

Jerusalem ! our heav'nly home.

1. Jerusalem! our heav'nly home
(Name to us ever dear),
When will the Saviour come, and thou
To us, His Saints, appear?

2. When shall these eyes thy jasper walls
And gates of pearl survey;
Thy fabric rear'd on precious stones,
Of ev'ry brilliant ray.

3. Transparent as the crystal glass,
And form'd of purest gold;
Perfection's height art thou, of all
That man can e'er behold.

4. In thee, the myriads of the saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall see
With infinite delight.

5. O when, thou city of our God,
Shalt thou for us descend;
And our eternal sabbath come
When praise shall never end?