

# When I Walk Up The Streets of Gold

Anonymous

Homer F. Morris, 1920

♩=115



1. The burd-ens of life may be man - y, The frowns of the world may be  
2. With joy I shall en - ter that ci - ty, The face of my Sav - ior be-  
3. What won - der - ful vis - ions of beau - ty, What glor - ri - ous scenes shall un-  
4. For a - ges and a - ges I'll praise Him, And ne - ver grow wear - y or



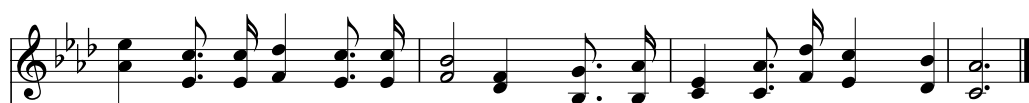
- cold; To me it will mat - ter but lit - tle, When I walk up the streets of  
- hold; And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I walk up the streets of  
- fold; And what daz - zling splen - dors sur - round me, When I walk up the streets of  
old; Love crowned I'll a - bide in His pre - sence, When I walk up the streets of



## Refrain



gold.  
gold.  
gold. When I walk up the streets of gold, When I walk up the streets of gold, How my  
gold.



heart will re-joice in that mor-ning, When I walk up the streets of gold.

