

Joy and triumph everlasting

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hath the heav'nly Church on high;
for that pure immortal gladness
all our feast days mourn and sigh:
yet in death's dark desert wild
doth the mother aid her child;
guards celestial thence attend us,
stand in combat to defend us.

Here the world's perpetual warfare
holds from heaven the soul apart;
legioned foes in shadowy terror
vex the Sabbath of the heart.
O how happy that estate
where delight doth not abate!
for that home the spirit yearneth,
where none languisheth nor mourneth.

There the body hath no torment,
there the mind is free from care,
there is every voice rejoicing,
every heart is loving there.
Angels in that city dwell;
them their King delighteth well:
still they joy and weary never,
more and more desiring ever.

There the seers and fathers holy,
there the prophets glorified,
all their doubts and darkness ended,
in the Light of Light abide.
There the saints, whose memories old
we in faithful hymns uphold,
have forgot their bitter story
in the joy of Jesus' glory.

Words: Adam of St. Victor, twelfth century;
trans. Robert Bridges, 1899
Music: Bourgeois (Genevan Psalm 42)
Meter: 87 87 77 88