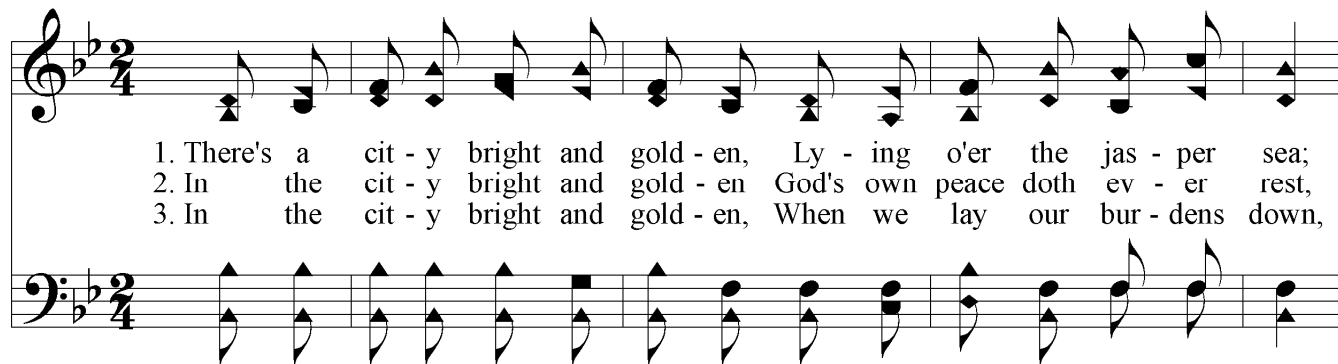


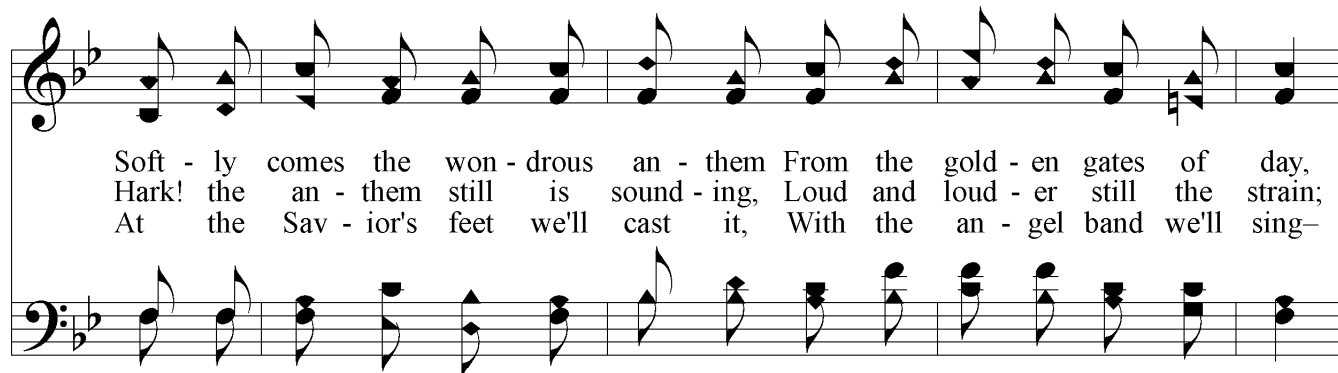
The Golden City



1. There's a cit - y bright and gold - en, Ly - ing o'er the jas - per sea;
2. In the cit - y bright and gold - en God's own peace doth ev - er rest,
3. In the cit - y bright and gold - en, When we lay our bur - dens down,



And some - times a - mid the dark - ness Heav'n - ly voic - es come to Me.
And bright streams of liv - ing wa - ter Flow thru all the land so blest.
We shall change the cross for - ev - er For the glo - ry of the crown.



Soft - ly comes the won - drous an - them From the gold - en gates of day,
Hark! the an - them still is sound - ing, Loud and loud - er still the strain;
At the Sav - ior's feet we'll cast it, With the an - gel band we'll sing—



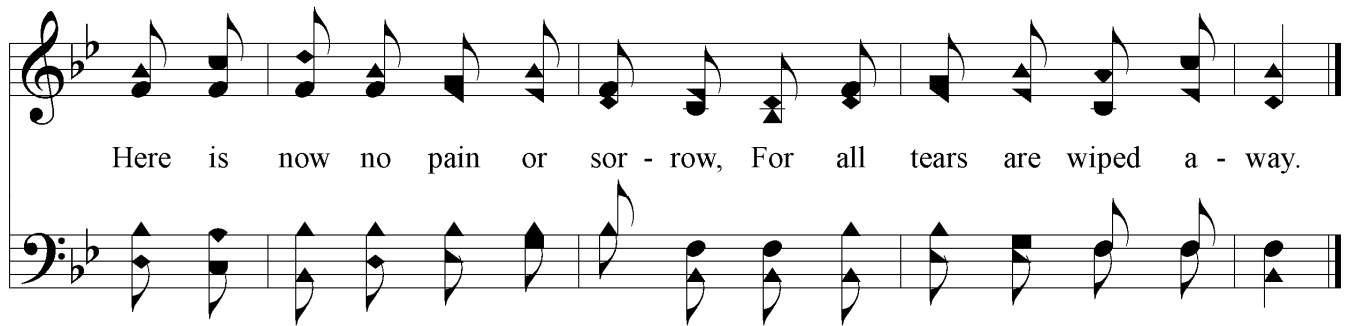
While the heav'n - ly choirs are sing - ing "God shall wipe all tears a - way."
Glo - ry, hon - or be to Je - sus, Sing the sweet song once a - gain.
Sweet - est prais - es of sal - va - tion, In the pal - ace of our King!

The Golden City

Chorus



Sweet - ly sound - ing, gen - tly ring - ing From the cho - rus far a - way,



Here is now no pain or sor - row, For all tears are wiped a - way.