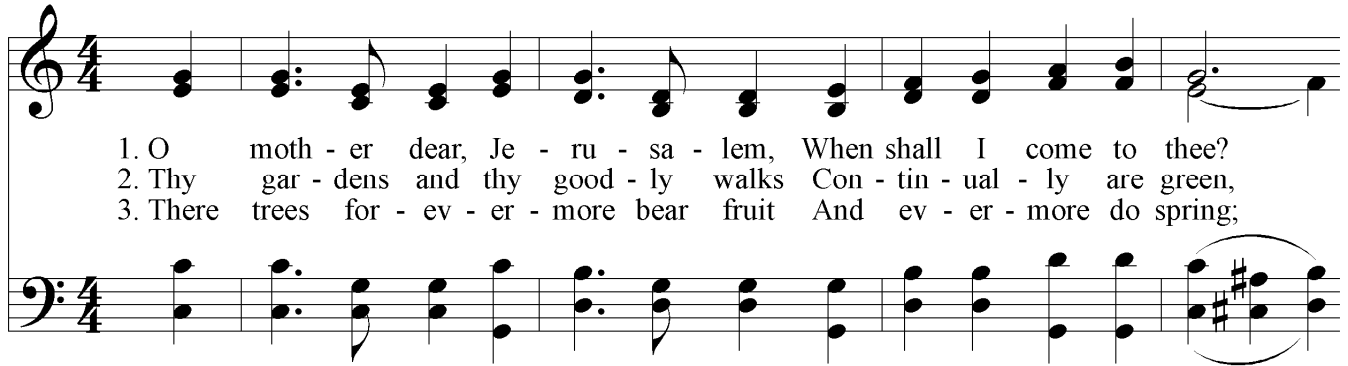
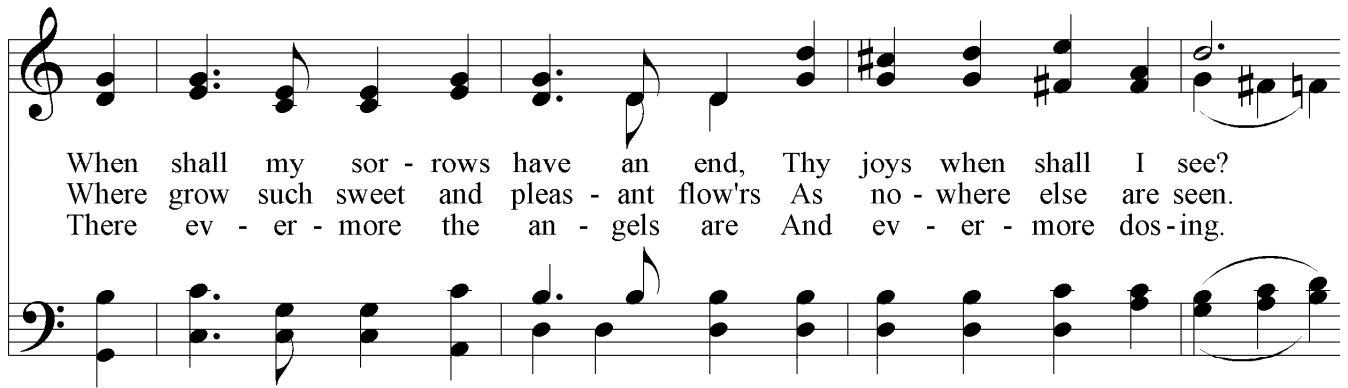


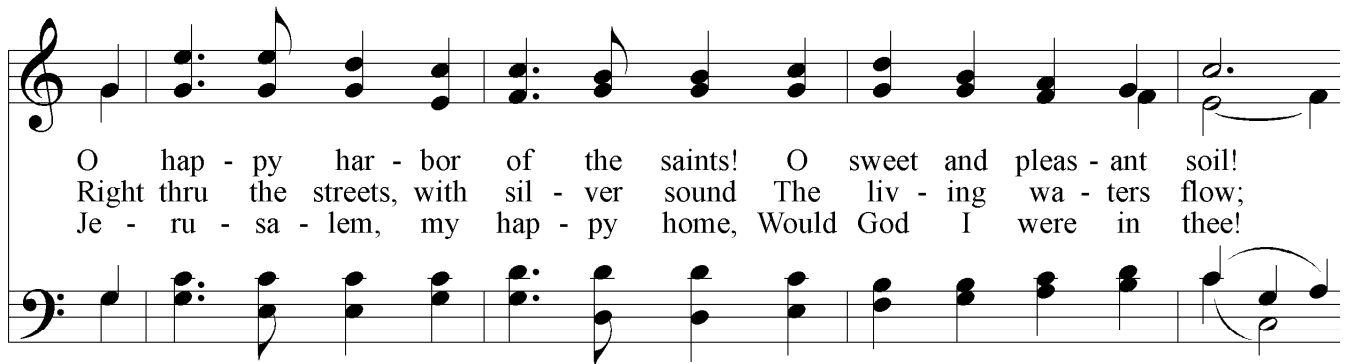
# O Mother Dear, Jerusalem



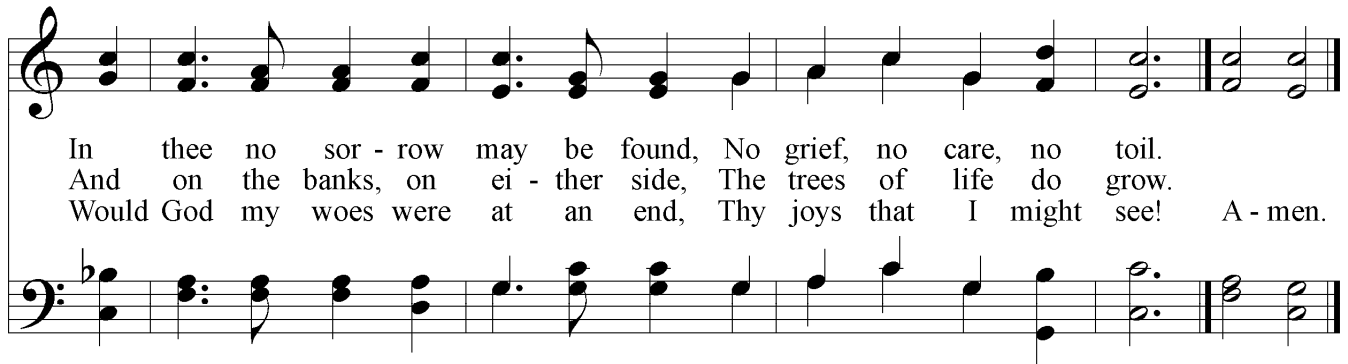
1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?  
2. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,  
3. There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit And ev - er - more do spring;



When shall my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?  
Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.  
There ev - er - more the an - gels are And ev - er - more dos - ing.



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!  
Right thru the streets, with sil - ver sound The liv - ing wa - ters flow;  
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!



In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
And on the banks, on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow.  
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! A - men.