O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be

1. O what their joy and their glory must be,
   those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see;
   crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
   God shall be all, and in all ever blest.
   nor do things prayed for come short of the prayer.

2. Truly, "Jerusalem" name we that shore,
   city of peace that brings joy evermore;
   wish and fulfillment are not severed there,
   thy blessed people externally raise.
   through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

3. There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
   we the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
   while for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
   seek ing Jerusalem, dear native land,
   through whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,

4. Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
   we for that country must yearn and must sigh;
   seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
   through whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,
   through whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,

5. Low before him with our praises we fall,
   of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
   of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,
   of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son,
   of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son.