

Jerusalem, My Happy Home



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; They see God face to face;
3. From e - very tribe doth music rise, All na - tions form the choir;
4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe Or feel at death dismay?
5. Oh when thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend;
6. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God grant that I may see



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
They tri - umph still, they still re-joyce; Most hap - py is their case.
Ten thou - sand times that man were blest That might this mu - sic hear.
I've Ca - naan's goodly land in view And realms of endless day.
Where con - gre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
Thine end - less joy, and of the same Par - tak - er ev - er be!

