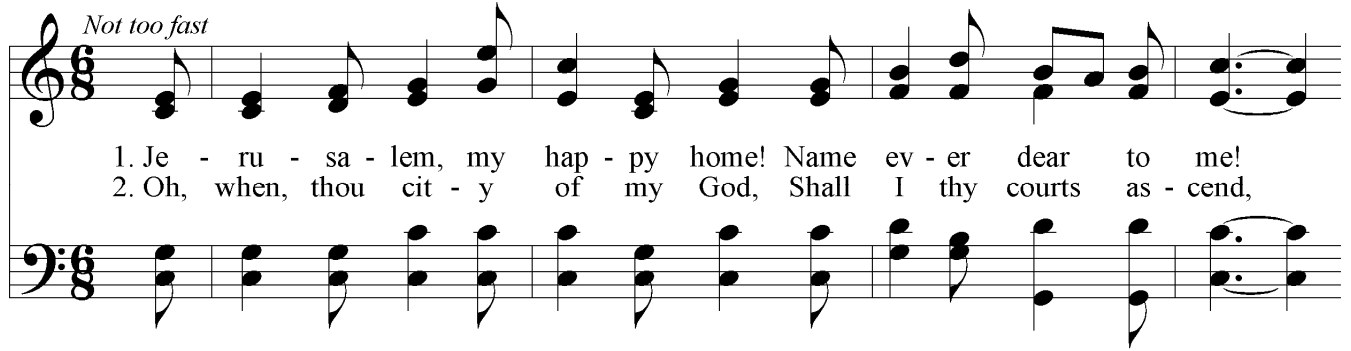
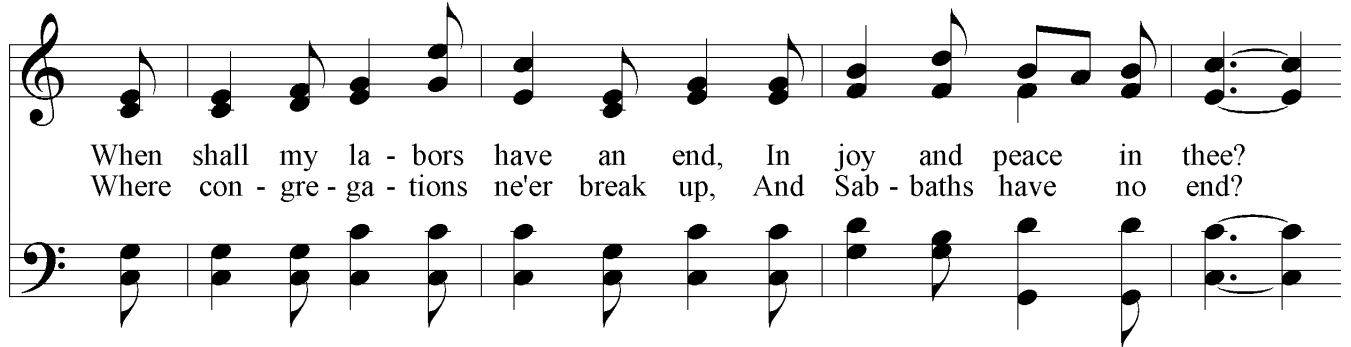


Home

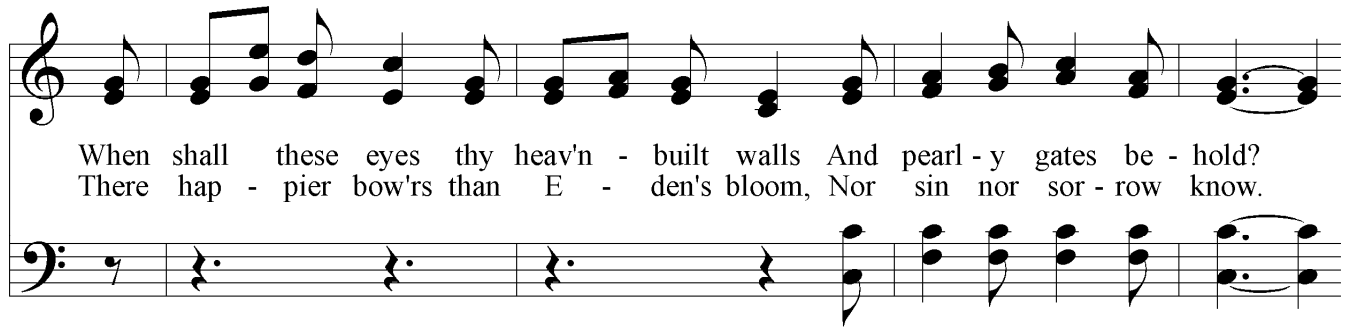
Not too fast



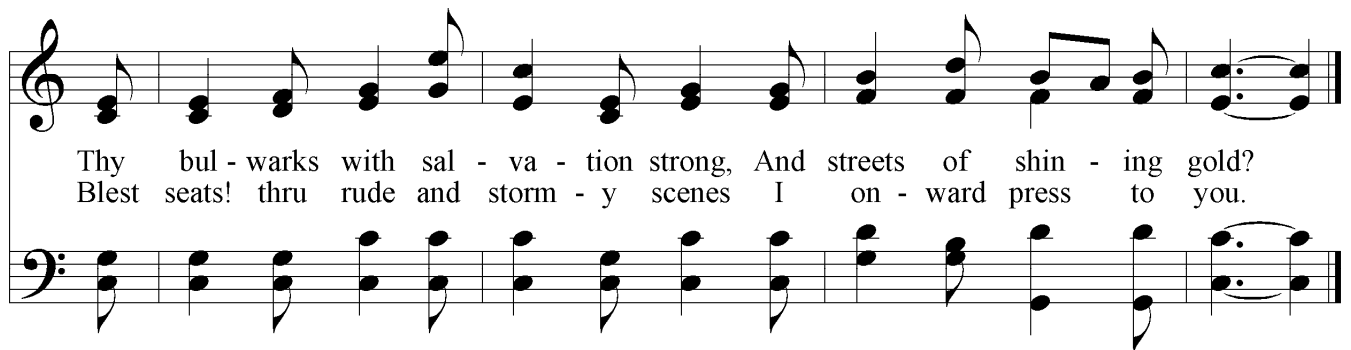
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,



When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?



When shall these eyes thy heav'n - built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know.



Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
Blest seats! thru rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.