

603 THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING

He . . . shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Rev. 21:10

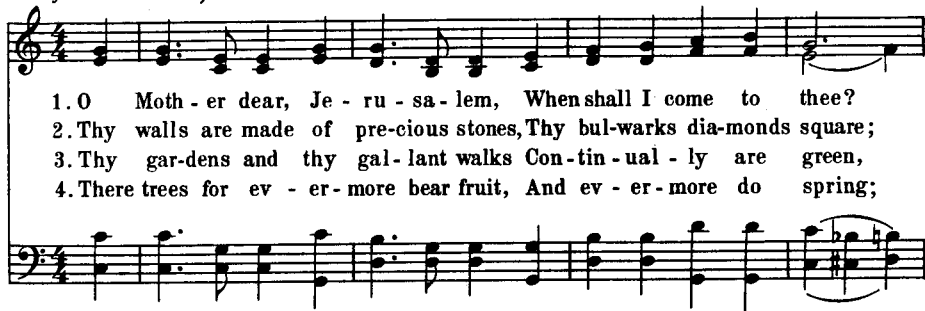
"F. B. P." in MS. of 16th or 17th century

St. 1, line 1 from W. Prid, 1585

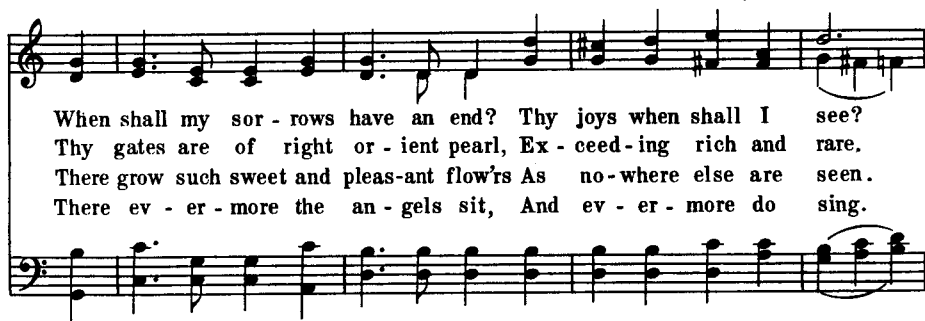
Alt. by David Dickson, 1583-1663

MATERNA C. M. D.

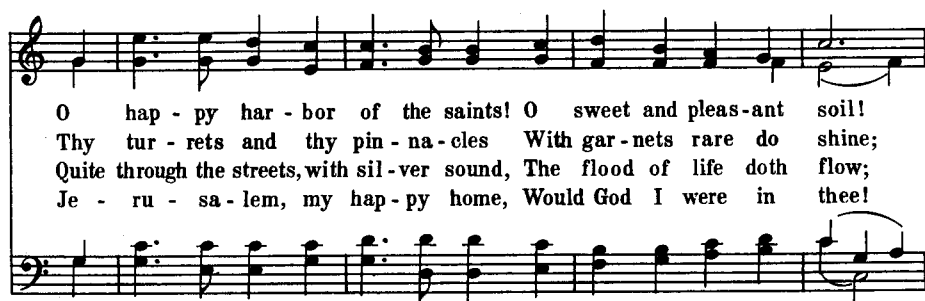
Samuel A. Ward, 1882



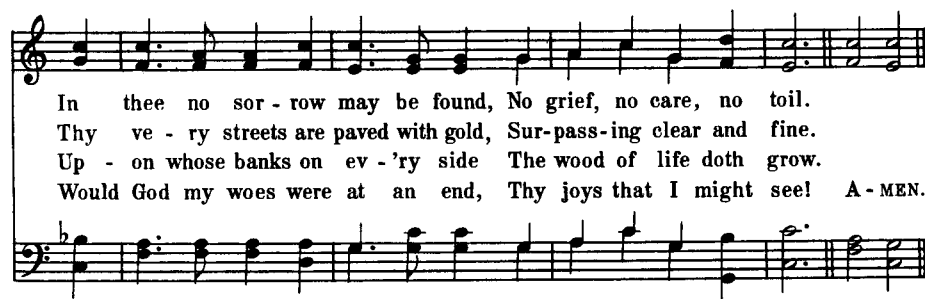
1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
 2. Thy walls are made of pre - cious stones, Thy bul - warks dia - monds square;
 3. Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
 4. There trees for ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring;



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 Thy gates are of right or - ient pearl, Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare.
 There grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.
 There ev - er - more the an - gels sit, And ev - er - more do sing.



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
 Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na - cles With gar - nets rare do shine;
 Quite through the streets, with sil - ver sound, The flood of life doth 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.
 Thy ve - ry streets are paved with gold, Sur - pass - ing clear and fine.
 Up - on whose banks on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.
 Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! A - MEN.