



Jerusalem My Home

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Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
If I forget you Jerusalem may I forget my right hand
which is you
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
if I forget you Jerusalem may I forget my first joy
which is you
By the waters of the Mississippi
I sat and wept
I sat and wept when I remembered your walls
By the willows that grew there
I hang my flute
I hang my flute never to sing again
And here my friends would ask of me to sing a song
To sing a song
I sang back home
But far from home
far from home how can I sing at all
Minneapolis is a great place
to roam
but Jerusalem will always be my home

