

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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♩ = 110

1. Jer - - u - sa - lem the gol - - den, with milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - - on, all ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - - vid, and there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - èd coun - - try, the home of God's e - - lect,
 5. Brief life is here our por - - tion, brief sor - row, short lived care;

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion sink heart and voice op - pressed.
 And bright with man - y'an an - - gel, and all the mar - tyr throng;
 The shout of them that tri - umph, the song of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - èd coun - try, that ea - ger hearts ex - - pect!
 The life that knows no end - ing, the tear - less life, is there.

I know not, O I know not, what joys a - wait us there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, the day - light is ser - ene.
 And they are with their Lea - der, who con - quered in the fight,
 Je - - sus, in mer - cy bring us to that dear land of rest,
 O ha - ppy ret - ri - - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - - ry, what bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - èd are decked in glor - ious sheen.
 And won for them for - - ev - - er their gleam - ing robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, and Spir - it, ev - er blessed.
 For mor - tals and for sin - ners, a man - sion with the blest.

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!