



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when  
2. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; they  
*Introit.* O turn thine eyes, O God, our shield, And



shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows  
see God face to face; They tri - umph still, they  
let us see thy face; One day with - in thy



have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
still re - jice in that most hap - py place.  
courts ex - cels A thou - sand wand - 'ring days.

*Text: Joseph Bromehead 1747-1826. Psalm 84: 10, 11; Protector noster; Introit, Ordinary Time 20;  
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