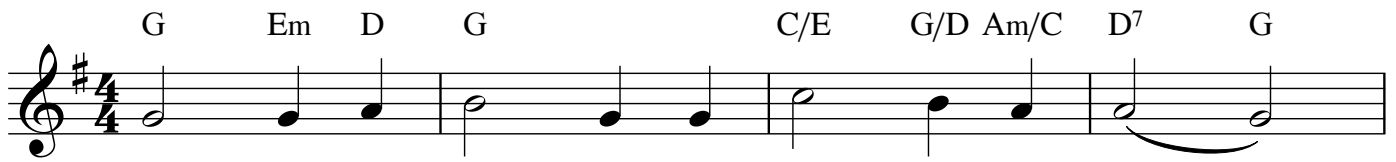


# O What Their Joy And Glory Must Be

Peter Abelard

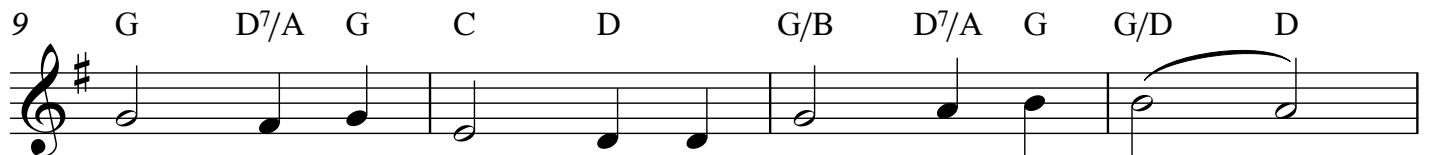
Paris Antiphoner



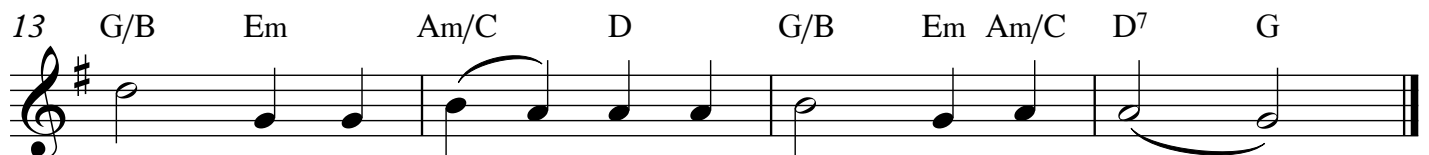
O what their joy and their glo - ry must be, \_\_\_\_\_  
Tru - ly, "Je - ru - sa - lem" name we that shore, \_\_\_\_\_  
There, where no trou - bles dis - trac - tion can bring, \_\_\_\_\_  
Now, in the mean - while, with hearts raised on high, \_\_\_\_\_  
Low be - fore Him with our prais - es we fall, \_\_\_\_\_



those end - less sab - baths the bless - ed ones see; \_\_\_\_\_  
cit - y of peace that brings joy \_\_\_\_\_ ev - er - more; \_\_\_\_\_  
we the sweet an - thems of Zi - on shall sing; \_\_\_\_\_  
we for that coun - try must yearn \_\_\_\_\_ and must sigh; \_\_\_\_\_  
of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all; \_\_\_\_\_



crown for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest; \_\_\_\_\_  
wish and ful - fill - ment are not sev - ered there, \_\_\_\_\_  
while for Thy grace, Lord, their voic - es of praise \_\_\_\_\_  
seek - ing Je - ru - sa - lem, dear na - tive land, \_\_\_\_\_  
of whom, the Fa - ther; and in whom, the Son, \_\_\_\_\_



God shall be all, \_\_\_\_\_ and in all ev - er blest. \_\_\_\_\_  
nor do things prayed for come short of the prayer. \_\_\_\_\_  
Thy bless - ed peo - ple e - ter - nal - ly raise. \_\_\_\_\_  
through our long ex - ile on Bab - y - lon's strand. \_\_\_\_\_  
through whom, the Spir - it, with them ev - er One. \_\_\_\_\_