

My Glorious Home

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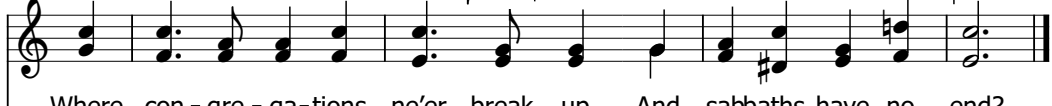
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo - rious home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. Why should I shrink in pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?
3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets there A - round my Christ shall stand;



When shall my la - bors have an end In joy and peace with thee?
I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view And realms of end - less day;
And soon my friends on earth be - low Shall join that heav'n - ly band.



O when, thou cit - y of my God Shall I thy courts as - cend,
There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pails for thee;



Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up And sabbaths have no end?
Blest seats! Tho' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
Then shall my sor - rows have an end When I thy joys shall see.

