The Golden City

1. There's a city bright and golden, Ly ing o'er the jasper sea;
   And sometimes amid the darkness, Heavenly voices come to Me.
   Softly comes the wondrous anthem, From the golden gates of day.
   While the heavenly choirs are singing, "God shall wipe all tears away."

2. In the city bright and golden, God's own peace doth ever rest,
   And bright streams of living water Flow thru all the land so blest.
   Hark! the anthem still is sounding, Loud and louder still the strain;
   Glory, honor be to Jesus, Sing the sweet song once again.

3. In the city bright and golden, When we lay our burdens down,
   We shall change the cross forever For the glory of the crown.
   At the Savior's feet we'll cast it, With the angel band we'll sing-
   Sweetest praises of salvation, In the palace of our King!
Chorus

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

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