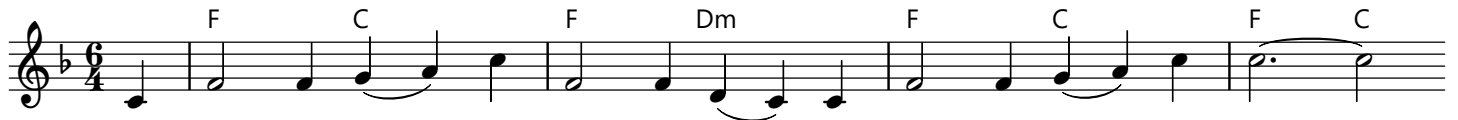


Jerusalem, My Happy Home

F.B.P. / LAND OF REST



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when shall I come to thee?
2. O hap - py har - bour of the saints, O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
3. In thee no sick - ness may be seen, no hurt, no ache, no sore;
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God grant I once may see
5. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; they see God face to face;
6. Ah, my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem, would God I were in thee!



1. When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
2. In thee no sor - row may be found, no grief, no care, no toil.
3. in thee there is no dread of death, but life for ev - er - more.
4. thy end - less joys, and of the same par - tak - er ev - er be.
5. a thou - sand years seem but a day, most hap - py is that place.
6. Would God my woes were at an end, thy joys that I may see.

Lyrics: 88.86; F.B.P., ca. 1583.
Music: LAND OF REST; trad. American melody.