

Jerusalem on high

Jerusalem on high
my song and city is,
my home whene'er I die,
the center of my bliss;

Refrain:

O happy place!
When shall I be,
my God, with thee,
to see thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
judged here unfit to live
there angels to him sing,
and lowly homage give: Refrain

The patriarchs of old
there from their travels cease;
the prophets there behold
their longed-for Prince of Peace. Refrain

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
the harpers I might hear
harping on harps of gold: Refrain

The bleeding martyrs, they
within those courts are found,
all clothed in pure array,
their scars with glory crowned: Refrain

Ah woe is me! that I
in Kedar's tents here stay;
no place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way. Refrain