1. There's a holy and beautiful city, Whose builder and ruler is God; John saw it descending from heaven, When Patmos, in exile, he trod; Its high, massive wall is of jasper, The city its door-knob is seen; Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is strife in the sky; The saints are all sanctified wholly, They live in sweet self is pure gold; And when my frail tent here is folded, there to annoy; No parting words ever are spoken, harmony there; My heart is now set on that city,
Chorus

Mine eyes shall its glory behold.  There's nothing to hurt and destroy.  In that bright city, pearly white city.
And some day its blessings I'll share.  I have a mansion, a robe, and a crown; Now I am watching, waiting, and longing, For the white city John saw coming down.