Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee? hap - py har - bor of the saints, O sweet and pleas-ant soil! **3.** Your gar-dens and your gal-lant walks Con - tin - ual-ly are green; 4. There, trees for every error bear fruit And every error do spring,

see

seen.

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God grant that I may 1. When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see? 2. In you no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

4. There, ev - er - more the an - gels sit And ev - er - more do sing. 5. Your end-less joy, and of the same Par-tak - er ev - er be! Text: Based on Augustine of Hippo, 5th Cent.; F.B.P., 16th cent., in Song of Mary, London, 1601 Music: LAND OF REST, 86 86, Traditional American Melody; Harm. Annabel Morris Buchanan (1889-1983), 1938

**3.** There grow such sweet and pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are