

# Hymn Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

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

Refrain:  
*O happy place!*  
*When shall I be,*  
*my God, with thee,*

*to see thy face?*

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