

O Mother Dear, Jerusalem

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
3. There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit And ev - er - more do spring;

When shall my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?
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 dos - ing.

O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
Right thru the streets, with sil - ver sound The liv - ing wa - ters flow;
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
And on the banks, on ei - ther side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! A - men.