



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when
2. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; they
Introit. Re - joice, Je - ru - sa - lem, Re - joice, and



shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
see God face to face; They tri - umph still, they
ga - ther all a - round; Re - joice, all who in



have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
sill re - joice in that most hap - py place.
sor - row dwell, Thy glad - ness now a - bound.

*Text: Joseph Bromehead 1747-1826. Introit, Isaiah 66: 10, 11; Psalm 122:1; Laetare Jerusalem;
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