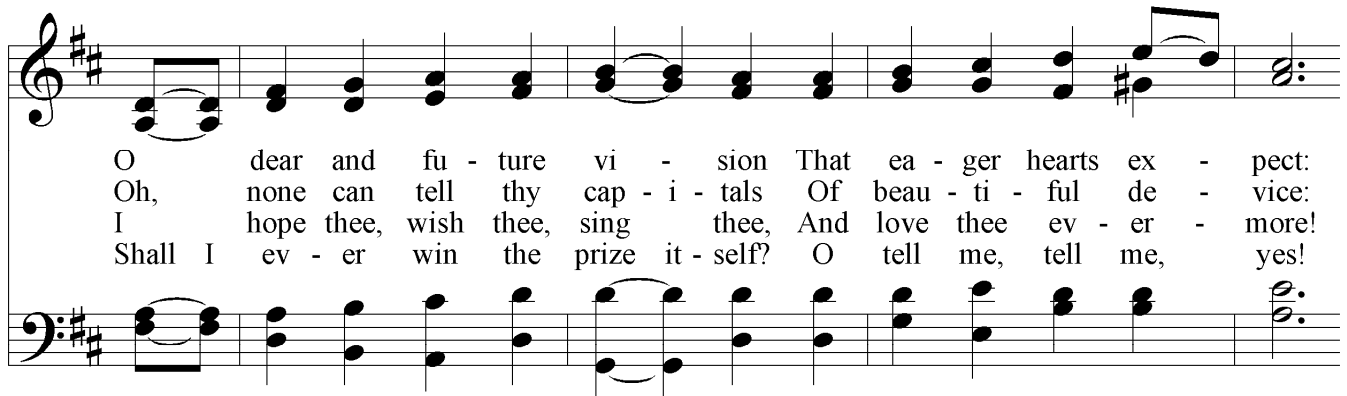


Jerusalem The Glorious

PEARSALL



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect!
2. Oh, none can tell thy bul - warks, How glo - rious - ly they rise:
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est shore,
4. I have the hope with - in me To com - fort and to bless!



O dear and fu - ture vi - sion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect:
Oh, none can tell thy cap - i - tals Of beau - ti - ful de - vice:
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee ev - er - more!
Shall I ev - er win the prize it - self? O tell me, tell me, yes!



E'en now by faith I see thee: E'en here thy walls dis - cern:
Thy love - li - ness op - press - es All hu - man thought and heart:
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I ev - er see thy face?
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part;



To thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn.
And none, O Peace, O Zi - on, Can sing thee as thou art.
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I ev - er win thy grace?
His on - ly, His for - ev - er, Thou shall be, and thou art! A - men.