



1. O what their joy and their glo - ry must be, Those end - less
2. What are the Mon - arch, his court and his throne? What are the
3. Tru - ly, "Je - ru - sa - lem" name we that shore, Cit - y of
4. There, where no troub - les dis - trac - tion can bring, We the sweet



Sab - baths the bless - èd ones see; Crown for the val - iant, to  
 peace and the joy that they own? O that the blest ones, who  
 peace that brings joy ev - er - more; Wish and ful - fill - ment are  
 an - thems of Zi - on shall sing; While for thy grace, Lord, their



wea - ry ones rest: God shall be All, and in all ev - er blest.  
 in it have share, All that they feel could as ful - ly de - clare!  
 not severed there, Nor do things prayed for come short of the prayer.  
 voic - es of praise Thy bless - èd peo - ple e - ter - nally raise.

5. There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one and no more;  
 One and unending is that triumph-song  
 Which to the Angels and us shall belong.
6. Now, in the meantime, with hearts raised on high,  
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh,  
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
7. 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;  
 And through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One.

*O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata*

Peter Abelard; tr. J.M. Neale