

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when
 2 Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; they
 3 There Da - vid stands with harp in hand as
 4 Our La - dy sings Mag - ni - fi - cat with
 5 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God

1 shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
 2 see God face to face; they tri - umph still, they
 3 mas - ter of the choir: ten thou - sand times would
 4 tune sur - pass - ing sweet, and bless - ed mar - tyrs'
 5 grant that I may see thine end - less joy, and

1 have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 2 still re - jice in that most hap - py place.
 3 one be blest who might this mu - sic hear.
 4 har - mo - ny doth ring in ev - ery street.
 5 of the same par - ta - ker ev - er be!

Words: F. B. P. (ca. 16th cent.), alt.

Music: *Land of Rest*, American folk hymn; adapt. and harm. Annabel Morris Buchanan (1889-1983)