

Urbs Beata

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those walls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

Urbs Beata

Chorus

Je - ru
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest.

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.