.

14. When in His strength I struggle, for very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter, I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial, shall all its love display,
And David's royal fountain purge every stain away.

15. O sweet and blessèd country, shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country, shall I e'er win thy grace?
I have the hope within me to comfort and to bless!
O shall I e'er win the prize? O tell me, tell me, Yes!