

# WALKER. C.M.D.

G Major Anon., c. 1583 (alt.).

Aldous, 2008.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! Thy joys when shall I see?

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee! Oh, how I long for thee! Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

Slowly.

1. 2.

Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Be - hold, thy streets are pav'd with gold! gold!

Most glor - ious to be - hold! Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

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