

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes those Heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Those bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, great city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er disperse,
And sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still longs for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I those joys shall see.

Joseph Bromehead, 1748-1826