Jerusalem, my happy home



Jerusalem, my happy home, when shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy saints are crowned with glory great; they see God face to face; they triumph still, they still rejoice most happy is their case.

There David stands with harp in hand as master of the choir: ten thousand times that man were blessed that might this music hear. There Magdalen hath left her moan, and cheerfully doth sing with blessèd saints, whose harmony in every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, God grant that I may see thine endless joy, and of the same partaker ever be!

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