

Hail the Glorious Golden City
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Music by Franz Joseph Haydn

Hail the glorious golden city,
Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders;
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It shall live and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right;
It will pass into the splendors
Of the city of the light.

Amen.