

Jerusalem, my happy home

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From an Italian Hymnal

Modrato (alla breve)

1.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2.
O happy harbor of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil:
In thee no sorrow may be found.
No grief, no care, no toil.

3.
There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears not sway,
There is no hunger, heat or cold
But pleasure ev'ry way.

4.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same,
Partaker, aye to be.