

Jerusalem, my happy home (I)

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

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