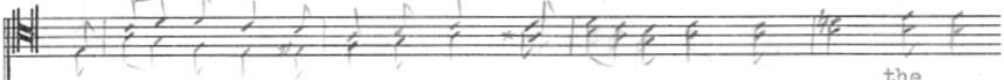
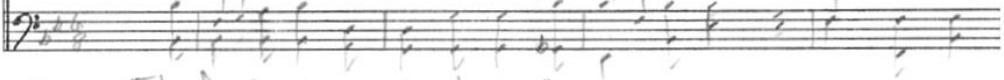


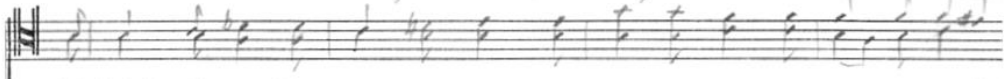
Jerusalem, My Home Words by Mrs. Avery-Suttle Music by W.H.H. 1934



1. O ci-ty by the glassy sea! I tune my harp and sing of thee;
2. Oft in my dreams with rapture sweet, the loved of other days I meet;



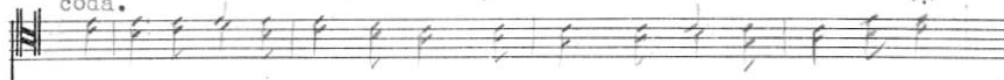
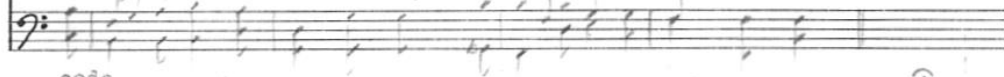
Methinks I see thy towers rise In sunlit splendor t'wards the
& hand in hand we pluck the flowers That bloom in thy sequestered bowers.



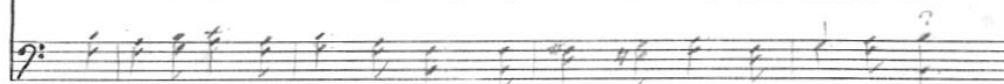
Methinks I see thy gates of pearl, Thy flaming banners wide unfurl
And best of all His face I see, The man who gave His life for me!



O ci-ty of the glassy sea, Jerusalem, I sing of thee.
& o'er thy golden streets we roam, Jerusalem, My home, My home.



O ci-ty by the shining sea, Thy walls and bulwarks beckon me.



O land of never-fading spring, Of thee, Jerusalem, I sing.

