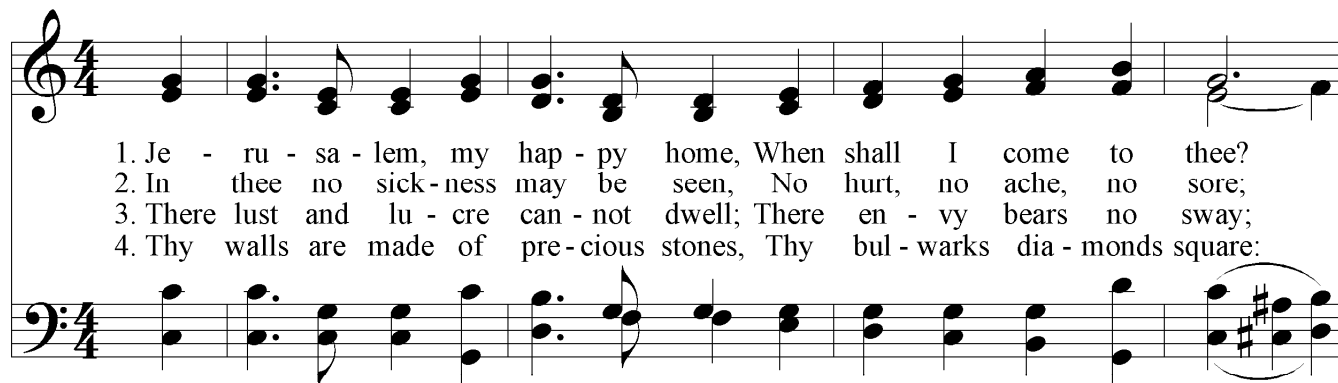
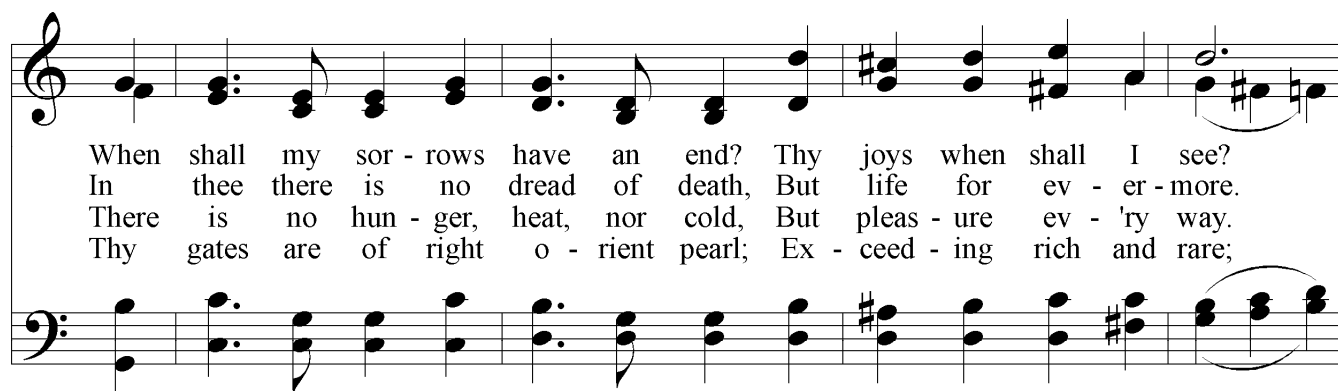


# Jerusalem, My Happy Home

MATERNA



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?  
2. In thee no sick - ness may be seen, No hurt, no ache, no sore;  
3. There lust and lu - cre can - not dwell; There en - vy bears no sway;  
4. Thy walls are made of pre - cious stones, Thy bul - warks dia - monds square;



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
In thee there is no dread of death, But life for ev - er - more.  
There is no hun - ger, heat, nor cold, But pleas - ure ev - 'ry way.  
Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl; Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare;



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!  
No damp - ish mist is seen in thee, No cold nor dark - some night;  
Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem! God grant I once may see  
Thy hous - es are of i - vo - ry, Thy win - dows crys - tal clear;



In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
There ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun; There God Him - self gives light.  
Thy end - less joys, and of the same Par - tak - er aye may be!  
Thy tiles are made of beat - en gold— O God that I were there!