

O, Mother, Dear, Jerusalem

F. B. P.

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Arr. by H. P. M.

mel.

1 2 3 4

1.) O Moth - er, dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
 2.) No murk - y cloud o'er - sha - dow thee, Nor gloom, nor dark - some night;
 3.) Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
 4.) Those trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring:
 5.) Thy walls are all of jas - per made, Thy streets of pur - est gold,

5 6 7 8 9

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God, Him - self gives light.
 Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.
 There ev - er - more, the an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing.
 Yea, clear as un - touched, vir - gin glass, There walk God's saints of old!

10 11 12 13 14

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints, O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
 O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Right thro' thy streets with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wat - ers flow,
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!
 The trees of life each month doth yield Her firm, full - ri - pened fruit,

15 16 17 18 19

In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
 The King that sit - teth on thy throne In His fe - li - ci - ty?
 And on the banks on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
 Would God, my woes were at an end, Thy joys, that I might see!
 O, may the na - tions of the earth, To thee their hon - ors bring!