

Jerusalem, My Happy Home

F.B.K

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
when shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
2. O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
no grief, no care, no toil.
3. In thee no sickness may be seen,
no hurt, no ache, no sore;
in thee there is no dread of death,
but life for evermore.
4. Jerusalem! Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
thy endless joys, and of the same
partaker ever be.
5. Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
they see God face to face;
a thousand years seem but a day,
most happy is that place.
6. Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
thy joys that I may see.