

O Mother dear, Jerusalem - Materna
Trinity Hymnal No.:603

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With garnets rare do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on ev'ry side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!