

Text by Father Thomas à Kempis (d. 1471)
1939 English translation by Monsignor Ronald Knox

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| 1. Jerúsalem luminósa
Veræ pacis vísio,
Felix nimis ac formósa
Summi Regis mánsio,
De te O quam gloriósa
Dicta sunt a sáculo! | 1. Heav'nly Sion, mirror shining
Where our hearts true peace behold,
Palace of his fair designing
Whom no worlds or heavens enfold,
Long ago, thy birth divining,
Prophets of thy glory told. |
| 2. In te júgiter jocúndum
Allelúia cánitur,
Sollémne ac lætabúndum
Semper festum ágitur,
Totum sanctum, totum mundum,
In te quidquid cérnitur. | 2. Holiday they keep unending,
Safe and free within thy walls,
Alleluia ever sending
Echoes from thy vocal halls;
Nought is there that needs amending,
There no evil shadow falls. |
| 3. In te nunquam nubiláta
Áëris tempéries,
Sole solis illustráta
Semper est merídiés,
In te non nox fessis grata
Nec labor nec ínquies. | 3. Though no cloud hang o'er thee ever,
Yet thy air refreshment knows;
Eve those noon days doth not sever
Which the Sun of suns bestows;
Night is none, where toil comes never,
None may labor, none repose. |
| 4. O quam vere gloriósum
Eris, corpus frágile,
Cum fuéris tam formósum,
Forte, sanum, ágile,
Líberum, voluptuósum,
In ævum durábile. | 4. [Ah,] frail body, earth forsaking,
In what glory wilt thou rise!
Passing fair in thy remaking,
Strong and whole and swift and wise,
Free, and joy in freedom taking,
Framed for life that never dies. |
| 5. Nunc libénter ac fervénter
Labórum fer ónera,
Hábeas ut "condecénter"
Dona tam magnífica
Doterísque luculénter
Glória perpétua. | 5. Up and stir thee, onward spur thee;
What, though toil be hard to bear,
If God's grace shall count thee worthy
Those unguess'd rewards to share?
Brief the pains that shall prefer thee
To eternal glory there. |
| 6. Ætérne glorificáta
Sit beáta Trínitas,
A qua cæléstis fundáta
Jerúsalem cívitas,
In qua sibi frequentáta
Sit laudis imménsitas. | 6. Here, by earthly cares surrounded,
Praise we still the One in Three,
Who those heav'nly walls hath founded,
Mansion of the blest to be;
Theirs to sing, with love unbounded,
Praise to his eternity. |

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