O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM

1. O mother dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy gardens and thy goodly walks Continually are green,
3. There trees for evermore bear fruit And evermore do spring;

When shall my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs As nowhere else are seen.
There evermore the angels are And evermore dosing.

O happy harbor of the saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!
Right thru the streets, with silver sound The living waters flow;
Jerusalem, my happy home, Would God I were in thee!

In thee no sorrow may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
And on the banks, on either side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

WORDS: "A SONG MADE BY F.B.P."
MUSIC BY SAMUEL A. WARD (1847-1903)