
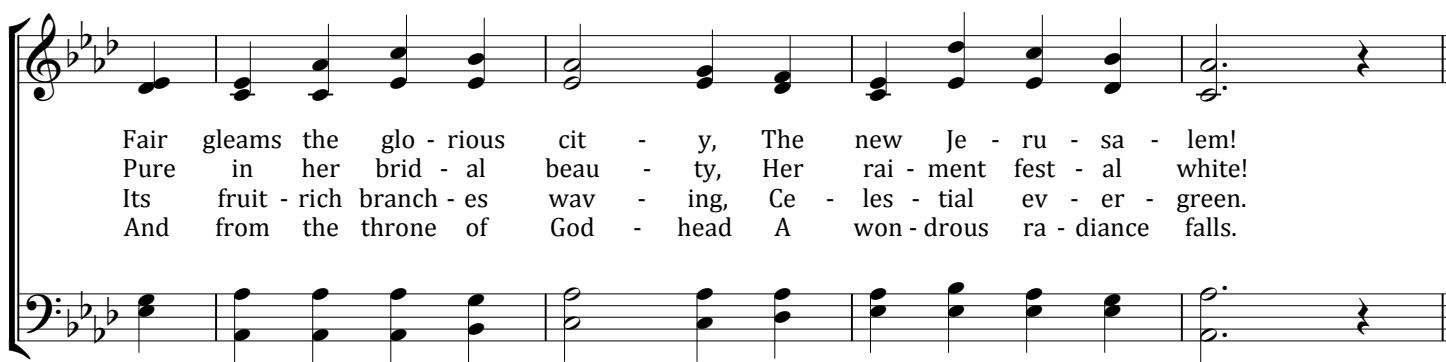


The City of God

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Psa. 87:3



1. Bathed in un - fall - en sun - light, It - self a sun - born gem,
2. Calm in her queen - ly glo - ry, She sits all joy and light:
3. Shad - ing her gold - en pave - ment, The tree of life is seen,
4. Rich are the price - less jew - els That deck her might - y walls,



Fair gleams the glo - rious cit - y, The new Je - ru - sa - lem!
Pure in her brid - al beau - ty, Her rai - ment fest - al white!
Its fruit - rich branch - es wav - ing, Ce - les - tial ev - er - green.
And from the throne of God - head A won - drous ra - diance falls.

Refrain



Cit - y fair - est, splen - dor rar - est, Let me gaze on thee!
Home of glad - ness, free from sad - ness, Let me dwell in thee!
Tree of won - der, let me un - der Thee for - ev - er rest!
Cit - y fair - est, splen - dor rar - est, Let me gaze on thee!



O cit - y fair - est, splen - dor rar - est, Home for all the free!
O home of glad - ness, free from sad - ness, Mine e - ter - nal - ly!
O tree of won - der, let me un - der Thy rich boughs be blest!
O cit - y fair - est, splen - dor rar - est, Home for all the free!