

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:

*O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
And see Thy face?*

- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
- 3 The patriarchs of old,
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold,
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
- 4 The faithful martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in their pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
- 5 Sweet place, sweet place alone,
The Court of God Most High,
The Heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!

Samuel Crossman, 1624-83