

- 1 Most glorious things are spoken, Jerusalem, of thee, To all God's saints the token Of love and liberty: Who shall thy hill ascending, From pain and sorrow free, From sin and death's contending, The living glory be?
- Who shall, the white stone bearing, His secret name behold, And robes of whiteness wearing, Come forth as purgèd gold?

He who has hands of cleanness, Whose heart abides in truth; Whose soul abhors to leanness The vanities of youth.

3 He shall receive the blessing
Of Yahweh's saving grace;
And, righteousness possessing,
Shall see Him face to face.
Yes, wondrous things are spoken,
Jerusalem, of thee:
The oath cannot be broken,
And we its joys shall see.