

Jerusalem on High

By:Rev. Samuel Crossman, 1664

Tune:Darwall's 148th

Comp:Williams' Universal Psalmist, 1770

1)Jerusalem on high

My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The center of my bliss.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

2)Thy walls, sweet city! Thine,
With pearls are garnishd,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

3)No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night:
O no! These needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

4)There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

5)The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

6)The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

7)The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found;
All clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

8)Ah me! Ah me! That I
In Kedar's tents here stay:
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face? Amen.