

XI.—QUARTET AND CHORUS

Urbs Syon inclyta,
Turris et edita
Littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo,
To flagro, te volo,
Canto, saluto:

Nec meritis peto;
Nam meritis meto
Morte perire:
Nec reticens tego,
Quod meritis ego
Filius irae.

Vita quidem mea,
Vita nimis rea,
Mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus
Exitialibus
Obruta, trita.

Spe tamen ambulo,
Præmia postulo
Speque fideque;
Illa perennia
Postulo præmia
Nocte dieque:

Me Pater optimus
Atque piissimus
Ille creavit,
In lue pertulit,
Ex lue sustulit,
A lue lavit.

O bona patria,
Num tua gaudia
Teque videbo?
O bona patria,
Num tua præmia
Plena tenebo?

O sacer, O pius,
O ter et amplius
Ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus:
O miser, O reus,
Hac viduatus.

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Thou city great and high,
Towering beyond the sky,
Storms reach thee never;
I seek thee, long for thee;
I love thee, I sing thee,
I hail thee ever.

Though I am unworthy
Of mercy before Thee,
Justly I perish;
My folies confessing.
Nor claiming Thy blessing,
No hope I cherish.

In deepest contrition,
Owning my condition,
My life unholy;
Burdened with guiltiness,
Weary and comfortless,
Help, I implore Thee.

Yet will I faithfully
Strive those rewards to see,
Beck'ning so brightly;
Ask in unworthiness
Heavenly blessedness,
Daily and nightly.

For He, the Father blest,
Wisest and holiest,
Of life the Giver,
Maketh His light to shine
In this dark soul of mine,
Dwelling for ever.

O land of full delight,
Thy peerless treasures bright,
May we behold them!
Thou home of beauty rare,
May we thy blessings share!
Priceless we hold them.

O blessed for ever
A thousandfold they are
Who shall inherit
Thee, their portion unfailing
And that mercy availing
Through Thy own merit.