

Jerusalem

Bob Carlisle

The road is dry and dusty
Stones have bruised my feet
My throat is parched and burned
And I'm weary from the heat
I won't lay my burdens down
Until my journey is complete
And pass beneath the gates
Into the city of Your praise

Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem
Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem

Those who sow in tears
And reap with joyful sorrows
And laughter in our hearts
Will fill the streets we walk upon
Then we will be as those who dream
When all we've dreamed of for so long
Is finally come to pass
And we are gathered in at last

Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem (my Jerusalem)
Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem

Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem
Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem

Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem
Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem
Going up to Jerusalem...