

O Jerusalem, the Golden

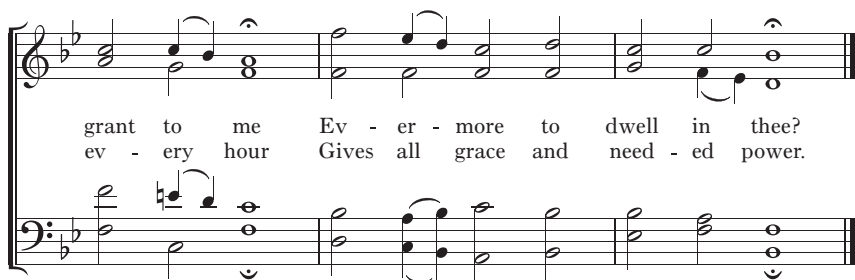
(80, 183)

1. O Je - ru - sa - - lem, the gold - en,
 2. Ere our suf - ferings are a - bat - ing

Where God's prais - es ev - er ring! Heaven - ly
 In these times of trials se - vere, While as

choirs to God be - hold - en, "Ho - ly,
 pil - grims we are wait - ing We must

ho - ly, ho - ly!" sing! Ah! when will He
 bear our cross - es here! But the Lord in



3. Ah, how much I long to meet Thee,
Jesus, Friend through all the years!
There where Salem's bowers greet me,
Where there are no sighs, no tears;
Where in glory, light and grace,
We shall see God face to face!

4. Come, and lead us full of gladness,
Gentle Shepherd, by the hand,
After all this pain and sadness,
Into that true fatherland;
Where the living waters free,
Quench our thirst eternally.

5. Oh, that long desired dominion,
Full of bliss and fair delight!
Would that I, on soaring pinion,
Might arise from this world's night
To that newly built abode,
Whose bright orb of day is God.

6. But if I must longer tarry
On this sea so wild and drear,
Where the stormy billows harry
The frail bark I scarce can steer;
Though the cross and death I see,
Still let hope my anchor be.

7. Then I'll have no fear of sinking,
Be the ocean e'er so wild,
I shall see Thy beacon winking,
From the shore with radiance mild.
Thou, by its most welcome ray,
Into port will show the way.