

Hymn Lyrics

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Jerusalem, my happy home

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

O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
no grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
no hurt, no ache, no sore;
there is no death nor ugly devil,
there is life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
no cold nor darksome night;
there every soul shines as the sun;
for God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
there envy bears no sway;
there is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
but pleasure every way.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant that I may see
thine endless joy, and of the same
partaker ay may be!

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
thy bulwarks diamonds square;
thy gates are of right orient pearl;
exceeding rich and rare;

thy turrets and thy pinnacles
with carbuncles do shine;
thy very streets are paved with gold,
surpassing clear and fine;

thy houses are of ivory,
thy windows crystal clear;
thy tiles are made of beaten gold--
O God that I were there!

Within thy gates nothing doth come
that is not passing clean,
no spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
no filth may there be seen.

Aye, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
would God I were in thee:
would God my woes were at an end,
thy joys that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
they see God face to face;
they triumph still, they still rejoice

most happy is their case..

We that are here in banishment
continually do mourn:
we sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
our pleasure is but pain:
our joys scarce last the looking on,
our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
such pleasure and such play,
as that to them a thousand years
doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
most beautiful and fair,
full furnished with trees and fruits,
most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
continually are green:
there grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
as nowhere else are seen.

There is nectar and ambrosia made,
there is musk and civet sweet;
there many a fair and dainty drug
is trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
there nard and balm abound.
What tongue can tell or heart conceive
the joys that there are found?

Quite through the streets with silver sound
the flood of life doth flow,
upon whose banks on every side
the wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
and evermore do spring;
there evermore the angels be,
and evermore do sing.

There David stands with harp in hand
as master of the choir:
ten thousand times that man were blessed
that might this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
with tune surpassing sweet,
and all the virgins bear their part,
sitting at her feet.

There Magdalen hath left her moan,
and cheerfully doth sing
with blessed saints, whose harmony
in every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end

thy joys that I might see!

The original manuscript in the British Museum, dated around 1583, is inscribed, "A song made by F. B. P. to the tune of DIANA." The author is thought to have been a Catholic priest who based the hymn on the writings of St. Augustine.