

**O for a heart to praise my God,**  
a heart from sin set free;  
a heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
so freely shed for me:

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
my great Redeemer's throne;  
where only Christ is heard to speak,  
where Jesus reigns alone:

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
believing, true, and clean,  
which neither life nor death can part  
from him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renewed,  
and full of love divine;  
perfect and right and pure and good —  
a copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
come quickly from above;  
write thy new name upon my heart,  
thy new best name of Love.

*Charles Wesley (1707-1788)*

**We love the place, O God,**  
wherein thine honour dwells;  
the joy of thine abode  
all earthly joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,  
wherein thy servants meet;  
and thou, O Lord, art there  
thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the word of life,  
the word that tells of peace,  
of comfort in the strife,  
and joys that never cease.

We love to sing below  
for mercies freely given;  
but O we long to know  
the triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace  
on earth to love thee more,  
in heaven to see thy face,  
and with thy saints adore.

*William Bullock (1798-1874),  
Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)*

**Jerusalem the golden,**  
with milk and honey blest,  
beneath thy contemplation  
sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, O I know not  
what joys await us there,  
what radiancy of glory,  
what bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
conjugilant with song,  
and bright with many an angel  
and all the martyr throng;  
the Prince is ever with them,  
the daylight is serene,  
the pastures of the blessed  
are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;  
and there, from care released,  
the shout of them that triumph,  
the song of them that feast;  
and they, who with their Leader  
have conquered in the fight,  
for ever and for ever  
are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,  
the home of God's elect.  
O sweet and blessed country  
that eager hearts expect.  
Jesu in mercy bring us  
to that dear land of rest;  
who art, with God the Father  
and Spirit, ever blest.

*Urbs Sion aurea*  
*Bernard of Cluny (12<sup>th</sup> Century),*  
*tr by John Mason Neale (1818-66)*

**Alleluia, Alleluia!**

hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
sing to God a hymn of praise:  
he who on the Cross a victim  
for the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ the King of glory,  
now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
of the holy harvest field,  
which will all its full abundance  
at his second coming yield;

then the golden ears of harvest  
will their heads before him wave,  
ripened by his glorious sunshine,  
from the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen;  
shed upon us heavenly grace,  
rain and dew, and gleams of glory  
from the brightness of thy face;  
that we, with our hearts in heaven,  
here on earth may fruitful be,  
and by angel-hands be gathered,  
and be ever, Lord, with thee.

Alleluia, Alleluia,  
glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Saviour,  
who has gained the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
to the Triune Majesty.

*Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)*