

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

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
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 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,  
for ever and for ever  
are clad in robes of white.

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