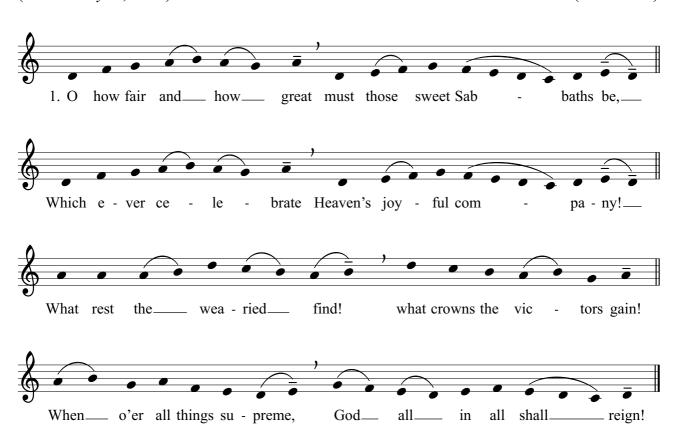
O Quanta Qualia

tr. John David Chambers (1805-93) (in *Lauda Syon*, 1857)

Peter Abelard (1079-1142)



- 2. What King! what Court is there! how vast that Palace is; What peace, what rest from care, how sweet those solaces! Oft would its citizens tell of that high estate, If their bliss unto us words could communicate.
- 3. The true Jerusalem is on that happy shore; Whose peace hath no alloy, whose joys last evermore; Where the glad spirit freed naught shall e'er want again, Yet less than all its need ne'er shall the wish attain!
- 4. There shall be lost in bliss troubles and miseries; There the saints ever chant Syon's sweet melodies; And devout thanks for aye for Thy kind clemency, Lord, Thy redeemed shall pay joyfully unto Thee.
- 5. Sabbaths shall not to new sabbaths there pass away; Ceaseless the hymns be of them that keep holyday; Ne'er shall those strains of joy close their soft harmony, Which we and Angels shall sing everlastingly.
- 6. O let us raise from Earth each thought above the skies, Seeking with eager feet rest in that Paradise; So to Jerusalem, from long captivity, Homeward from Babylon hasting triumphantly!.