

Anuna "Jerusalem"

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Chorus (after each verse):
Jerusalem, our happy home
When shall we come to thee?
When shall our sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall we see?

They see no one that sent her there
Their palms spring from the ground
No tongue can tell, no heart can think
What joys do there abound

Forever more the trees perfumed
And ever more they spring

And ever more the saints are glad
And ever more they sing

Fair Magdalene, she has less moan
Likewise there she does sing
The happy saints in harmony
Through every street doth ring

Fair Magdalene hath dried her tears
She'll sing no more to thee
Nor wet the ringlets of her hair
To wash her savior's feet

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