

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home,, O how I long for thee!  
 2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;  
 3. Thy gar - den and thy pleas - ant walks My stud - y long have been;  
 4. Lord, help us by Thy might - y grace, To keep in view the prize,

6

When will my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?  
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.  
 Such daz - zling views by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.  
 Till Thou dost come to take us home To that blest par - a - dise.