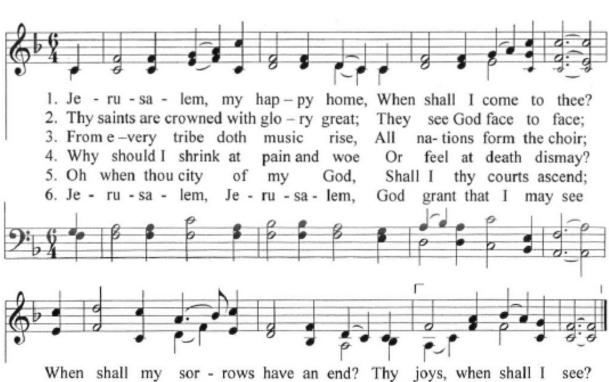
Jerusalem, My Happy Home



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see? They tri - umph still, they still re-joice; Most hap - py is their case. Ten thou - sand times that man were blest That might this mu - sic hear. I've Ca - naan's goodly land in view And realms of endless day. Where con - gre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end? Thine end - less joy, and of the same Par - tak - er ev - er be!

