

Jerusalem the Golden

Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest –
The sight of it refreshes the weary and oppressed.
I know not, oh, 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 blessed are ever rich and green.

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.

Oh, sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest;
You are with God the Father and Spirit ever blest.