

JERUSALEM—Continued

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bloom, No sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I onward press to you, to you, to you, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Name ever dear to me! Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.