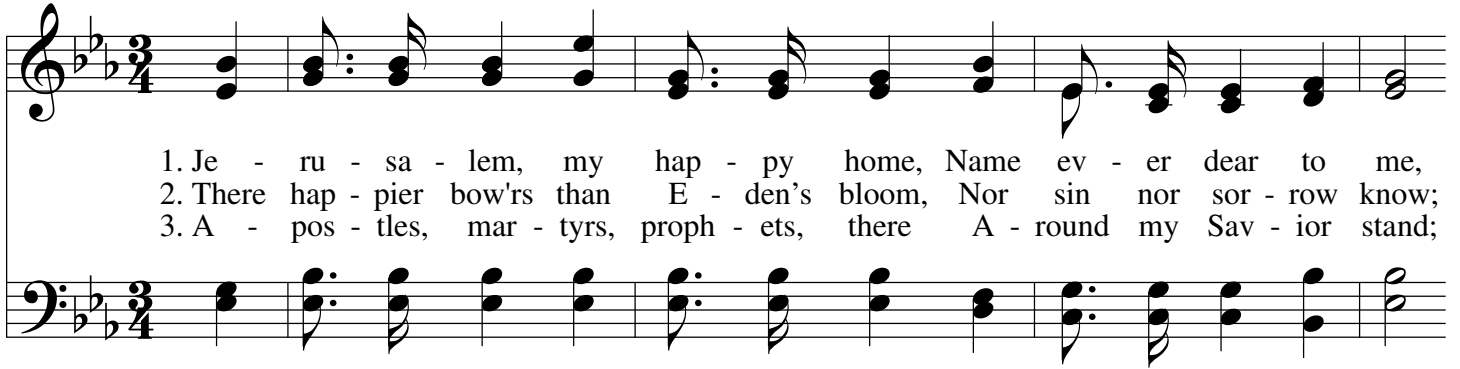
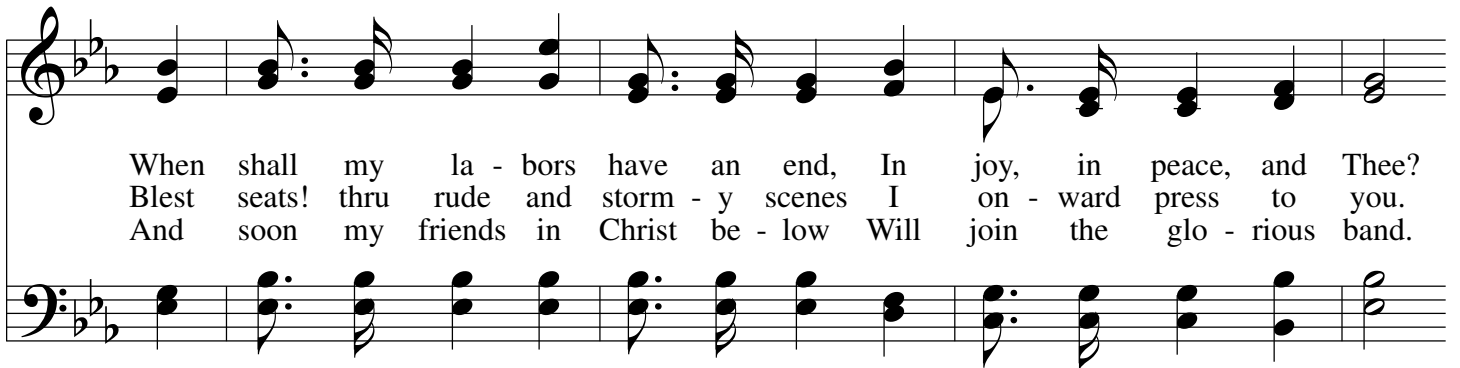


# Jerusalem, My Happy Home

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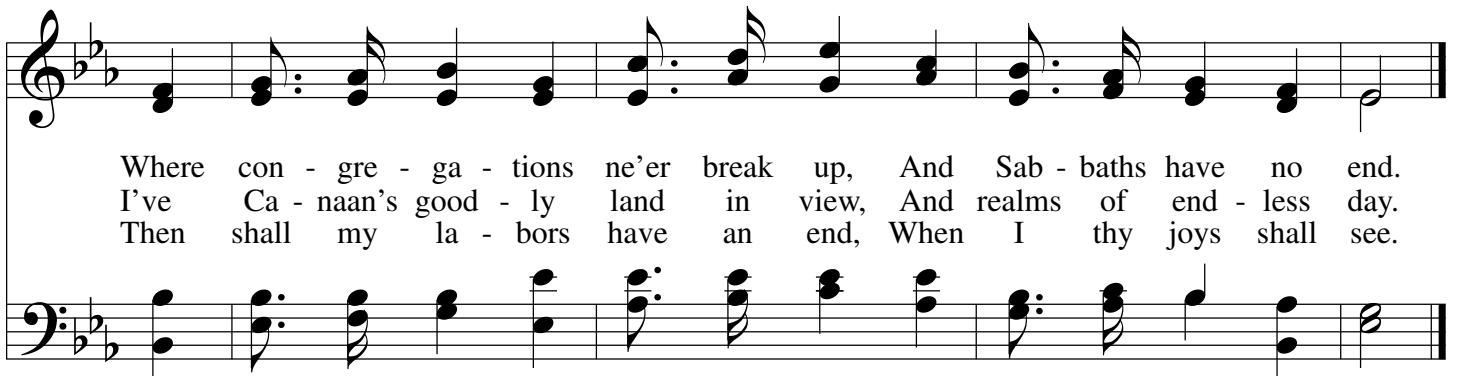
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,  
2. There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know;  
3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there A - round my Sav - ior stand;



When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, in peace, and Thee?  
Blest seats! thru rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.  
And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.



Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God! Shall I thy courts as - cend?  
Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?  
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee;



Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end.  
I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.  
Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.