

Rejoice, Jerusalem, and Sing!



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- 5. When sorrows rise, when storms assail, When crosses on thee press, Comfort is thine in Christ amidst distress. Within this gloomy vale His Supper will not fail To give Thee peace and joy and happiness.
- 6. Thy Lord, like manna from on high,
 Rains down to nourish thee,
 Strengthening thee against the enemy.
 Though Satan tempt and lie,
 The Christ is standing nigh
 To feed thee and to grant His constancy.
- 7. Behold, the Lord stirs up His might
 And comes to save thee still.

 Jesus will all His promises fulfill;

 Now to the altar's height,
 Then to the realms of light,
 Thy Lord will bring thee to His holy hill.