

O Quanta Qualia

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

Peter Abelard (1079-1142)



1. O how fair and how great must those sweet Sab - baths be,



Which e - ver ce - le - brate Heaven's joy - ful com - pa - ny!



What rest the wea - ried find! what crowns the vic - tors gain!



When o'er all things su - preme, God all in all shall reign!

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!.