The Golden City

1. There's a city bright and golden, Lyons o'er the jasper sea;
   And sometimes amid the darkness Heav'nly voices come to Me.

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.

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.

   Softly comes the wondrous anthem From the golden gates of day,
   Hark! the anthem still is sounding, Loud and louder still the strain;

   While the heav'nly choirs are singing "God shall wipe all tears away."
   Glory, honor be to Jesus, Sing the sweet song once again.

   Sweetest praises of salvation, In the palace of our King!

Words: Eliza M. Sherman
Music: W. F. Sherwin

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Chorus

Sweetly sounding, gently ringing From the chorus far away,

Here is now no pain or sorrow, For all tears are wiped away.