

City of Gold

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

William Howard Doane

♩=105



1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And the
2. There the King, our Re - deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery



glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for - ev - er shall
lamb we have brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jew - els our



leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the sun nev - er
shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. there the sun,
crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.



sets, and the leaves nev - er fade; And the eyes of the faith - ful our
nev - er sets, and the leaves



Sav - ior be - hold, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

