Urban VIII Joseph Connelly

Cæléstis urbs Jerúsalem Beáta pacis vísio. Quæ celsa de vivéntibus Saxis ad astra tólleris, Sponsæque ritu cíngeris Mille Angelórum míllibus.

O sorte nupta próspera, Doláta Patris glória, Respérsa Sponsi grátia, Regina formosissima. Christo jugáta príncipi, Cœli corúsca Cívitas.

Hic margarítis émicant, Paténtque cunctis óstia; Virtúte namque prævia Mortális illuc dúcitur, Amóre Christi pércitus Torménta quisquis sústinet

Scalpri salúbris íctibus Et tunsióne plúrima Fabri políta málleo Hanc saxa molem cónstruunt Aptísque juncta néxibus Locántur in fastígio.

Alto ex Olýmpi vértice Summi paréntis Fílius Ceu monte deséctus lapis Terras in imas décidens. Utrúmque junxit ángulum.

Sed illa sedes Cœlitum Semper resúltat láudibus, Deúmque Trinum et Únicum Jugi canóre prædicat: Illi canéntes júngimur Almæ Siónis æmuli.

Haec templa, Rex Cœléstium, Imple benígno lúmine Huc o rogátus advéni: Plebísque vota súscipe. Et nostra corda júgiter Perfúnde cœli grátia.

Hic impetrent Fidélium Voces, precésque súpplicum of Your suppliants find their answer in Domus beátæ múnera. Partísque donis gáudeant: Donec solúti córpore Sedes beátas impleant.

Decus Parénti débitum Sit usquequáque Altíssimo Natóque Patris único Et inclyto Paráclito Cui laus, potéstas, glória Ætérna sit per sæcula.

Jerusalem, heavenly city, blest vision of peace! Built from living stones, you are raised on high to the heavens and attended, like a bride, by

How happy the bride of such a favored destiny! Your rich endowment is the Father's glory and your comeliness is from the Bridegroom's grace-queen most beautiful, bride of Christ the King, radiant city of heaven.

countless thousands of angels

In this city the gates of glittering pearls stand open for all to enter; for every man that follows the path of virtue must come to those gates-every man that endures sufferings here for love of Christ

Its stones are fashioned by many a stroke and blow of the Savior-mason's hammer and chisel. Thus shaped they go to the making of this mighty structure, each being fitly joined to each and finding its appointed place in the whole building.

From the summit of the highest heaven came the sovereign Father's Son, like the stone that was hewn from the mountain and fell to the plains beneath. He was the Domus supérnæ et infimae, cornerstone where met the earthly house and the heavenly one

> Now that heavenly one is always resounding with praises and ever in unceasing song honoring the Triune God. And when we sing our hymns of praise, we are one with heaven, our purpose the same as that of holy Sion

King of those that dwell in heaven, fill this temple with Your kindly light Come down to it at our calling, there to receive Your people's prayers, and fill our hearts unceasingly with heavenly grace

Here may the prayers and entreaties graces from our home above and may they find joy and comfort in graces received until, being freed from the body they take their place among the blessed.

Let due glory be given to the Father most high, to His only Son and to the renowned Paraclete To God be praise power and glory through everlasting ages.

Pius XII Psalter

Jerusalem, O heavenly city; blessed vision of peace. composed of living stones, thou art raised unto the heavens; thou art as a Spouse, surrounded by countless thousands of Angels.

Happy art thou in thy alliance: as dowry thou receivest the glory of the Father; thou art covered with the graces of the Bridegroom: O most beautiful Queen, Spouse of Christ thy King, O resplendent city of heaven.

Thy gates are dazzling with precious stones and they are open to all: for thither virtue leads all mortals, who suffer for love of Christ.

Stones hewn by the chisel and polished by the countless blows of the Divine Master form this edifice: closely knit together, they rise to the summits.

From the heights of heaven, the Son of the Eternal Father came down to this humble earth; like a stone hewn from the mountain, he came to unite in himself, the cornerstone, our heavenly and earthly abodes.

But that heavenly abode forever resounds with praise, and with continuous hymns glorifies the Triune God: rivals of that noble Sion, let us unite our voices with those of the Blessed.

Fill these temples, O King of the heavens with thy sweet light; come we beseech thee, to receive therein the prayers of thy people and to fill our hearts unceasingly with thy celestial

May the faithful by their hymns, prayers and adorations receive therein the graces of thy blessed dwelling place, and may they rejoice in receiving therein thy gifts, until the day when, freed from their bodies they will occupy the thrones of the Saints.

Forever, let due honor be given to the most high Father. and to the only begotten Son of the Father and to the glorious Paraclete to God be praise, power and glory through everlasting ages.

Judge Donahoe

Jerusalem, Celestial Home. Sweet port of peace divine. The stones of which thy walls are laid Are souls of saints benign; A thousand thousand angels sing The glories that are thine.

Thou art a Oueen most beautiful, In wedlock sweetly won, Dow'red with the glory of the Sire, The mercies of the Son.-Like Christ, thy spouse, thy rule shall be Eternal as his throne.

A crown of pearls is on thy brow, Thy gates are opened wide; The ages bow before thy throne And hail thee as the Bride, That moves mankind to deathless love Of Christ the Crucified.

With many a stroke of shining steel, With many_a sounding blow, The stones were laid and fitted well Within thy walls below. Till, lo, thy glory evermore Above the stars shall glow.

From Heaven's high dome, the Lord of Love, The sole-begotten Son, Came down to build his temple fair. And be its corner stone: He joined it to the stars above, Till earth and heaven are one.

So evermore the holy walls Resound with heavenly lays: And men unite with angel choirs, The Three in One to praise; The songs of Sion, loud and sweet, With gladsome voice we raise.

Dread King of Heaven, before thy throne We bow and beg thy light; Receive thy people's prayers, O Lord Be with us day and night; And guide us onward in thy love, To thy Celestial height.

Judge Donahoe omits this verse. We do not know why he does this.

All praise throughout the bounds of earth, To God the Father bring; Like praise be sung to Christ the Son, Our Lord and Heavenly King And unto God the Paraclete The selfsame praise shall ring

Fr Britt

Jerusalem, heavenly city, blessed vision of peace, who built of living stones, art raised aloft to the stars, and like a bride art encircled by countless thousands of Angels.

O bride dowered with a fortunate dowry, with the glory of the Father, and with the grace of the bridegroom shed over thee; O queen all-beauteous united to Christ the King. O resplendent city of heaven!

Thy gates here glitter with pearls and stand open to all; each mortal who follows virtue is drawn thither; each one who, impelled by the love of Christ, endures torments.

Polished by vigorous blows of the chisel and by countless strokes of the Master's mallet, these stones raise up this mighty structure, and, bound together with appropriate joints, they are placed aloft in the highest summit.

From the highest heights of heaven came the sovereign Father's Son, like the stone riven from the mountain descending to the lowest plains, and He joined together the two corners of the earthly and heavenly dwelling places.

But that abode of the Blessed ever resounds with praises, and extols with ceaseless song the Triune God; to it we rivals of holy Sion are joined in song.

These temples, O king of the Blessed, fill with Thy kindly light; hither, come Thou when invoked, and receive the prayers of Thy people, and fill our hearts forever with the grace of Heaven.

Here may the voices of the faithful and the prayers of Thy suppliants obtain the rewards of the heavenly home: and may they enjoy the gifts acquired, till, freed from the body, they take possession of the blessed abodes.

Let due glory be given everywhere to the most high Father, and to the only-begotten Son of the Father, and to the glorious Paraclete: to whom be praise, power, and glory, through everlasting ages.

Fr. Fitzpatrick

Vision of peace and heav'nly rest: Whose walls of living stones are built; About whose towers the stars are spilt; Around whom, as around a bride, A thousand thousand Angels glide.

Thou, wedded in a happy hour, The Father's glory hadst for dower; The Spirit's grace was largely shed, O Queen, on Thy most comely head But knit with Christ thy nuptial ties, O City, splendid in the skies.

Each gate a pearl, thy gates are wide, The entrance is to none denied: There only virtue leads the way But come there every mortal may Who, wounded with the love of Christ, To pain with Him has sacrificed

With many_a salutary stroke The living stone to shape is broke The mallet and the chisel ply Their trade, to raise that mass on high Till answering stones, conjoint with bliss Achieve the starry edifice.

Once, from high Heaven's mountain-top, To earth a stone vouchsafed to drop: As cut and carved from out that hill. The Son of God descended, till He formed that corner which, anon, Earth's home and Heaven's were joined upon

Abiding City of the Blest! It rings with hymns which know no rest: God, One in Three; God, Three in One, It sings in tireless antiphon; While we, who look to share her state Here Sion's anthems emulate.

This Temple, with thy rays benign Lord, inundate, and make it Thine: Come hither, when to Thee we pray, And hear Thy people day by day, And in our longing hearts outpour Thy heavenly graces evermore.

Here let the faithful not in vain Petition, but Thy gifts obtain: Let us enjoy Thy gifts so dear, Our blessèd home forestalling here. Till, from this mortal body freed, Our Heav'n at last is Heav'n indeed

All honour everywhere be done To God the Father, God the Son And God the Holy Ghost, our sweet Incomparable Paraclete: To whom praise, power, and glory be Unceasing, through eternity

1706 Roman Catholic Possibly John Dryden

Jerusalem, whose heavenly mien Betrays the peace that reigns within: Who is quarries living rocks supply To build and raise thy towers so high; Heaven's brightest Angels crown the pile, And God does on thy labours smile.

O Sion's daughter well betrothed, With all thy Father's glory clothed, In all thy Spouse's graces dress'd, In thee the Spouse Himself is bless'd: Thou bounteous queen of heavenly love, Whom Christ espouses from above.

Thy orient gates, with pearl arrayed, Stand always open and displayed For all who, thither drawn by love, Have nobly fixed their hearts above; such as here thought it high reward To suffer with their suffering Lord.

Thus hardest marbles, toughest oaks, Polished and shaped by dint of strokes, The skilful artist's able hand Makes fit to take their place, and stand On highest pinnacles, to shine O'er all the edifice divine.

From high Olympus Top the Son Of God, and living Corner-Stone, Hewn without Hands, came down to show How far Humility cou'd go; And join'd at his Stupendious Birth Both Grace and Nature, Heav'n and Earth.

By this Alliance happy we Partakers of the Harmony Angels above Division run, And sing incessant Three and One: Whilst Sion with a tuneful Heart Replies and Sings a Second Part.

Hither O God direct thy Flight And fill these Temples with thy Light: Hither repair and here espouse The Int'rest of thy People's Vows Sion was once thy chosen Place. On Sion show'r thy Streams of Grace.

Resume thy Mercy-seat and show As once, our Fathers God, so now Thou'rt God and Father prone to hear. Be bounteous ev'n beyond our Pray'r: And crown our Souls amongst the Blest In Seats of Everlasting Rest

To Thee, Most High, our voice we raise-To Thee Most High in all Thy ways: We both the Father and the Son And Paraclete, adore in One: Whilst endless anthems sound Thy fame And loud Hosannas echo to Thy Name.

Fr Caswall

Jerusalem, thou City blest Dear vision of celestial rest! Which far above the starry sky, Piled up with living stones on high, Art, as a Bride, encircled bright. With million angel forms of light

Oh, wedded in a prosp'rous hour! The Father's glory was thy dower; The Spirit all His graces shed, Thou peerless Oueen, upon thy head: When Christ espoused thee for his Bride, O City bright and glorified!

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour; Thy gates are open evermore; And thither evermore draw nigh All who for Christ have dared to die; Or smit with love of their dear Lord, Have pains endured and jovs abhorr'd.

Type of the Church which here we see, Oh what a task hath builded thee ! Long did the chisels ring around! Long did the mallets' blows rebound! Long work'd the head, and toil'd the hand! Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!

From highest Heav'n the Father's Son, Descending like that mystic stone Cut from a mountain without hands Came down below, and fill'd all lands: Uniting, midway in the sky, His House on earth, and House on high

That House on high,-it ever rings With praises of the King of kings; Forever there, on harps divine They hymn th'eternal One and Trine; We, here below, the strain prolong, And faintly echo Sion's song

O Lord of lords invisible! With thy pure light this temple fill: Hither, oft as invoked, descend; Here to thy people's prayer attend: Here, through all hearts, for evermore Thy Spirit's quick'ning graces pour.

Here may the Faithful, day by day, Their hearts' adoring homage pay: And here receive from thy dear love The blessings of that home above; Till loosen'd from this mortal chain, Its everlasting joys they gain.

To God the Father, glory due Be paid by all the heav'nly Host; And to his only Son most true; With Thee O mighty Holy Ghost! To whom praise, pow'r, and blessing be, Through th' ages of eternity.

Fr. John Wilfrid Wallace

Celestial City, Salem blest, Thy peaceful vision greets our eyes, Thy walls on Christ's foundation rest, Thy tow'rs surmount the starry skies; All like a bride engirdled round With Angels, who thy courts surround.

How happ'ly thou art wedded now, The Father's glory is thy dow'r, The Bridegroom's grace is on thy brown A queen in beauty, rank, and pow'r, Bound fast to Christ by nuptial ties, A shining temple of the skies.

Thy gates, adorned with jewels fair, Stand open-all may enter in; 'Tis virtue must the heart prepare Of him who seeks thy courts to win, Who for the love of Christ sustains Torments His Holy Will ordains.

Stones which will form thy fearsome walls Stroke upon stroke the chisel hews. The workman's frequent hammer falls To make them fitting for his use: Then deftly joins them each to each Until thy tow'rs their summit reach.

From lofty summit of high Heav'n The Son of God now earthward tends, As when a stone from mountain riven Unto the lowest plains descends: He came to join each corner-stone Of Heaven and Earth, and make them one.

The courts above with joyful lays Of Angel-choirs for ever ring: While they the Triune-Godhead praise With ceaseless anthems which they sing, May we blest Sion's rivals be, And join in that sweet melody.

O King of all the heav'nly choir These temples fill with gracious light; When Thou art called, O deign t'Inspire Our minds, and guide our vows aright! May streams of grace from Heaven fill Our hearts with strength to do Thy Will.

And may the faithful by their prayer, Poured forth in this terrestrial fane. The heavenly temple's blessing share: And in that blessing joy obtain, Until from bonds of flesh set free, They reign eternally with Thee.

To God the Father, God Most High, Let all the world give honor meet; And praise the Son with ceaseless cry, And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete To whom be power, glory, praise, Through lapse of everlasting days.

Bishop Bagshawe

City of God, Jerusalem. Vision of peace, and of delight Who, built of living stones, art raised E'en to the starry Heavens' height, And whom encircle, like a bride, A thousand thousand Angels bright

O happy Bride, who hast obtained The Father's glory for thy dower, Most beautiful and lovely Queen, On thee thy Spouse's graces shower O sparkling Heavenly city, wed To Christ, the Prince of mighty power

Here, shining bright with Heavenly pearls. Thy gates to all wide open stand. For hither, by their virtue led. There entereth that mortal band, That, for the love of Christ, endures Sharp torments from a tyrant's hand

Of stones, thus by the Master's Hand, Bright polished by most numerous blows, With chisel sharp, by mallet driven, This sacred Building first arose, And now their well-joined bright array Up to its very summit shows.

Down from the highest heights of Heaven, The Sovereign Father's Only Son, Descending to earth's lowest denths As, from the mountain hewn, a stone Both angles of the House of Heaven, And that of earth, hath joined in one

But that fair dwelling of the Saints Resounds with everlasting praise And God, the Three in One, they sing And hymns of adoration raise; We too are joined with them in song Rivals of Holy Sion's ways.

3 O King of Heaven, with kindly light, Illuminate this holy shrine; Come down in answer to our prayer, And to our words Thine ear incline And always deign our hearts to fill With Thy bright Heavenly grace divine

4 Here may Thy faithfuls' just desires, When they in prayer with Thee have striven. Obtain, that to their gladdened hearts Gifts from High Heaven may be given. Till, from this mortal body free, Theyfill the glorious thrones of Heaven.

5 Now to the Highest Father be Paid everywhere the glory due, And to the Father's Only Son, And to His Glorious Spirit too. To whom be glory, power, praise, The everlasting ages through.

Cont'd on page 2

— Dr. Aaron James: 2019 review of the Brébeuf Catholic Hymnal in the Journal of the Society for Catholic Liturgy • https://ccwatershed.org/hymn/

TS EDITORS LEFT NO STONE unturned in their quest for the best versions of these ancient Catholic hymns, combing through centuries of English translations from the sixteenth century to the present day. In the process, they have revealed much little-known material, and some that is published in a hymnal for the first time. [They] navigate this difficult terrain with assurance; indeed, the editors' explanation of the Urbanite reform and its impact on English translators is a model of clarity, and contains information this reviewer has not encountered elsewhere.

Abbat Guéranger

Fr. Husenbeth 1841

Celestial Seat, Jerusalem,

Blest Vision of Unfailing Peace;

Built up of living Stones, by them

Thy Walls to starry Skies increase.

By countless Angels circled round.

And Thou, resplendent Spouse, art found

O Thou, espous'd with richest dow'r,

On Thee descends Thy Spouse's pow'r,

O beauteous Queen, betroth'd, yet free:

With Christ our Prince, in nuptial love.

Here spread the ample portals fair,

Invite, where Spirits blest reside;

Hither are faithful martyrs led,

The chisel's oft repeated stroke,

And rich with pearls and Jewels rare,

Who for Christ's love have nobly bled.

Urg'd by the mallet's pond'rous pow'r

The stone's rough, stubborn substance broke;

And fashion'd thus, on high to tow'r,

And fitly shap'd, and firmly join'd,

Was all by skilful hands combin'd.

The Father's glory beams on Thee;

Resplendent city! blest above,

To all aspirants open'd wide;

Jerusalem, heavenly city, blessed vision of peace! Built of living stones, thou risest to the very stars; and like a bride art circled round with thousand, thousand Angels.

Oh! how happily art thou espoused! Dowered with the Father's glory, and the grace of thy Spouse shed over thee, most lovely Queen united to Christ the King; resplendent city of heaven!

Thy gates, glittering with pearls, are open to all; thither is led whosoever follows virtue, and who, urged by the love of Christ, endures torments

After the strokes of the salutary chisel, and many a blow, the stones, polisand by the workman's hammer, raise up this stately pile; and being well fitted together, are placed in the highest summit

THE DOXOLOGY IS IDENTICAL TO THE DOXOLOGY FOR CRUX FIDELIS / PANGE LINGUA

Be everywhere due honour paid to the most high Father, and to that Father's only Son, and to the glorious Paraclete; to whom be praise, power, and glory, through everlasting ages. Amen.

Be to th'Eternal Father paid; And to the Sole Begotten, true, By men and by the heav'nly Host.

1719 Roman Catholic

 Jerusalem, whose Name contains That heav'nly Peace which in thee reigns, Thy living stones raise thee so high, That stars beneath thy Pavement lie; Attended like a Bride in state, Millions of Angels on thee wait.

2. O happy Bride, whose Dowry is The Glory of the Father's Bliss! Thrice beautiful and charming Queen, In whom thy Spouse's Grace is seen! City of Heaven shining bright, Govern'd by Christ the Prince of Light!

3. Thy Gates, with Orient Pearl array'd, For all stand open and display'd: Who follows close th'unerring Guide Of Virtue, and by Torments try'd Suffers with Patience for his Lord, Finds here a plentiful Reward.

4. The wholesome Chizel often went, Many a saving Stroke was spent, And th'Architect dealt heavy Blows, The stones to polish which compose This Pile, and join'd with fit Cement Render its Roof magnificent.

Jerusalem, the blessed city, called the vision of peace, which is built up in heaven of living stones, and surrounded by angels as a

Fr. Byrnes

Her gates glitter with pearls, her inmost shrines are wide open: and every one who is persecuted in this world for the name of Christ is conducted thither in virtue of His merits.

The stones, polished by blows and afflictions, are fitted to their places by the hands of the Builder: they are arranged to remain in the sacred mansions.

Christ the cornerstone was He is bound in both joints received and, believing in

All this city, sacred and beloved of God, is full of melodies in praise and sonorous jubilation: she extols with fervor the God

In this temple, O God most high, be present when Thou art invoked; and in Thy merciful goodness receive our prayers; here pour out forever

the things granted, and to their rest.

Everywhere be there glory and honor to God most High: equal glory to the Father, Son, and glorious Paraclete, to whom belong praise and power through everlasting ages.

Pre-Urban Brébeuf Transl.

Urbs Jerúsalem beáta.

Dicta pacis vísio,

Vivus ex lapídibus,

Ut sponsáta cómite.

Nuptiáli thálamo

Copulétur Dómino:

Platéae et muri ejus

Ex auro puríssimo.

Ádytis paténtibus:

Illuc introdúcitur

Expolíti lápides,

Suis coaptántur locis

Per manus artíficis.

Sacris aedificiis.

Et virtúte meritórum

Omnis, qui ob Christi nomen

Hic in mundo prémitur.

4. Tunsiónibus, pressúris

Disponúntur permansúri

Anguláris fundaméntum

Lapis Christus missus est,

Qui paríetum compáge

Quem Sion sancta suscépit,

In quo credens pérmanet.

Omnis illa Deo sacra,

Plena módulis in laude,

Cum fervóre prædicat.

Hoc in templo, summe Deus,

Trinum Deum unicúmque

Et dilécta cívitas,

Et canóre júbilo,

Exorátus ádveni;

Et cleménti bonitáte

Hic infunde jugiter.

Petita acquirere,

Et adépta possidére:

Paradísum introíre,

Transláti in réquiem.

Gloria et honor Deo

Una Patri, Filióque,

Per aetérna sæcula.

Ínclyto Paráclito.

Usquequáque altíssimo.

Cui laus est et potéstas

Precum vota súscipe;

Largam benedictiónem

Hic promereántur omnes

Cum Sanctis perénnites

In utróque néctitur,

2. Nova véniens e coelo,

Praeparáta, ut sponsáta

3. Portae nitent margarítis

The blessed city of Jerusalem, dubbed "vision of peace," Quae constrúitur in coelis which is raised in heaven from living stones

> 2. Which comes from heaven, her bridal chamber, new, made ready in order to be wed as a bride to the Lord: and whose streets and walls are of purest gold.

while her vaults lie open; and by dint of merits is brought there every one who for Christ's name is harried here in this world.

4. Polished through pounding

Fr Fortescue

Blessed city Jerusalem, called vision of peace, built in heaven of living stones, encircled with angels as a bride with her

heaven, adorned like a spouse for marriage, let her be wedded to the Lord. And all her streets and walls gleam with purest gold.

pearls, standing ever for Christ's name has suffered here on earth

4. Her stones, polished by hammer-strokes and sharp blows, are fitted by

THE DOXOLOGY

TO THE DOXOLOGY

FOR CRUX FIDELIS

Glory and honour to God

most high in every place;

the same glory to Father,

to whom be praise and

power for ever and ever.

Son and Holy Ghost,

/ PANGE LINGUA

IS IDENTICAL

Fr. O'Keefe

Jerusalem, blessed city, named "Vision of Peace," e'en now is being built in heaven out of living stones; encircled by angels bright, it stands forth, spouse-like, surrounded by bridal retinue.

It comes from the heavens above, newly made and readied for nuptial couch, so that in total purity it might be joined to its Lord. Its streets, its walls are made of purest gold;

Its gates sparkle with pearls and, as its temples open wide, by the power of his or her merits is each one led therein, whoso here in this world suffered because of the name of Christ the Lord.

By bruising blows, by affliction's force are its stones polished fine and prepared for their fated places by the hand of the Artist Divine: readied are they to remain forevermore in the holy shrine.

Cornerstone and foundation both was Christ sent to be, Christ, who in the very junction of two walls is joined to each. and joins both equally: Christ, whom holy Sion takes unto itself, Christ, in whom it stands firm in its belief.

That entire city, sacred to God, beloved of God, filled with measures of praise and joyful song, pays gladsome laud to God who is Triune, to God who is One.

In this temple, God sublime, come to us in answer to earnest plea; and with merciful goodness hear our vows and prayers, pour forth your abundant blessing here ceaselessly.

May all deserve to receive here what they have sought in prayer, and to enjoy those blessings received with the saints forever; may they deserve, when transported into rest, to enter into Paradise itself.

Glory and honor be evermore to God most high, alike to Father and to Son and to Sacred Spirit as well; to them be praise and power for all ages to come.

Dr. Neale

Blessèd City, heav'nly Salem, Vision dear of peace and love, Who, of living stones upbuilded, Art the joy of heav'n above, And, with angel cohorts circled. As a bride to earth dost move!

From celestial realms descending Ready for the nuptial bed, To His presence, decked with jewels, By her Lord shall she be led: All her streets and all her bulwarks Of pure gold are fashionèd.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters; It is open evermore; And, by virtue of His merits, Thither faithful souls may soar, Who for Christ's dear name in this world Pain and tribulation bore.

Many_a blow and biting sculpture Polished well those stones elect, In their places now compacted By the heav'nly Architect, Who therewith hath willed forever That His palace should be decked.

Christ is made the sure Foundation And the precious Corner-stone, Who, the two walls underlying, Bound in each, binds both in one, Holy Sion's help forever, And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City, Dearly loved by God on high, In exultant jubilation Pours perpetual melody God the One, and God the Trinal, Singing everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of Hosts, today; With Thy wonted loving-kindness Hear Thy people as they pray; And Thy fullest benediction Shed within its walls for aye

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants What they supplicate to gain; Here to have and hold forever Those good things their pray'rs obtain: And hereafter in Thy glory With Thy blessed ones to reign

5. Laud and honor to the Father; Laud and honor to the Son: Laud and honor to the Spirit; Ever Three, and ever One: Consubstantial, co-eternal, While unending ages run.

1599 Roman Catholic

Jerusalem o city blest. That of peace the vision height: Which framed art amid the heavens And of lively stones ye light, And as one that is espoused, Crowned with the Angels bright.

- 2. From the heavens new descending, As a wedding chamber fro, And with our Lord as to be matched, Like a bride so doth she go: Whose walls and streets so brave appearing, Of the purest gold do show.
- 3. The gates with pearls clearly glister. To the which the paths appear, Where by virtue of their merits All are brought with joyful cheer. Which for Christ have been afflicted, While on earth they lived here.
- 4. Both with beating, and with hewing, Are the polished stones addressed, As unto this holy building, They may fit their places best: By the workman's handy working, So disposèd for to rest.

5. All glory and all honor due, Unto God the highest be. The father jointly and the son, Th'Holy ghost of high degree: Unto whom be praise, and power, To endure eternally.

Let glory, praise, and honour due, His Son, by Whom were all things made; The same to God the Holy Ghost,

5. Let ev'ry Tongue and Place proclaim Of God most high the holy Name, Of God the Father, and his Son, And holy Spirit, Three in One, To whom be Power, Glory, Praise, For an eternal Age of Days

Et Ángelis coronáta, bride by her retinue. Newly coming from

heaven, prepared for the nuptial chamber, so that as a bride she may be united to her Lord: her streets and walls are of purest gold.

sent to be the foundation, and of the wall: whom holy Sion Him, she endures

who is one and three.

Thy abundant blessing.

Here may all merit to obtain the things requested and to retain forever with the saints enter paradise when taken to

and crowned like a bride with an escort of Angels.

- 3. Her gates gleam with pearls, 3. Her gates shine with
- and crushing, her stones are prepared for their sites by the craftsman's hands, and are set to endure within her sacred buildings.

Coming down new from

- open. For his reward each one may enter there, who
- the Builder's hands, each in its place, to stay firm in the holy house of God.

TS EDITORS LEFT NO STONE unturned in their quest for the best versions of these ancient Catholic hymns, combing through centuries of English translations from the sixteenth century to the present day. In the process, they have revealed much little-known material, and some that is published in a hymnal for the first time. [They] navigate this difficult terrain with assurance; indeed, the editors' explanation of the Urbanite reform and its impact on English translators is a model of clarity, and contains information this reviewer has not encountered elsewhere. — Dr. Aaron James: 2019 review of the Brébeuf Catholic Hymnal in the Journal of the Society for Catholic Liturgy • https://ccwatershed.org/hymn/

5. One glory and honor

be in every place to God

and illustrious Paraclete,

who commands praise

and might forevermore.

the most high, Father and Son