O mother dear, Jerusalem

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
when shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
no grief, no care, no toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
nor gloom, nor darksome night;
but every soul shines as the sun,
for God Himself gives light.
there lust and lucre cannot dwell,
there envy bears no sway;
there is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
but pleasure every way.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
continually are green;
there grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs,
as nowhere else are seen;
quite through the streets, with silver sound,
the flood of life doth flow,
upon whose banks on every side,
the wood of life doth grow.

There trees forevermore bear fruit,
and evermore do spring,
there evermore the angels sit,
and evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
thy joys that I might see!

Words: F.B.P., sixteenth century
Music: Materna,
Meter: CMD