

The City of Gold

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

Thomas Miles Bowdish, 1906

♩=100

1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re - deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery
4. There all sick - ness, and sor - row, and death are un - known, There shall

glo - ries may ne - ver be told; There the sun ne - ver sets, and the
faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for - ev - er will
one we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our
glor - ies on glor - ies un - fold; There the Lamb is the light in the

Refrain
leaves ne - ver fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the sun ne - ver
crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the sun
midst of the throne, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

sets, And the leaves ne - ver fade, There the right - eous for - ev - er shall
ne - ver sets And the leaves ne - ver fade, ne - ver fade,

shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.