O what their joy and their glory must be,
Truly, "Jerusalem" name we that shore,
There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
Now, in the mean-while, with hearts raised on high,
Low before Him with our praises we fall,

those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see;
city of peace that brings joy evermore;
we the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
we for that country must yearn and must sigh;
of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;

crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
wish and fulfillment are not severed there,
while for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,

God shall be all, and in all ever blest.
nor do things prayed for come short of the prayer.
Thy blessed people eternally raise.
through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One.